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ON

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For JANUARY 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 620.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

CHAP. I.

TO ſay that men thus diſabled may deſerve puniſhment for the evil they do, though they cannot do otherwiſe, becauſe they diſobey willingly, and chuſe to do ſo; is to make the devils and the damned ſpirits farther puniſhable, becauſe they alſo chuſe to do evil; and the bleſſed angels rewardable, becauſe they chuſe to do good, and do it willingly. If, indeed, man doth chuſe at all, he muſt chuſe willingly; for that is only to ſay, *He chuſeth by his will.* But, yet, if he lies under an utter diſability of willing and doing otherwiſe, and upon that account doth only what is evil, and not ſpiritually good, no man can reaſonably judge, he is ſtill left under a ſtate of trial or probation; whether he will do good or evil, much leſs that *good and evil, life and death, are ſet before him*, and that it is in his

power to chuſe either of them. And yet that this was the ancient doctrine of the Jews, we learn from theſe words of the ſon of Syrach, chap. xv. 11.—17. *He himſelf made man from the beginning, and left him in the hands of his counſel; if thou willeſt to keep the commandments, and to perform acceptable faithfulneſs, he hath ſet fire and water before thee, ſtretch forth thy hand to whither thou willeſt. Before man is life and death, and whether he liketh ſhall be given him*; and this he learnt from thoſe words of Moſes, Deut. xxx. 15. I *have ſet before thee this day life and good, death and evil, in that I command thee to love the Lord thy God, and to walk in his way.* And ver. 19. *I call heaven and earth to record againſt you, that I have ſet before you life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chuſe life.* Where *Maimonides* ſaith, *That the wills of men are under no force or coaction, but are free agents; and therefore precepts are impoſed upon them, with puniſhments threatened to the diſobedient, and with rewards promiſed to them who keep God's commandments.* And from the words preceding, it is evident that theſe commandments were neither ſo abſtruſe that they could not know them, nor ſo difficult to the lapſed Jews, that they could not do them. For thus they run, *the commandment which I command thee this day is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off that ye ſhould ſay who ſhall go up to heaven, or beyond the ſea, to bring it to us that we may hear it and do it; but the word is very nigh to thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayeſt do it*: *i. e.* that thou mayeſt have nothing more to do than to put it in practice. Now to ſay to men utterly diſabled from chuſing life, or keeping God's commandments, *he hath left thee in the hands of thy counſel, if thou willeſt to keep the commandments; that before them is life and death, and whether they will ſhall be given them*; is ſurely to delude them with vain words, to ſay, *ſee I have ſet before thee life and death, good and evil, in that I command thee to love the Lord thy God, and to walk in his way*; *i. e.* in that I command thee upon pain of my eternal diſpleaſure to do this, with the ſolemnity of *calling heaven and earth to record againſt them* who would not embrace

embrace life and bliſs; to bid them chuſe life, who could no more chuſe it under this diſability, than they could rend a rock in ſunder; to tell them for their encouragement, who were ſpiritually blind, that *the word was not hidden from them*, or difficult to be known by them; and them that were ſpiritually deaf, and hard of heart, that *the word was in their heart that they might hear it and do it:* is that which cannot poſſibly proceed from a God of truth, uprightneſs and ſincerity; but rather, like the temptations and allurements of Satan, are mere deluſions, falſe promiſes, and pretences of kindneſs to theſe ſouls, whoſe ruin he deſigns. And then, when we conſider that St. Paul hath transferred theſe very expreſſions *to the word of faith* which the Apoſtles preached; it is alſo certain that men under the goſpel diſpenſation lie under no ſuch diſability of believing unto righteouſneſs now, which the grace, tendered with the goſpel, is not ſufficient to remove. And, indeed, to introduce the bleſſed Jeſus declaring that the Jews were given up to the ſevereſt judgments, becauſe *he would have gathered them, and they would not be gathered*, and that *they would die in their ſins, becauſe they would not come unto him that they might have life*; when 1ſt. by virtue of an act of divine preterition, they were left, ſaith Biſhop *Davenant, infallibly to fail of obtaining life*; and they were left by the fall under an utter diſability of being willing; is ſuch an imputation on the bleſſed Jeſus as cannot be thought on without horror.

2dly, That opinion which ſaith, man cannot do any thing which is ſpiritually good, without that grace which makes the doing of that good inevitable, muſt alſo deſtroy the liberty belonging to man in a ſtate of trial. For what is it to ſay, a thing is to me inevitable, but to ſay I have no power to reſiſt that action; and if that action be the action of the will, it is to ſay, I have no power to will otherwiſe, and ſo no power to chuſe otherwiſe; ſince what I chuſe I chuſe by my will. And then 1ſt. I am no more rewardable for chuſing as I do, than the bleſſed angels are for chuſing as they do; and it is as vain to excite men to chuſe the good, or refuſe the evil, by arguments or motives

from promiſes and threats, as to move the bleſſed angels by them to chuſe or to refuſe as they do. For as they, being determined to one, cannot need theſe motives; ſo when this unfruſtrable operation comes upon men, they can as little need them as theſe angels do; becauſe then they are as certainly, infallibly and unfruſtrably determined to one as the angels are: and as they being antecedently determined to one, cannot uſe theſe motives to induce or incline them to that good they chuſe, ſo till lapſed man be thus determined to one, he cannot uſe them to incline him to the performance of his duty. And, for the ſame reaſon, as long as this action is deferred or with-held, we are as little liable to puniſhment, for not doing what is ſpiritually good, for not repenting and believing, as are the devils and the damned ſpirits; becauſe we are as much diſabled as they are: it being evidently the ſame to have no motives ſo to do, which is their wretched caſe, and to have none by which we can be moved ſo to do, without that action which will not be vouchſafed. And as the devils are not determined to one *in individuo*, but in kind only, as being determined to do evil in the general, and that only privatively for want of motive or inducement to do otherwiſe; ſo is it upon this ſuppoſition with lapſed man left in that ſtate, without proviſion of this unfruſtrable grace.

6. To ſay that men under this unfruſtrable operation are ſtill free, becauſe what they are moved thus to do, they will to do, and do it with complacency, is only to ſay, man herein hath the freedom of an elect angel, which is not rewardable; but not that he hath the freedom of one in a ſtate of trial. Divine action only enables the will to determine itſelf, or it neceſſitates it to act, *i. e.* to will. If it only enables it to do ſo, it renders not the action certain and infallible; for the will even of the regenerate perſon doth not always neceſſarily, or certainly chuſe what it is able to chuſe; for then regenerate perſons would be guilty of no ſin. If the divine motion doth neceſſitate the will, then is there no power in the will to do otherwiſe, and ſo there is no freedom either in that will, or that complacency

placency, which neceſſarily follows upon that divine impulſe. God thus unfruſtrably moves the will either by rational motives and perſuaſions only, or by ſome phyſical influx upon it, which it cannot reſiſt. If he uſes the firſt way only, 'tis plain that his motion may be fruſtrated, ſince the regenerate too often act againſt the higheſt motives, and the moſt powerful perſuaſions. If by a phyſical influx which the will cannot reſiſt, tho' it hath contrary motives ſo to do, what can be further requiſite to the compulſion of the will? For if my hand be compelled to an act, when it is moved by an external force which I cannot reſiſt, why is not my will compelled alſo, when it is acted by an extrinſical influx of God which it cannot reſiſt? In fine, if the will and influx of God does thus unfruſtrably interpoſe, to determine the will of man before it determines itſelf, it is no more liable to an account for acting, or not acting, than the earth is for ſtanding ſtill, or the heavens for moving; for this they do only becauſe the will and action of God in putting motion into the one, and not into the other, makes it neceſſary for them ſo to do. If then man can do nothing that is ſpiritually good, till this divine motion determine him ſo to do, and then he cannot but do what he is thus moved to do, there is the ſame neceſſity for that which he doth, or doth not in this kind, as for the heavens to move, and the earth to ſtand ſtill. To ſay there is yet a difference betwixt theſe two caſes, becauſe man hath a remote capacity of doing otherwiſe, ſolves not the difficulty; for if that capacity cannot be exerted without this determining impulſe, it is as none at all without it.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON XLIII.

On LEVIT. xix. 17.

Thou ſhalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou ſhalt in any wiſe rebuke thy neighbour, and not ſuffer ſin upon him.

A GREAT part of the book of *Exodus*, and almoſt the whole of the book of *Leviticus*, relate to the ritual, or ceremonial Law of *Moſes*, which was peculiarly given to the children of *Iſrael*; but was ſuch *a yoke*, ſays the Apoſtle *Peter*, *as neither our fathers nor we were able to bear*. We are therefore delivered from it: and this is one branch of *the liberty wherewith Chriſt hath made us free*. Yet it is eaſy to obſerve, that many excellent Moral Precepts are interſperſed among theſe Ceremonial Laws. Several of them we find in this very chapter. Such as, *Thou ſhalt not gather every grape of thy vineyard: Thou ſhalt leave them for the poor and ſtranger. I am the Lord your God*, ver. 10. *Ye ſhall not ſteal, neither deal falſely, neither lie one to another*, ver. 11. *Thou ſhalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him: the wages of him that is hired ſhall not abide with thee till the morning*, ver. 13. *Thou ſhalt not curſe the deaf, nor put a ſtumbling block before the blind: but ſhalt fear thy God: I am the Lord*, ver. 14. As if he had ſaid, I am He whoſe eyes are over all the earth, and whoſe ears are open to their cry. *Ye ſhall do no unrighteouſneſs in judgment: thou ſhalt not reſpect the perſon of the poor*, which compaſſionate men may be tempted to do; *nor honour the perſon of the mighty*; to which there are a thouſand temptations, ver. 15. *Thou ſhalt not go up and down as a tale bearer among thy people*, ver. 16, altho' this is a ſin which human laws have never yet been able to prevent. Then follows, *Thou ſhalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou ſhalt in any wiſe rebuke thy neighbour, and not ſuffer ſin upon him.*

In

In order to understand this important direction aright, and to apply it profitably to our own souls, let us consider,

First, What it is that we are to rebuke or reprove? What is the thing that is here enjoined? Secondly, Who are they whom we are commanded to reprove? and Thirdly, How are we to reprove them?

I. 1. Let us consider, first, What is the duty that is here enjoined? What is it we are to rebuke or reprove? And what is it, To reprove? What is it to reprove? To tell any one of his faults, as clearly appears from the following words, *Thou shalt not suffer sin upon him.* Sin is therefore the thing we are called to reprove, or rather him that commits sin. We are to do all that in us lies to convince him of his fault and lead him into the right way.

2. Love indeed requires us, to warn him, not only of Sin (altho' of this chiefly) but likewise of any error, which if it were persisted in, would naturally lead to sin. If we do not hate him in our heart, if we love our neighbour as ourselves, this will be our constant endeavour, to warn him of every evil way and of every mistake which tends to evil.

3. But if we desire, not to lose our labour, we should rarely reprove any one, for any thing that is of a disputable nature, that will bear much to be said on both sides. A thing may possibly appear evil to me: therefore I scruple the doing of it. And if I were to do it while that scruple remains, I should be a sinner before God. But another is not to be judged by my conscience, to his own Master he standeth or falleth. Therefore I would not reprove him, but for what is clearly and undeniably evil. Such, for instance, is profane cursing and swearing, which even those who practise it most, will not often venture to defend, if one mildly expostulates with them. Such is Drunkenness, which even a habitual Drunkard will condemn when he is sober. And such, in the account of the generality of people, is the profaning of the Lord's Day. And if any which are guilty of these sins, for a while attempt to

defend them, very few will perſiſt to do it, if you look them ſteadily in the face, and appeal to their own conſcience in the ſight of God.

II. 1. Let us, in the ſecond place, conſider, Who are thoſe that we are called to reprove? It is the more needful to conſider this, becauſe it is affirmed by many ſerious perſons, That there are ſome ſinners whom the Scripture itſelf forbids us to reprove. This ſenſe has been put on that ſolemn caution of our Lord, in his Sermon on the mount. *Caſt not your pearls before ſwine, leſt they trample them under foot, and turn again and rend you.* But the plain meaning of theſe words is, Do not offer the pearls, the ſublime Doctrines or myſteries of the Goſpel, to thoſe whom you know to be brutiſh men, immerſed in ſins, and having no fear of God before their eyes. This would expoſe thoſe precious jewels to contempt, and yourſelves to injurious treatment. But even thoſe whom we know to be in our Lord's ſenſe, dogs and ſwine, if we ſaw them do, or heard them ſpeak, what they themſelves know to be evil, we ought in any wiſe to reprove them; elſe we *hate our brother in our heart.*

2. The perſons intended by *our neighbour* are every child of man, every one that breathes the vital air, all that have ſouls to be ſaved. And if we refrain from performing this office of love to any, becauſe they are ſinners above other men, they may perſiſt in their iniquity, but their blood will God require at our hands.

3. How ſtriking is Mr. *Baxter's* reflection on this head, in his Saint's Everlaſting Reſt. "Suppoſe thou wert to meet one in the lower world, to whom thou hadſt denied this office of love, when ye were both together under the ſun; what anſwer couldſt thou make to his upbraiding? At ſuch a time and place, while we were under the ſun, God delivered me into thy hands. I then did not know the way of ſalvation, but was ſeeking death in the error of my life. And therein thou ſufferedſt me to remain, without once endeavouring to awake

me

me out of ſleep! Hadſt thou imparted to me thy knowledge, and warned me to flee from the wrath to come, neither I nor thou need ever have come into this place of torment."

4. Every one therefore that has a ſoul to be ſaved, is intitled to this good office from thee. Yet this does not imply, that it is to be done in the ſame degree to every one. It cannot be denied, that there are ſome, to whom it is particularly due. Such, in the firſt place, are our Parents, if we have any that ſtand in need of it: unleſs we ſhould place our Conſorts and our Children on an equal footing with them. Next to theſe we may rank our Brothers and Siſters, and afterwards our Relations, as they are alied to us in a nearer or more diſtant manner, either by blood or by marriage. Immediately after theſe are our Servants, whether bound to us for a term of years, or any ſhorter term. Laſtly, ſuch in their ſeveral degrees are our Countrymen, our fellow Citizens, and the members of the ſame Society, whether Civil or Religious: the latter have a particular claim to our ſervice: ſeeing theſe Societies are formed with that very deſign, To watch over each other for this very end, that we may not ſuffer ſin upon our Brother. If we neglect to reprove any of theſe, when a fair opportunity offers, we are undoubtedly to be ranked among thoſe, that *hate* their *brother in their heart*. And how ſevere is the ſentence of the Apoſtle, againſt thoſe who fall under this condemnation! *He that hateth his brother*, tho' it does not break out into words or actions, *is a murderer*. *And ye know*, continues the Apoſtle, *that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him*. He hath not that ſeed planted in his ſoul, which groweth up unto everlaſting life. In other words, he is in ſuch a ſtate, that if he dies therein he cannot ſee life. It plainly follows, That to neglect this, is no ſmall thing, but eminently endangers our final ſalvation.

III. We have ſeen what is meant by reproving our brother, and who thoſe are that we ſhould reprove. But the principal

thing remains to be conſidered. How, In what manner are we to reprove them?

1. It muſt be allowed, that there is a conſiderable difficulty, in performing this in a right manner. Although at the ſame time, it is far leſs difficult to ſome than it is to others. Some there are who are particularly qualified for it, whether by nature, or practiſe, or grace. They are not incumbered neither with evil ſhame, or that ſore burden, the fear of man. They are both ready to undertake this labour of love, and ſkilful in performing it. To theſe therefore it is little or no croſs: Nay, they have a kind of reliſh for it, and a ſatisfaction therein, over and above that which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of having done their duty. But be it a croſs to us, greater or leſs, we know that hereunto we are called. And be the difficulty ever ſo great to us, we know in whom we have truſted: and that He will ſurely fulfil his word, *As thy day, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 628.]

I had now to encounter with my wife and family, with whom for many years I had lived peaceably; but perceiving a difference in my behaviour, ſuſpected I had been among the Methodiſts. My wife, though a worthy woman, yet an intire ſtranger to this light, one day exclaimed very warmly, "What the d—l poſſeſſes you? I hope you have not been among the Methodiſts; I'll ſacrifice my ſoul rather than you ſhall go among thoſe miſcreants;" I gave her for anſwer, "If you are reſolved to ſacrifice your ſoul, I am reſolved, God willing, to join them:" At which ſhe ſaid no more, nor ever again oppoſed me.

After

After this it happened one evening, as ſhe was occaſionally at her accuſtomed chandler's ſhop (which in a circle of years had taken ſome hundreds of pounds of our family,) ſhe diſcovered a leg of pork roaſting by the fire; and being big with her fourth child, longed to eat of it. Mr. C—, was ever free with our family in what our houſe afforded, therefore my wife imagined, a ſimilar degree of freedom on her part would not be conſidered as an act of rudeneſs. But Mr. C—, did not invite her to ſupper as uſual! Mrs. Told went and informed her mother of this, who went immediately to him, and related my wife's condition. Upon this he raved, curſed, and ſwore, and, with the hotteſt cenſure, replied, "What! can I not have a joint of meat, but ſhe muſt long for it?" Her mother, ſtruck with his behaviour, quickly informed me thereof. On this I went and offered him half a guinea for a plate-full of it, which he ſharply refuſed. This had ſuch an effect on my wife that the child became ſo emaciated within her, that ſhe was never delivered; but lay eight months under the phyſician's hands, which was a very great expence.

In the year 1744, having been married ſeven years, my wife died, leaving only a girl about two years of age behind her. But God now began to increaſe my outward circumſtances. For ſoon after my wife's death I was recommend to a Mr. Bembow, at New-Crane, Wapping, to ſerve him as a clerk, where I was greatly reſpected. A few months of my ſervices to Mr. Bembow were ſcarcely expired, before I was viſited by Mr Hogg, one of Mr. Weſley's ſtewards, who informed me, that Mr. Weſley requeſted my undertaking to teach the charity-children at the Foundry-ſchool, which I refuſed. A few days after Mr. Hogg returned, and, together with a repetition of his former meſſage, ſaid that Mr. Weſley poſitively inſiſted on it. On this I believed it was my duty to comply with his deſires, and therefore informed Mr. Bembow of the intended ſeparation. Both Mr. Bembow and his wife intreated me to continue with them, telling me, that no money ſhould part us. But I continued inexorable, though it was the occaſion of much grief on both ſides.

The

The day after, I was eſtabliſhed in the ſchool, and, in the ſpace of a few weeks, collected threeſcore boys and ſix girls; but the ſociety being poor, could not grant me more than ten ſhillings per week. This, however, was ſufficient for me, as they boarded and clothed my daughter. Having the children under my care from five in the morning till five in the evening, both winter and ſummer, and ſparing no pains, with the aſſiſtance of an uſher and four monitors, I ſoon brought near forty of them into writing and arithmetic. I continued in the ſchool ſeven years and three months, and diſcharged two hundred and ſeventy-five boys, moſt of whom were fit for almoſt any trade.

In the year 1744, I attended the children one morning at the five o'clock-preaching; when Mr. *Weſley* took his text out of the 25th chapter of St. *Matthew*. When he read thoſe words, "I was ſick, and in priſon, and ye viſited me not," I was ſenſible of my negligence, in never viſiting the priſoners during the courſe of my life, and was filled with horror of mind beyond expreſſion. This threw me, well nigh, into a ſtate of deſpondency, as I was totally unacquainted with the meaſures requiſite to be purſued for that purpoſe. However, the gracious God, two or three days after, ſent a meſſenger to me in the ſchool, who informed me of ten malefactors that were under ſentence of death, and would be glad of any of our friends who could go and pray with them. The meſſenger, whoſe name was *Sarah Peters*, gave me to underſtand, that they were all much awakened, and that one of them, *John Lancaſter*, was converted, and full of the love of God. In conſequence of this reviving information, I committed my ſchool (without an hour's delay) to the ſuperintendency of my truſty uſher, Mr. *M*—. and went with *Sarah Peters* to Newgate, where we had admittance into the cell wherein they were confined.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of the Death of Mr. EDWARD AVISON, *Organiſt of St. Nicholas, in Newcaſtle-Upon-Tyne: who died in the year* 1776.

DURING his laſt illneſs, which was a conſumption, he was frequently affected with a ſenſe of his vileneſs, and of his great unworthineſs of the divine favour; but at the ſame time, expreſſed an unſhaken confidence in the death of *Chriſt*.

Through his whole illneſs he never complained, or ſhewed any ſigns of diſcontent; but on the other hand, many of his expreſſions indicated that he was perfectly reſigned to the will of God.

In the morning of the day on which he died, feeling himſelf much worſe, he ſaid, "This is a good ſign," and at the ſame time ſeemed very compoſed: and deſired us to praiſe God on his account, ſaying, "I have not breath to do it."

To Mrs. *Aviſon* he ſaid, "My dear, do not grieve on my account; but rather rejoice when death arrives: ſeeing I am ſure he will be a meſſenger of peace to *me*."

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, being able to ſpeak a little better than he had done, during a great part of his illneſs, he converſed with thoſe about him, concerning God and eternity, for near an hour and a half. He then ſaid, "I have long prayed, that God may be with me in my laſt moments; and I now find him to be with me of a truth. O glorious bliſs! O ſacred enjoyment! I have a hope full of immortality! Therefore praiſe the Lord on my account; and pray that I may have patience to the laſt."

Having continued to ſpeak rather longer than he was able, he lay ſtill awhile in a kind of a doze, and ſeemed to have little or no pain. Then awaking from his ſlumber, about ſix o'clock, with two or three groans, he fell aſleep in the arms of Jeſus.

Thus,

Thus, in ſpite of a profeſſion which generally expoſes to folly and danger, this good man ſtood his ground, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour, for a number of years, and then went to ſing the ſong of Moſes and the Lamb for ever and ever!

A ſhort Account of Mrs. JANE CUMBERLAND, *of* Liſburn, *in the North of* Ireland.

WHEN the Methodiſt Preachers viſited *Liſburn*, Mrs. *Cumberland*, went to hear them, when the word ſoon found place in the heart, both of her and her huſband. For ſome time ſhe was in a great ſtrait between hope and fear: ſometimes ſhe hoped what ſhe heard was true; yet at others, ſhe feared it was not. In this ſtate of deſpondency ſhe cried earneſtly to the Lord for wiſdom! and was determined to continue ſo to do till ſhe received light from him! One day as ſhe was walking in her garden, calling upon God to give her light, he brought home to her heart that place in St. Luke, where it is ſaid, that repentance and remiſſion of ſins ſhould be preached, in the name of Chriſt, among all nations: and that in St. Mark, And lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world. As ſhe was clearly convinced that this was from God, ſhe was fully ſatisfied, and never more doubted the doctrines of the Methodiſts to the day of her death.

Having thus embraced the word, ſhe ſoon received the Preachers thereof under her roof; where they found a kind reception, and continue ſo to do unto this day.

But though ſhe never more doubted the truth of the doctrines ſhe heard, ſhe was often diſtreſſed leſt ſhe ſhould die without experiencing what they taught: for ſhe could not think herſelf a true Chriſtian believer till ſhe found the witneſs of the Spirit that ſhe was a child of God.

Nevertheleſ

Nevertheleſs ſhe was often viſited with divine conſolation, which made her heart like melting wax. But whenever ſhe felt any ſtirings of ſin in her ſhe would ſay, I dare not conclude that I am in the favour of God.

Though the Society ſhe was a member of for many years, was in a low condition, ſhe was never aſhamed of it, or the cauſe of God, nor ever moved from her attachment to what ſhe thought was his will.

The laſt two years of her life (eſpecially in the winter) having a violent cough, and ſhortneſs of breath, ſhe got exceeding little reſt: ſo that the weakneſs of her body, together with her frequent diſtreſs of mind, made her ſometimes appear almoſt impatient.

Sometimes in the bitterneſs of her ſoul, ſhe would ſay, "How it will end with me, God only knows! Yet he often viſits my ſoul with his ſweet influences:" this ſhe would often utter with abundance of tears. A few weeks before her death her bodily ſtrength decreaſed very much; but her confidence in God ſo increaſed, that ſhe could no longer doubt of her being in his favour. To ſome who ſtood by her ſhe ſaid, "I have not the ſhadow of a doubt; but firmly believe that all will be well with me: I am quite delivered from all things, and only wait for the welcome meſſenger of death."

One aſking her if ſhe found any doubt now? She anſwered, "A doubt! O no! Not even the ſhadow of one!" On being aſked if there was any particular thing which ſhe wiſhed for, ſhe ſaid, "Nothing, but that you will pray, that God may ſoon come and take me to himſelf!"

After this, ſhe lay three or four days, like clay in the hands of the potter, and then calmly breathed out her ſoul into the hands of Jeſus, March 7, 1787.

Thus this good woman, with many doubts and fears, held her integrity to the laſt; when God was pleaſed to lift up the light of his countenance upon her, in a time ſhe needed it moſt; and as a token that ſhe ſhould ſee his face in righteouſneſs for ever and ever.

A ſhort Account of THOMAS SPEAR.

THOMAS SPEAR, was the ſon of *Charles* and *Grace Spear*, of *Kilkenny*, in *Ireland*, and was born October the 4th, 1777. His mother too ſenſibly felt that curſe entailed on woman, In ſorrow ſhalt thou bring forth children; for like *Rachael*, ſhe gave life at the expence of her own: leaving behind her a little daughter and this ſon.

The Lord began to work on his mind very early; and theſe divine impreſſions diſcovered themſelves even before he could ſpeak, by his frequent pulling of his father to pray with him. When about four years old he began to converſe much, and with great delight, about the inviſible things of God; and the ſtrong conceptions he had of heaven, often elated his ſoul, and made him frequently ſay, "Nothing is true wiſdom but to love and ſerve God; and it is worth all our ſtriving, to gain heaven and eſcape hell."

When he was about five years old, he was one day with one *James Cahil*, (a Bricklayer) ſetting a range, when another perſon came in. And as they were converſing, old *James* called on God to d—n his ſoul! The child obſerved him, but did not ſpeak till the other was gone, and then ſeriouſly aſked him why he ſwore? He anſwered, Did I ſwear, child? He ſaid, "Have you forgot that you did?" *James* ſaid, Sure I did not ſwear? what did I ſay? "You called on God to d—n your ſoul: but if God ſhould d—n your ſoul who can ſave it? and if you be not ſaved, you muſt go to hell. If God was now to grant your requeſt, you would go to hell immediately." The man threw down his trowel, and ſaid, Lord have mercy upon me! Am I come to theſe years to be reproved by *thee?* The child added, "Now take my advice and repent, or the devil will have you." *James* told the child's father that this reproof ſtruck him more forcibly

forcibly than any thing he ever heard before. After this, *James* went home, ſickened, and died in a few days.

T. S. was a child of few words; yet if he heard any ſay what he knew to be wrong, he reproved them generally with ſcripture words, ſaying to the ſwearers, "Our Lord ſaid, Swear not at all:" to the liars he would ſay, "All liars ſhall have their portion in the lake that burneth with brimſtone." If he heard any one ſing fooliſh ſongs, he would aſk, "Why do you ſing ſongs? St. *James* ſaith, If any be merry let him ſing pſalms."

Meantime his temptations were very extraordinary for one ſo young; for when he was between five and ſix years old, he was tempted to diſbelieve the being of a God. His ſiſter once reproved him for ſpeaking of it, ſaying, God will be with you: but he ſaid, There is no God. She told her mother of him, and when ſhe queſtioned and chaſtiſed him for it, he begged her's and God's pardon, and ſaid he did not know what made him ſay ſo at that time; for he did not think ſo, though he was often tempted to think ſo.

Before he was ſix years old, he began to ſicken, and had much pain at times in divers parts. On the 15th of December 1785, it ſettled in his left leg. From this time his life was one ſcene of affliction: for the inſide of his ancle ſwelled, then burſt, and then the fleſh rotted away all round the ſore, till the bones dropped out. For nine months it continued running, until he was reduced to a mere ſkeleton. When his mother dreſſed his ſores, ſhe often wept over him, beholding the torture he was in; but he lovingly reproved her, ſaying, "Do not fret for me: do not cry: this pain will ſoon be over: my Lord will not let me ſuffer much longer: but we have need of patience. O let us pray for patience, that we may do and ſuffer the will of God."

About the beginning of this illneſs he dreamed that he was praying, and that God came and aſked, What canſt thou want, child? He ſaid, "Lord wilt thou cure my leg!"

But the Lord ſaid, Huſh child! I am going to take thee to myſelf. Thou ſhalt die and go to heaven.

For the three laſt months, if poſſible, he ſuffered more than he had done before; but he bore all with aſtoniſhing patience. He often told his parents, "You wait on me night and day. The Lord knows if you were ſick, and I capable of it, I would wait on you; but as I cannot, you ought to pray that God may take me away."

When they aſked him if he wiſhed to die? He ſaid, "Surely it is better for me to die, and go to heaven, than to ſtay here: there is nothing in this world that I ſee worth living for. But a little longer, a little while longer, and then my Lord will take me, and then I ſhall have no more pain, nor hear curſers or ſwearers to grieve me: no curſers or ſwearers will ever come there."

He was confined to his bed for near a year, and when he heard people ſin, and could not get up to reprove them, he prayed for them, and often repeated, "Lord, how long will thou leave me here to be grieved by the wicked?"

He took great delight in repeating theſe words, "Whom the Lord loveth he chaſteneth, and ſcourgeth every ſon whom he receiveth. This, he ſaid, is a certain evidence of God's love to me." He often requeſted thoſe about him to read the ſcriptures to him, and when he heard any promiſe he thought applicable to himſelf, he would lift up his hands and ſay, "Amen:" and then requeſted them to repeat particular paſſages ſeveral times, and tell him where they were, that he might remember them. And though he was in ſo much pain he often ſung praiſe to God. The following were ſome of his favourite lines, Pſalm xviii. 1, 2, 3.

"No change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affections Lord to thee;
For thou haſt always been my rock,
A fortreſs and defence to me.

Thou

Thou my deliverer art, my God!
My truſt is in thy mighty power:
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad;
At home my ſafeguard and my tower.

To thee I will addreſs my prayer,
To whom all praiſe we juſtly owe,
So ſhall I by thy watchful care
Be guarded from my treachérous foe."

One day he called his ſiſter to him, and ſaid, "*Jenny*, I have three things to tell you to mind when I am dead. Firſt, Mind and learn your book. Secondly, Keep out of the ſtreets, and from bad company. Thirdly, Fear and love God, then you will follow me to heaven." After this he laid his hand on his younger brother, who was a little above two years old, ſaying, "The Lord bleſs you, child! Amen! the Lord bleſs you!" When he ſpoke of heaven, he ſaid he ſhould ſee Mr. *Paine* there. And he hoped Mr. *Yewdal* and Mr. *Davis* would come after. He prayed, if the Lord pleaſed, to ſee me once more in this world; but if not, he was content to go and wait till he met all his friends in heaven.

During his laſt month he evidenced a great deſire to be in heaven: often praying, "Surely Lord, thou wilt not leave me long! Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! O come and take me to thyſelf!"

The day he died he ſaid to thoſe about him, "Put away that foul man from the bed's foot." In the evening he called his mother, and ſaid, "That, mother! ſee That!" She ſaid, What muſt I ſee child? He anſwered, "That glorious ſight! Did you ever ſee ſuch a glorious ſight in all your life?" He then prayed, "Lord waſh me, and put me with the reſt of thy ſervants!" Then he aſked his mother to give him a kiſs, and ſoon after departed, without a ſtruggle or groan, on the 15th of January 1785, aged ſeven years and a quarter.

THOMAS TATTERSHALL.

An

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ſome Particular PLANTS.

[*Continued from Vol.* X. *page* 637.]

IT has been before obſerved, That as all animals are from eggs, ſo all vegetables are from ſeeds. But many have ſuppoſed there is one ſort of vegetable, which is an exception to this: namely Muſhrooms, the ſeeds whereof have been long ſought in vain. And it is certain, if you only range in April, balls of horſe-dung, as big as one's fiſt, in lines three feet diſtant from each other, and one foot under the ground, covering them all over with mould, and that again with horſe-dung; in the beginning of Auguſt the upper pieces of dung will begin to grow white: being covered with fine white threads, woven about the ſtraws whereof the dung is compoſed. By degrees the extremities of theſe threads grow round into a kind of button: which enlarging itſelf by little and little, at length forms itſelf into a muſhroom. At the foot of each, when at its full growth, is an infinity of little ones. The white threads of the dung preſerve themſelves a long time without rotting, if kept dry. And if they are laid again in the ground, they will produce new muſhrooms.

"Are theſe then any thing elſe than the mouldineſs, or putrefaction of horſe-dung?" Yes certainly. Indeed all Mouldineſs ſo called, is a congeries of very ſmall plants. And theſe in particular, like all other plants, have there origin from ſeeds. But before the ſeeds can vegetate, there are required, certain juices, proper to penetrate their coats, to excite a fermentation in them, and to nouriſh the minute parts thereof. Hence ariſes that vaſt diverſity of places, wherein different ſorts of this plant are produced. Some will only grow on other particular plants, whoſe

whose trunk or roots have the juices proper for them. Nay, there is one sort which grows only on the fillets and bandages of the patients in the hospital at Paris. It is not therefore at all surprising that horse-dung should be a fit soil for common Mushrooms. It is probable the seeds of these are spread in numberless places, well nigh throughout the whole earth. And the same may be said concerning the seeds of many plants, as well as the eggs of many insects: more especially of those which are so minute, that we can scarce discern them even with glasses: seeing the smaller they are, the more easily may the least wind convey them hither and thither. So that in truth, the earth is full of an inconceivable number both of animals and vegetables, perfectly formed in all their parts, and designed as it were in miniature; only waiting for certain favourable circumstances to enable them to make their appearance at large. How rich then must that hand be, which hath sown them with so much profusion!

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge against* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from* Vol. X. *page* 642.]

IN Valentia, an ancient city in Spain, there dwelt, not long since, Don Pedro de Alsemero, a young and noble gentleman, who applying himself to the wars, added to his own plentiful estate, as large a portion of honour and reputation. This gentleman, whose temper altogether inclined to martial affairs, resolved to enter himself among the knights of Malta; and accordingly went to Alicant, where he staid for a favourable wind. During his abode here, he fell in love with a young lady. The priest informed him, that she was the daughter of Diego Vermandero, Captain of the castle of that city; her name was Donna Beatrice-Joanna. He waited upon her to the castle, where her father received him with all imaginable respect. He continued his

his addreſſes by frequent viſits, which her father encouraged, till a young gentleman of a larger eſtate, whoſe name was Alfonſo Piracquo, fell paſſionately in love with her. Thus was Alſemero rivalled in his pretenſions; but, although Piracquo had gained the father, yet Alſemero had engaged the daughter.

Vermandero, after ſome time underſtanding, that the inclinations of Beatrice-Joanna, more reſpected Alſemero than Piracquo, declared himſelf in favour of the latter, and with an auſtere countenance, commanded her to conduct herſelf accordingly; and to prevent the hopes of Alſemero, he left the caſtle to the command of Don Hugo de Valmarino, his ſon; and taking Beatrice-Joanna with him, went privately to Briamatra, his country houſe, about ten leagues from Alicant, where he intended to continue, till the marriage was conſummated.

At the news of Beatrice-Joanna's departure, Alſemero was extremely ſorrowful, not knowing how to proceed.

At length he ſent a letter to her, which ſhe quickly anſwered, teſtifying her entire affection for him: concluding, that if he would meet her that evening at eleven o'clock, ſhe would acquaint him with a ſecret which concerned them both.

Alſemero, upon this, took poſt, and arrived at the hour appointed; when going privately to Vermandero's houſe, he found Diaphanta, her woman, attending his coming; and ſhe conducted him to Beatrice-Joanna's apartment; where, after a thouſand tender things ſaid on each ſide, ſhe let fall ſome ambiguous words to this purpoſe. "That before Piracquo was in another world, there could be no hope for Alſemero to enjoy her for his wife." Alſemero underſtanding the meaning of theſe words, promiſed her, that he would immediately ſend him a challenge. Beatrice-Joanna returned him thanks, but deſired him to leave Alicant for a ſhort time, and return to Valentia: and for the reſt, ſaid ſhe, repoſe yourſelf upon my conſtancy and affection. The morning now growing upon them, Alſemero took his leave, promiſing a full obſervance of her commands; and accordingly, within a few days left Alicant, and went back to Valentia.

Meantime,

Meantime, Piracquo was encouraged by Vermandero to go on with his addreſſes, though he had private intelligence ſent him, that Beatrice-Joanna was already contracted to Alſemero; and this came from a younger brother of his, named Thomaſo Piracquo, who had been made acquainted with it at Alicant, and who wrote word of it to his brother, telling him withal, that it would now more nearly concern him to conſult his reputation, by an honourable retreat, than to advance his ſuit with ſo much violence, which it was impoſſible he could ever obtain. Piracquo, notwithſtanding this advice, was ſo far from retiring, that he advanced his ſuit, if poſſible, with more eagerneſs than ever.

Vermandero, as ſoon as he underſtood that Alſemero was gone back to Valentia, returned to Alicant, where Piracquo made his daily viſits: and now Beatrice-Joanna finding that it would be impoſſible for her to obtain her deſire of marrying Alſemero, till Piracquo was put out of the way, was fully reſolved to put in execution, what ſhe had before conceived in her mind.

There was a young gentleman of the garriſon, named Antonio de Flores, who, ſhe knew, had a great affection for her. Therefore, ſending for him, with many ſoothing ſpeeches, ſhe drew him in, to undertake the horrid buſineſs. So they agreed upon the manner of doing it. Flores inſinuated himſelf into Piracquo's company, and got an intimacy with him, as he came ſo often to the caſtle, where, watching his opportunity, he one day hearing Piracquo commend the thickneſs and ſtrength of the walls, told him, "That the ſtrength of that caſtle conſiſted not in the walls, but in the caſements, that were ſtored with good ordnance to ſcour the ditches." Piracquo, upon this, told Flores, that he ſhould take it as a favour, if he would ſhew him theſe caſements; Flores pleaſed himſelf to ſee Piracquo, told him, it was now very near dinner time, and the bell was going to ring; but if he pleaſed in the afternoon, he would wait upon

him thither. Piracquo thanked him for his offer, which he ſaid he would accept of, and ſo they parted for a while.

Whilſt Piracquo was at dinner with Vermandero, Flores was providing for him in the eaſt caſement, where he went on purpoſe to hide a naked ſword and poinard behind the door. Dinner was no ſooner over, but Piracquo found out Flores, ſo away they went, from the wall to the ravelins, ſconces, and bulwarks, and from thence by a poſtern, to the ditches; then in again to the caſements, whereof they had ſeen three, and were now going to the laſt, at the deſcent of which Flores put off his rapier, and telling Piracquo, that the way was ſo narrow that there was a neceſſity for it; he put off his likewiſe and followed. Having entered the vault of the caſement, Flores opened the door, and threw it back, thereby to hide his ſword and poinard; then ſtooping, and looking through a port-hole, told him, that the piece there, ſcoured the whole ditch; Piracquo ſtooping down to look at it, Flores ſtepped back for his weapons, and with his poinard ſtabbed him through the back, and redoubling, thruſt upon thruſt, laid him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buried him under the ruins of an old wall.

Flores then went with ſpeed to acquaint Beatrice-Joanna, who was infinitely rejoiced, and thanked him with many blandiſhments; and the better to conceal the horrid crime, they contrived to ſpread a report, that Piracquo was ſeen to take boat, without the walls of the city, as was ſuppoſed to take the air only on the ſea; ſo that after he had been miſſing ſome time, and diligent ſearch had been made after him, every body believed he was drowned.

[*To be continued.*]

To

To the Reader.

I read this Tract above fifty years ago, and took an extract from it. But I have now made a larger extract; which I recommend to all those that are lovers of common sense.——J. W.

An extract from a treatise called, The Refined Courtier.

Avoid every thing which annoys the senses.

HENCE it follows, that it is an unseemly practice, openly to handle any part of the body: nor does it consist with good manners, to prepare for the easing of nature in public view, or to truss up our clothes before others when we return from performing that office; nay, he who comes from serving such necessities (if he will take my counsel) shall not so much as wash his hands in people's sight, because that action, though cleanly in itself, yet suggests to their minds the idea of that which is foul and nasty. And for the same cause, it seems to be an unhandsome custom, if one chance to spy in the highway, or elsewhere, any noisome thing, to turn to his companion, and shew it him: much less is it comely to offer another any thing that stinks.

In like manner, it is indecent to incommode any other of the senses; as the ears are offended by gnashing and grating the teeth, and by snorting and snuffing up the nose, and by rubbing and knocking two stones together, and by filing iron, and the like; and therefore we are to abstain from doing such things, as much as possibly we can. Neither must we think this one caution sufficient, but we ought to refrain from singing, especially if the voice be immusical, or if we are not desired. And yet, if we observe it, there are few that regard this: nay, commonly those who have no cadency or sweetness at all, but make as harsh a noise as a mandrake, are readiest to transgress in this kind. And there are some, who when they cough or sneeze, do it

with ſo ſhrill a ſound, that they pierce through the heads of the ſtanders by, and almoſt ſtrike them deaf; and (which is far worſe) do not turn away, but, after an inconſiderate and immodeſt ſort, all beſpatter the faces of them they talk with. And you will meet with others, that when they do not willingly yawn; make as rude and ugly a noiſe, as a dog when he howls, or an aſs, when he brays. Theſe things diſpleaſing both to the eyes and ears, are ſtudiouſly to be avoided.

It may farther be uſefully added, that he who would be reputed a well-bred man, ought to refrain from loud and frequent yawning, (a crime the Romans ſeverely puniſhed) and that not only for the reaſons already alledged, but alſo becauſe it ſeems to proceed from a kind of wearineſs and diſdain, and therefore looks like no ſmall affront; for, he that often does ſo, intimates that he is quite tired and ſurfeited with the company, and deſires to remove to ſome other place.

By frequent yawning we appear to ſlight the ſociety in which we are, by ſignifying that it does not ſuit with our humour, and that alone is a reproach few will patiently endure; beſides, we diſparage ourſelves, by giving a plain teſtimony of our ſluggiſh and drowſy diſpoſition, which certainly renders us hugely unacceptable to thoſe with whom we converſe.

[*To be continued.*]

The HISTORY *of* HONEY.

IT is certain that the bees collect their whole ſtores, both of wax and honey, from flowers; and often both are collected from the different parts of the ſame flower.

There are placed at the bottom of all flowers, certain glands, called Nectaria, which contain more or leſs Honey, that is, the moſt exalted part of the ſugary juices of the plant. In ſome plants this is ſecreted in ſo large quantities, that we are able to taſte it, in ſucking the bottoms of the flowers, as we find in the common

common clover grafs, thence called by our children, Honey Suckles: in other flowers where we are not able to diftinguifh this, the Bees however find and collect it. The organs of feeding, beftowed on the Bee, are two; a trunk, like that of an Elephant, and a mouth. The Bee thrufts this trunk into the honey-gland of the flower, and when it has taken up as much of the honey as it can, draws it back, and difcharges it into the mouth. This the creature does feveral times, from different flowers: and when a fufficient quantity has thus been taken into the ftomach, it flies back to the hive, and putting his head into one of the cells, difcharges the honey up again into this ftore-houfe. As foon as one Bee has left the cell, another takes its place and difcharges its quantity, till by degrees the cell is filled. This is the true hiftory of Honey.

ANECDOTE *of the* COUNT DE LAUZUN.

THIS Nobleman, being fufpected of fome correfpondence detrimental to the intereft of the French court, was thrown into the Baftile. Here he was confined for a confiderable time; but at length obtaining liberty to receive the vifits of his friends, with them he confulted about the means of making his efcape. They accordingly provided him with cords, files, and every neceffary implement for the purpofe, which they gave to his Valet, a very truffy and fenfible fellow, in whom they could confide; but, being unhappily difcovered in the execution of their defign, the Count was feized and carried down to a difmal dungeon, under the Citadel, and there directed to be confined till further orders. A feverer fate however attended the unfortunate Valet, he was tried before the Lieutenant of the Police, and fentenced to be hanged before the windows of the

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the priſon, in his maſter's view, which ſentence was accordingly executed. We muſt naturally ſuppoſe that this circumſtance gave the greateſt uneaſineſs to the unhappy Count, lying upon a bed of ſtraw, ſupported by bread and water, and never ſeeing a ſoul but the inhuman keeper of the priſon. In this ſituation, without books, or pen and ink to amuſe himſelf, the only way he had of paſſing his hours was in teaching a little ſpider, that hung over his head, to run down from the cobweb to pick up crumbs of bread from his hand. One day while he was diverting himſelf in this manner, a turnkey who uſually brought him his uncomfortable pittance, came in, the Count informed him of the amuſement he had diſcovered, the brute inſtantly ran and killed the ſpider, ſaying, Criminals were unworthy of any entertainment or diverſion. On this, the Count cried out, "All your other inſults I forgive; but I will never forgive you the death of my ſpider." Sometime after, the Count was reſtored to favour, and created a Duke. But he frequently confeſſed no circumſtance ever ſo ſtrongly afflicted him as the loſs of the little ſpider, excepting the execution of his truſty Valet de Chambre.

The ſtrange Preſervation of GREGORY CROW.

ON Tueſday in Whitſun-week, June 26, 1556, a poor man, named *Gregory Crow*, dwelling in *Malden*, went to ſea, intending to have gone into *Kent* for fuller's-earth; but by the way, meeting with bad weather, he was driven upon a ſand, where preſently the boat ſunk, and was ſo full of water that the men were forced to hold by the maſt of the boat, while all things that would ſwim, ſwam out of her. Among other things which ſwam away, *Crow* ſeeing his Teſtament

Teſtament in the water, caught it, and put it into his boſom.

As it was ebbing water, within an hour the boat was dry; but ſo broken that they could not ſave her. On this they went upon the ſand, being at leaſt ten miles from land, and there made their prayers together, that God would ſend ſome ſhip to their aſſiſtance, (being in all two men and a boy) for they could ſtay there but half an hour longer, before it would be flood.

In this time they found their cheſt, wherein was five pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight-pence, belonging to *Crow*, which money the other man took up, and gave it to the owner. But he caſt it into the ſea, ſaying, If the Lord will ſave our lives, he will provide us a living. They then got up upon the maſt, and there hung by the arms and legs for the ſpace of ten hours; in which time the poor boy was ſo weary and beaten with the ſea, that he fell off and was drowned.

When the water was gone and the ſand dry, *Crow* ſaid to the other man, It would be beſt for us to take down our maſt, and when the flood comes we will ſit upon it. And it may pleaſe God, to bring ſome ſhip that may take us up. They did ſo; and at ten o'clock the ſame night, the flood bore up the maſt whereon they ſat.

The next day, at night the other man being overcome with hunger and watching, died. So that there was none left but *Crow*, who was driving up and down in the ſea, calling upon God as well as he could; but durſt not ſleep for fear leſt the ſea ſhould beat him off.

At length, I myſelf, ſaid Captain *Morſe*, being laden to *Antwerp*, having within my veſſel, of mariners and merchants, to the number of forty-ſix perſons, came to the foreland; for the wind not being very good, I was conſtrained to go ſomewhat out of my way. In the evening, about ſix o'clock, we ſaw a thing afar off, appearing like a ſmall buoy, that fiſhermen uſe to lay with their hooks.

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When we saw it, some said, let us have some fish. But I said to him at the helm, keep your course, for we shall only hinder the fishermen; which he accordingly did.

But at length the man at the helm said, Methinks, master, it is a man. But yet being in doubt it was only a fisherman's buoy, I again ordered the ship to keep her course.

Crow beholding the ship to turn from him, being now ready to perish with watching and famine, and moreover miserably beaten with the seas, took his cap off, and holding it up with his arms as high as he could, thought by shaking it as well as he was able, to give us some token.

Whereupon the steersman perceiving a thing to move, advertised us again, declaring he saw a man's arm, which on looking, we all beheld. On this we turned the ship towards him, came to him, and took him up.

As soon as he was got into the ship, he began to put his hand in his bosom: on which we asked him if he had got any money there? No, said he, I have a book here: I think it is wet; and so drew out his Testament, which we dried at the fire.

But the sea had so dreadfully beaten him, that his eyes, nose and mouth, were almost covered with salt. So we made a fire, and shifted him with dry clothes, and gave him such meat as was in the ship, and then let him sleep.

The next day we waked him about eight o'clock in the morning, when his blood began to appear in his flesh; (for when we took him up, his flesh looked as though it had been sodden.) We then talked with him of all the matters before rehearsed.

When we got to *Antwerp*, many, both men and women, came to see him: and some gave him a shirt, others gave him hose, and others gave him money: partly on account of his past danger, and present necessity; but chiefly because he had cast his money into the sea, and preserved his Testament!

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An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLY'S *Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

I Hope, the Doctor will excuse me, when I say I cannot believe both parts of his state of the question, because they manifestly contradict one another. I shall here set his own words in each part, in direct opposition.

Page 2d. I allow to man all the liberty, or power that is possible in itself, and to which the ideas of mankind ever go; which is the power of doing whatever they will or please, with respect to the operations of their minds, and the motions of their bodies, *uncontrolled by any foreign principle or cause.*

Page 7th and 8th. I maintain that there is some fixed law of nature, respecting the will, as well as the other powers of the mind, and every thing else in the constitution of nature; and consequently that it is *never determined without some real, or apparent cause foreign to itself*, that is, without some motive of choice.

I really cannot understand how the "operations of men's minds, and motions of their bodies, can be uncontrolled by any foreign principle or cause;" and yet the mind never be determined without some real or apparent cause foreign to itself. Dr. Priestley says, "*uncontrolled by any foreign cause*; then "*never determined without some foreign cause:*" but this last is explained by adding, that is without some motive of choice. Admitting then this motive of choice to be always the determining cause: it is either foreign to the mind, or it is not. If the motive or cause, which determines the mind be foreign to it, then the mind is certainly determined and controlled by some foreign cause; for it cannot

act otherwife, by reafon of fome motive, cauſe, or thing foreign to itſelf, which controlls and neceſſarily determines it. But if the determining cauſe or motive be not foreign to the mind, then it muſt be the mind itſelf, which determines according to its own pleaſure and choice. In ſuch a caſe, the mind is uncontrolled and undetermined by any foreign principle, cauſe, or motive. In either caſe, this motive of choice appears to me point blank, oppoſite to one of the Doctor's aſſertions abovementioned. And as it is not oppoſite to the *latter*, it muſt be to the *firſt*; certainly then the mind is frequently determined by its own inherent power of choice, uncontrolled by any cauſe or motive of choice foreign to itſelf. Beſides, Dr. Prieſtley maintains "that motives influence us in ſome definite and invariable manner; ſo that every volition or choice, is conſtantly regulated and determined by what precedes it;" that is, as he afterwards explains himſelf, "determined according to the motives preſented to it." What the Doctor means by his *motives*, which he maintains to be capable of exerting ſuch an amazing and extraordinary force and power, as *conſtantly*, *definitely*, and *invariably* to regulate and determine the volition (or choice, as he explains the word) of every man's mind in every action and event, I cannot ſay. Neither does he ſay, whether his motives are bodies or no bodies, entities or non-entities; nor whether he means by the word motives, any thing really exiſting in nature, or merely creatures of the imagination, or what ſeems moſt probable, whether it is not a word he uſes without any certain meaning whatever; or, if I have a meaning, whether it is not ſynonymous with cauſes, as he ſeems to explain the word, (page 8th, lines 1, 2, 3,) If ſo, it is ſomewhat ſtrange for ſo ingenious a philoſopher, to account for ſuch prodigious effects, as the volitions of a man's mind are in themſelves, and are found by experience to be capable of producing, by ſaying, that they are conſtantly and invariably determined by motives or cauſes, without ſaying what theſe motives or cauſes are. If I was requeſted to account for any phænomenon in nature; for inſtance,

inſtance, eclipſes of the ſun or moon, it would be a ſmall ſatisfaction to ſay, they ariſe from (or in Dr. *Prieſtley's* words, are conſtantly determined by) motives or cauſes, without aſſigning any cauſe whatever. If this method of philoſophizing be ſufficient, every thing in the univerſe may be eaſily accounted for, by mentioning the word cauſe.

Whatever the Doctor's motives be, if they are allowed to influence the mind of man in ſome definite and invariable manner, and neceſſarily to determine its volitions or choices, I think he ſhould define them, and explain what they are: as they influence the mind of man in a *neceſſary*, *definite*, and *invariable manner*, they muſt be the neceſſary, definite, and invariable cauſe of that effect, and conſequently the cauſe muſt be equally definite and invariable, otherwiſe it is inadequate to the effect. From hence, I am induced to ſuppoſe it eaſy for Dr. *Prieſtley* to explain what thoſe definite and invariable cauſes or motives are.

After the queſtion is ſtated as above, Dr. *Prieſtley* draws this concluſion, "that how little ſo ever the bulk of mankind may be apprehenſive of it, or ſtaggered by it, according to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, no event could have been otherwiſe than it has been, is, or is to be." And this concluſion he draws from the premiſes, where he makes ſome unknown powers, or occult qualities, which he calls motives, to be the neceſſary cauſes according to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, of every action and paſſion, or every creature in the univerſe, whether paſt, preſent, or to come: on the contrary, I conclude from what I have ſaid, that according to the laws of nature, eſtabliſhed by Almighty God; many paſt and preſent actions and events in the mental and intellectual world, might have been very different from what they have been and are; and many events to come are yet unknown and undetermined, by any motive or exiſtence whatſoever; being wholly left to the choice and determination of intelligent and ſelf-determining agents, created by God,

and endowed with power to do many things, or to leave them undone at pleaſure, without any neceſſary, definite, or invariably certain determining motive whatever.

[*To be continued.*]

An original Letter of Mrs. Weſley, *to her Son, the late Mr.* Samuel Weſley, *when at Weſtminſter-School; written about the year* 1706.

Thurſday, Dec. 28.

Dear Sammy,

I AM much better pleaſed with the beginning of your letter, than with what you uſed to ſend me; for I do not love diſtance or ceremony, there is more of love and tenderneſs in the name of mother than all the complimental titles in the world.

I intend to write to your father about your coming down, but yet it would not be amiſs for you to ſpeak of it too; perhaps our united deſires may ſooner prevail upon him to grant our requeſt, though I do not think he will be averſe from it at all.

I am heartily glad that you have already, and that you deſign again to receive the Holy Sacrament; for there is nothing more proper or effectual for the ſtrengthening and refreſhing the mind, than the frequent partaking of that bleſſed ordinance. You complain that you are unſtable and inconſtant in the ways of virtue: alas! what Chriſtian is not ſo too? I am ſure that I above all others am moſt unfit to adviſe in ſuch a caſe; yet ſince I cannot but ſpeak ſomething, ſince I love you as my own ſoul, I will endeavour to do as well as I can: and perhaps while I write I may learn, and by inſtructing you I may teach myſelf.

Firſt, endeavour to get as deep an impreſſion on your mind as is poſſible of the awful, conſtant preſence of the Great and

Holy

Holy God. Conſider frequently that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, he always adverts to your thoughts and actions, in order to a future retribution. He is about our bed, and about our paths, and ſpies all our ways. And whenever you are tempted to the commiſſion of any ſin, or the omiſſion of any duty, make a pauſe, and ſay to yourſelf, what am I about to do? God ſees me. Is this my avowed faithfulneſs to my Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier? Have I ſo ſoon forgot that the vows of God are upon me? Was it eaſier for the eternal Son of God to die for me, than it is for me to remember him? To what end came he into the world but to ſatisfy the juſtice of God for us, and to reconcile us to God, and to plant good life among men in order to their eternal ſalvation? What, can I not watch one hour with that Jeſus that veiled his native glory with our nature, and condeſcended ſo low as to make himſelf of no reputation, by putting on the form of a ſervant, that he might be capable of conferring the greateſt benefits upon us, that man could receive, by his ſuffering ſuch a ſhameful, curſed death upon the croſs for our redemption? O Sammy, think but often and ſeriouſly on Jeſus Chriſt, and you will experience what it is to have the heart purified by faith!

Secondly, Conſider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for thoſe that perſevere in the paths of virtue. Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for ſuch as love and ſerve him faithfully. And when you have ſo long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this preſent world, and ſee what vain, inconſiderable trifles you practically prefer before a ſolid, rational, permanent ſtate of everlaſting tranquility. Could we but once attain to a ſtrong and lively ſenſe of ſpiritual things, could we oftner abſtract our minds from corporeal objects, and fix them on heaven, we ſhould not waver, and be ſo inconſtant as we are in matters of the greateſt moment,

ment, but the ſoul would as naturally aſpire towards an union with God as the flames aſcend; for he alone is the proper centre of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motions towards him.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

Matt. x. 41, 42.

He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, ſhall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, ſhall receive a righteous man's reward.

And whoſoever ſhall give unto one of theſe little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a diſciple, verily I ſay unto you, he ſhall in no wiſe loſe his reward.

THESE words are a declaration of that great benefit, which they bring to thoſe who afford any ſuccour to others; teaching, that there is no ſuch way to fill our treaſures, as by employing them for God.

For the explaining of theſe words, I ſhall briefly ſhew you,

1. Who is here meant by a prophet: and who by a righteous man.

2. What is meant by receiving them.

3 What is the reward that followeth hereupon.

I. Who is here meant by a prophet; and who by a righteous man?

By a prophet our Saviour here meaneth, not only extraordinary miniſters; ſuch as were extraordinarily inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt, or who had extraordinary revelations to foretel things to come: but alſo ordinary miniſters of the word, and interpreters of the ſcriptures.

By

By righteous men he means ſuch as teſtify their juſtification through faith in Chriſt, by their ſanctification, and fruits of a good conſcience.

II. What is meant by receiving theſe?

There are two things whereto this receiving may have a reſpect.

1. To the word and meſſage of a miniſter, and ſo it ſignifies the embracing his holy counſel and doctrine.

2. To the perſon of a miniſter, and ſo it ſignifies the harbouring or ſhewing kindneſs to him; as is evident from the inſtance of cold water, given unto a prophet, or righteous man, expreſſed in the following verſe. Both theſe are implied under this phraſe of receiving a prophet, viz. his doctrine, by embracing it; and his perſon, by harbouring and relieving him according to his need.

By receiving a prophet in the name of a prophet, is meant, a relieving him for his particular calling's ſake, becauſe he is a prophet. So receiving a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man, intendeth doing it, for his general calling's ſake; becauſe he is a chriſtian, a child of God, and a member of Chriſt.

III. What is here meant by the reward of a prophet, and of a righteous man?

The reward which is given by God, to either of theſe, for that kindneſs which they ſhewed unto them, is ſuch a ſurpaſſing, and excellent weight of glory, as cannot be expreſſed by the tongue of men or of angels.

From the duty here expreſſed of receiving, and relieving prophets and righteous men, with the manner of ſetting it down, we may obſerve,

1. That all needful ſuccour is to be afforded to miniſters of the goſpel.

This is the main and principal point intended.

2. Chriſtian kindneſs is to be ſhewed, not only to miniſters, but alſo to all the members of Chriſt. For our bleſſed Saviour contents not himſelf to have mentioned a prophet, but alſo addeth a righteous man.

Theſe

Theſe two ſorts make up the houſehold of faith; to whom the Apoſtle exhorted chriſtians eſpecially to do good, Gal. vi. 10.

But is our charity to extend no farther?

Yes, even to all that are in want, but eſpecially to ſuch as have a particular relation to Chriſt, as being his members, or miniſters; becauſe Chriſt in them is after an eſpecial manner ſuccoured and relieved. It will be therefore our wiſdom to take notice of the extent of this duty and in all we do, either for Chriſtians or others, to ſee to it, that what we do is done for the Lord's, and for conſcience ſake; to the one in compaſſion to his members, to the other in obedience to his will.

3. According to the kindneſs which we ſhew, ſhall our reward be. He that receiveth, and relieveth a prophet, ſhall receive a prophet's reward. And he that receiveth a righteous man, ſhall receive the reward of a righteous man.

Verſe 42. And whoſoever ſhall give to drink unto one of theſe little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a diſciple, he ſhall in no wiſe loſe his reward.

Theſe words are added by our Saviour to the former to anticipate ſome objections, as alſo more fully to explain the forementioned points.

By little ones, our Saviour meaneth no other than ſuch as in the foregoing verſe, he hath ſtiled prophets and righteous ones.

They are called little ones in two reſpects.

1. In regard of the world's eſteem of them.

2. In regard of their own account of themſelves.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS *on* GENIUS.

1. I Have for many years desired to see something, long or short, accurately written on the term *Genius*. It is a word almost in every one's mouth, and one that is used by abundance of Writers. Yet I doubt, it is not well understood by one in a hundred of them that use it. I rejoiced therefore to hear, that so eminent a Writer as Dr. *Gerrard* had published an Essay on the subject. But when I read it, I was disappointed of my hope: it did not in any degree answer my expectations. The ingenious and very learned Author, did not seem to understand the term at all: nor could I find one proper Definition of it, throughout the whole Treatise.

2. I hoped however to find full satisfaction on the head, in Mr. *Duff's* "Essay on Original Genius:" although I was surprised to observe, it had been published, above twenty years before the other. But I was disappointed again. Indeed it undoubtedly contains many judicious remarks. But even here, what should have been done in the very beginning, is not done at all. I want to know first of all, What do you mean by Genius? Give me a definition of it. Pray tell me this, before you say any thing more about it: this is common sense. Without this, you may ramble as long as you please! and leave me just as wise as I was.

3. The word *Genius* was used by the ancient *Romans*, for a superior Being, good or bad, who they supposed, attended every one from his birth to his death. But in this sense of the word it has nothing to do with the present question; wherein it means, either a Quality of the Human Mind, or a man endued with that Quality. Thus we say

indifferently, "He *is* a Genius, or *has* a Genius." I would here take it in the latter ſenſe, for the Quality which denominates a man a Genius.

4. It is evident, that Genius, taken in this ſenſe, is not *Invention:* although that may poſſibly bear ſome relation to it. It is not *Imagination:* although this may be allowed to be one ingredient of it. Much leſs is it *an Aſſociation of Ideas:* all theſe are eſſentially different from it. So is *Senſation*, on the one hand; and ſo are *Memory* and *Judgment*, on the other: unleſs by *Judgment* we mean (as many do) ſtrength of Underſtanding. It ſeems to be an extraordinary Capacity of Mind; ſometimes termed Extraordinary talents. This may be more or leſs extenſive: there may be a kind of General Genius, or an extraordinary Capacity for many things. Or a particular Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for one particular thing: it may be, for one particular Science, or one particular Art. Thus *Homer* and *Milton* had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Poetry. Thus *Euclid* and *Archimedes* had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Geometry. So *Cicero* had a Genius for Oratory, and Sir *Iſaac Newton* for Natural Philoſophy. Thus *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo* had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Painting. And ſo *Purcell* and *Handel* (to mention no more) had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Muſic. Whereas *Ariſtotle*, Lord *Bacon*, and a very few beſide, ſeem to have had an Univerſal Genius, an extraordinary Capacity to excel in whatever they took in hand.

5. It may be allowed that the word is frequently taken in a lower ſenſe. But it has then a word prefixt to it, to reſtrain its ſignification. So we ſay, A man has a *middling Genius;* or a *little Genius*. But it is generally taken for an extraordinary Capacity of whatever kind.

6. Genius

6. Genius in Philoſophy, Poetry and Oratory ſeems to imply a ſtrong and clear Underſtanding, connected with an unuſually extenſive and lively Imagination. In which reſpect it may truly be ſaid, not only of a Poet, but alſo of an Orator and Philoſopher, *Naſcitur non fit;* he has this endowment by Nature, not by Art. Yet it may be granted, that Art may exceedingly improve, what originally ſprung from nature. It may receive aſſiſtance likewiſe from the Memory, (nearly related to the Imagination:) and alſo from the Paſſions, which on various occaſions enliven and ſtrengthen the Imagination.

7. It may be obſerved, I purpoſe to abſtain from uſing the word *Reaſon* or *Judgment*; becauſe the word Underſtanding is leſs equivocal: and I would always uſe one and the ſame word, to expreſs one and the ſame idea.

8. Both the Writers above-mentioned, Suppoſe *Taſte* alſo to be eſſential to Genius. And indeed it does ſeem to be, if not an eſſential part, yet an eſſential Property of it: *Taſte* is here a figurative word, borrowed from the Senſe of *Taſting*, whereby we are enabled, firſt to judge of, and then to reliſh our food; ſo the intellectual *Taſte* has a two-fold office: it *judges* and it *reliſhes*. In the former reſpect, it belongs to the Underſtanding; in the latter, to the Imagination.

9. To ſum up all. Perhaps Genius may be defined, An Extraordinary Capacity for Philoſophy, Oratory, Poetry, or any other Art or Science: the conſtituent Parts whereof are a ſtrong Underſtanding, and a lively Imagination; and the eſſential Property, a juſt Taſte.

Lambeth, Nov. 8, 1787.

WARNING *given in vain.*

ADVERTISEMENTS were come from all parts, to *Henry* of *Lorrain*, Duke of *Guiſe*, (in the reign of *Henry* the third of *France*) that a bloody cataſtrophe would diſſolve that aſſembly he had then occaſioned of the eſtates. It was generally noiſed that the execution ſhould be on St. *Thomas'* day. The Duke himſelf ſitting down to dinner, found a ſcroll under his napkin, advertiſing him of a ſecret ambuſh: but he wrote underneath "They dare not," and threw it under the table. Upon December 23d, 1588, The King aſſembles his Council, having before prepared ſeven of his Gentlemen that were near his perſon to execute his Will. The Duke of *Guiſe* came; but in the Counſel felt a great fainting of his heart. Soon after the King called him into his Cabinet, by one of the Secretaries of State, as it were to confer with him about ſome ſecret of importance. The Duke left the Counſel to paſs into the Cabinet, and as he lifted up the tapeſtry with one hand, they charged him with ſwords and daggers, and ſo he was ſlain.

Remarks on the Swiftneſs of TIME.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

THE natural advantages which ariſe from the poſition of the Earth which we inhabit, with reſpect to the other Planets, afford much employment to mathematical ſpeculation, by which it has been diſcovered, that no other confirmation of the ſyſtem could have given ſuch commodious diſtributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleaſure to ſo great a part of a revolving ſphere.

It

It may be perhaps obſerved by the Moraliſt, with equal reaſon, that our Globe ſeems particularly fitted for the reſidence of a Being placed here only for a ſhort time, whoſe taſk is to advance himſelf to a higher and happier ſtate of exiſtence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue. The duties required of man are ſuch as human nature does not willingly perform, and ſuch as thoſe are inclined to delay, who yet intend ſometime to fulfil them. It was therefore neceſſary that this univerſal reluctance ſhould be counteracted, and the drowſineſs of heſitation wakened into reſolve; that the danger of procraſtination ſhould be always in view, and the fallacies of ſecurity to be hourly detected. To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conſpire. Whatever we ſee on every ſide, reminds us of the lapſe of time, and the flux of life. The day and night ſucceed each other, the rotation of ſeaſons diverſifies the year, the ſun riſes, attains the Meridian, declines and ſets; and the Moon every night changes its form. The day has been conſidered as an image of the year, and a year as the repreſentation of life. The morning anſwers to the Spring, and the Spring to childhood and youth; the noon correſponds to the Summer, and the Summer to the ſtrength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of Autumn, and Autumn of declining life. The night with its ſilence and darkneſs ſhews the Winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the Winter points out the time when life ſhall ceaſe, with its hopes and pleaſures. He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a motion equable and eaſy, perceives not the change of place, but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhable uniformity, we ſhould never mark its approaches to the end of the courſe. If one hour were like another; if the paſſage of the ſun did not ſhew that the day is waſting; if the change of ſeaſons did not impreſs upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years.

would

would glide unobſerved. If the parts of time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their departure or ſucceſſion; but ſhould live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already loſt, with that which may probably remain.

But the courſe of time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is even obſerved by the paſſage, and by nations who have raiſed their minds very little above animal inſtinct: there are human Beings, whoſe language does not ſupply them with words by which they can number five; but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that theſe admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with ſuch accuracy the courſe of time, appear to have little ſenſibility of the decline of life. Every man has ſomething to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurpriſe us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an abſence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left children, and can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as men. The traveller viſits in age thoſe Countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory proſperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the laſt years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, ſo general and ſo miſchievous, let it be every man's ſtudy to exempt himſelf. Let him that

deſires

desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and the night cometh, when no man can work.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCXLII.

[From Miss Bosanquet, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cross Hall, Feb. 7, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind favour of Jan. 27. It yielded us much satisfaction; for never before could we get any account to be depended on.

I am exceeding thankful Mr. Fletcher is with Mrs. Greenwood. She will tenderly care for him: and, having a spiritual mind, will be sensible of the honour God does her, in giving her such an opportunity.

How wise are all the ways of God, in keeping his faithful servant in that retired spot, while those precious works were compleated, by which he will yet speak to us, though in glory: and now to enable him to bring them out, while his exemplary life and conversation adds a lustre to those truths he hath so powerfully defended.

We could have liked to have seen him here once more; but the will of the Lord be done! But should it happen that this sickness is not unto death, we shall rejoice in having an opportunity of assisting him in any thing which lies in our power. Should this favour be denied us, we must be content; and beseech God to reward those who may supply our lack of service.

The

The bleſſed account you give of the ſtate of his mind filled my ſoul with ſacred joy, as alſo thoſe of my friends. While I was reading it, it was a ſeaſon of faith and love, and we could not help ſaying, Ah Lord! Let not this ſhining light be ſo ſoon extinguiſhed.

A few weeks ago, I once more read over the Equal Check, and felt an unction in it above all I had ever found before. The Eſſay on Truth, with the appendix, is even as marrow and fatneſs to my ſoul. O may all the height and depth of every goſpel promiſe be written on his heart!

Glory be to God, I prove Him a kind and tender Father. I have daily had ſome exerciſing trials both in my health, and in ſome other affairs: but O, how ſhall I ever praiſe him enough! It hath been to me an uſeful and profitable time. I am more than ever convinced, that the ſinner is both ſafe and comfortable when Jeſus walks with him, even in the fire. I ſee ſuch love and wiſdom in every cup the Lord is pleaſed to mix me, that all my ſoul does acknowledge, Thy will is beſt!

I remain, Dear Sir, yours affectionately,

M. BOSANQUET.

LETTER CCCCXLIII.

[From Mr. R. C. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Rev. Sir, Feb. 8, 1776.

AS you deſire to know the dealings of God with me, I ſend you the following account.

Since the Conference I have been completely happy, and have found reſt in all circumſtances, both as a Chriſtian and as a Preacher: whether going by the way ſide, or lying down, or riſing up, the Lord has been my portion, and ſatisfies my ſoul with the treaſures of his houſe.

I have

I have lately received a remarkable anſwer to prayer, in the great change wrought on my mother; and was ſo overwhelmed with joy, that I was incapable of reading, or praying. If you knew how ſettled a Phariſee, and how fixed an enemy to Methodiſm ſhe was, you would own that we may have any thing for aſking.

At preſent I am ſo dead to all perſons and things here below, that I have no deſire to ſee home any more; unleſs the Lord ſhould ſeem good to will it.

Often when the world is wrapt up in ſleep, I have ſuch views of heaven, that I have ſcarce patience to be kept out of it: and often think that an hour of earneſt prayer would make me too happy to do my buſineſs. God gives me to penetrate heaven and hell, and to ſee the worth of ſouls in ſuch a manner as makes me forget myſelf. It is true, I cannot ſee thouſands falling before me, and tens of thouſands on my right hand, crying out for God; yet I have greater cauſe to be ſatisfied with my labours this year, than the laſt. O what would I not do to ſave ſouls from eternal death!

A few days ſince, being much urged to viſit Scotter, I could no longer withſtand. At the appointed time the river was frozen over; but though my horſe could not paſs, the rider did: and walked through the ſnow, knee deep, all the way over the common. At night we were like thoſe ſuppoſed to be full of new wine. In the morning a young man came back part of the way with me. A little after we parted, I met two travellers, who aſked the way. After directing them, I ſaid a great deal to them about Chriſt and eternity. As they appeared much affected, I cried out, Lord, what ſhall I ſay to theſe thy creatures, to induce them to ſerve thee? Then turning to them I ſaid, Not long ſince I parted from a young man, and before I left him we went to prayer on the mountain. And ſeeing there is none but the eye of heaven upon us, perhaps if I aſk you to kneel down with me, you will not be aſhamed. As they earneſtly ſaid no, we kneeled down together, and I

wreſtled with God for them. When we had done, the poor man, as if he thought himſelf unworthy, would hardly ſhake hands with me; but the woman, with tears flowing down her face, eagerly caught my hand and kiſſed it. If you had ſeen their thankfulneſs, and heard the many bleſſings they ſent after me, you would have rejoiced. O how willingly could I have waſhed the feet of thoſe poor creatures, for whom Chriſt died! Lord thou knoweſt I am little, and baſe in my own eyes; and content to be counted the off-ſcouring of all things, ſo thine honour be advanced. R. C.

LETTER CCCCXLIV.

[From Miſs A. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Finſtock, Feb. 9, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

THE Lord ſtill chaſtens me; but not in his hot diſpleaſure. I was thinking lately what I could ſay of my experience; as I ſeemed to be in darkneſs, yet was not: for the Lord was ſtill my light and my ſalvation; and I felt joy in the Holy Ghoſt, and peace paſſing underſtanding. And yet, what different ſenſations! (compared with what I felt ſix or eight weeks ago.) How heavily did my ſoul ſeem to drag on.

While I was thus enquiring into my ſtate, thoſe words occurred to my mind, "I am in heavineſs through manifold temptations." Thus did my gracious God condeſcend to explain, what before I did not underſtand. My heart immediately offered up praiſe and thanks unto him, and I was much ſtrengthened to hope that I ſhould be made perfect through ſufferings.

A few days ſince, I was comforted by a perſuaſion that neither tribulation nor diſtreſs, nor things preſent or to come, ſhould be ever able to ſeperate me from the love of God which is in Chriſt Jeſus. An hour or two after, my faith was ſtrongly aſſaulted, when the Lord tenderly ſpake unto my ſoul, Can the

the Strength of Iſrael lie? O how did I rejoice again in hope of deliverance!

I feel much need of exerciſing all the faith I have, that I may not be foiled by Satan. He labours hard to draw me into reaſoning; but glory be to God, he hath hitherto ſupported me! I am frequently encouraged by relying on that promiſe, The God of peace ſhall bruiſe Satan under thy feet ſhortly.

Theſe laſt ſix weeks I have had ſore conflicts with the adverſary. But ſtronger is he that is for me, than all that are againſt me. I am enabled frequently, to deſire much conſolation, from a perſuaſion that the trials I am permitted to paſs through, will terminate in my eſtabliſhment. I rejoice in the thought of being more holy, more unreſervedly given up to God. I long for greater conformity to my divine pattern, that I may be more capable of glorifying him on earth.

I believe I love God; but I want to love him more, that I may obey him more perfectly. I ſee He is a jealous God, and will be loved alone. He demands all the powers and affections of my ſoul; and glory be to his name, he enables me to yield obedience to his righteous claim!

Dear Sir, I remain your obliged Servant,

A. B.

POETRY.

ODE *to the* NEW YEAR.

[By Cunningham.]

AQUARIUS rules the frozen ſkies,
Deep frowning clouds on clouds ariſe,
Fraught with the thunder's roar;
With fury heaves the raging main,
While flaming billows laſh in vain
The hoarſe reſounding ſhore.

No flowéry vale now charms the eye,
No tuneful warblers of the ſky
Now cheers the lingéring hours;
No genial ray the groves illume,
No zephyrs waft their mild perfume,
From ſighs o'er vernal flowérs.

Though blooming ſcenes are now no more,
That aid the rapturéd ſoul to ſoar,
Poetic thoughts refine;
Yet ſtill the moralizing page,
To warn an unattentive age,
Theſe hoary ſcenes combine.

With this I hail the opéning year,
Addreſs the God, whoſe works appear
Through each harmonious round;
Who rules, ſerenely rules the ſtorm,
Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
Whoſe thunders rock the ground.

O thou! alike where perfect day,
In bright refulgent glories play
Around thy awful throne!
Where ſeraphs glow with ſacred fires,
Where angels tune celeſtial lyres,
To hymn thy praiſe alone.

Still may thy providential care
With bleſſings crown the riſing year,
Impending ills reſtrain!
Thy wiſdom guide my youthful muſe!
Thy ſacred eloquence diffuſe,
And conſecrate my ſtrain!

While thus revolving ſeaſons roll,
Obſequious to thy wiſe controul,
Obedient to thy plan;

With

With ſilent eloquence they preach,
The moſt important leſſons teach,
To cold, unthinking man.

A HERMIT's MEDITATION.

IN loneſome cave
Of noiſe and interruption void,
His thoughtful ſolitude
A Hermit thus enjoyéd.

His choiceſt book,
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This ſolemn lecture read.

Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirément now,
My neareſt intimate,
My beſt companion thou.

On thee to muſe
The buſy, living world I left;
Of converſe all but thine,
And ſilent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the Great, to whom
Obſequious thouſands bowéd?

Was learning's ſtore
E'er treaſuréd up within this ſhell?
Did wiſdom e'en within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghaſtly face?
Did beauty's bloom theſe cheeks,
This forehead ever grace.

If on this brow
E'er ſat the ſcornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! Where now
Is that diſdain?——'Tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayneſs o'er this baldneſs caſt,
Deluſive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?——'Tis paſt.

To deck this ſcalp
If tedious long-livéd hours it coſt,
Vain, fruitleſs toil! Where's now
That labour ſeen?——'Tis loſt.

But painful ſweat,
The dear-earnéd price of daily bread,
Was all perhaps that thee
With hungry ſorrows fed.

Perhaps, but tears
Sureſt relief of heart-ſick woe
Thine only drink from down
Theſe ſockets uſed to flow.

Oppreſſéd, perhaps,
With achs, and pains, and aged cares,
Down to the grave thou broughtéſt
A few, and hoary hairs.

'Tis all Perhaps!
No marks, no tokens can I trace;
What on the ſtage of life
Thy rank, or ſtation was.

Nameleſs.

Nameleſs, unknown!
Of all diſtinction ſtript and bare,
In nakedneſs concealéd,
Oh, who ſhall thee declare!

Nameleſs, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice;
No living viſage ſee.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either loſt
Ought we could call our own.

What we are now,
The Great—the Wiſe—the Fair—the Brave,
Shall all hereafter be;
All Hermits in the grave.

On DEATH.

IT muſt be done, my ſoul, but 'tis a ſtrange,
A diſmal, and myſterious change,
When thou ſhalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown Somewhere, wing thy way;
When time ſhall be eternity, and thou
Shall be thou knowéſt not what! and live thou knowéſt not how.

Amazing ſtate! no wonder that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead.
Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy:
Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all behind.

Some

Some courtéous Ghoſt, tell this great ſecrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt be.
You warn us of approaching death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
But you, having ſhot the gulph, delight to ſee
Succeeding ſouls plunge in with like uncertainty.

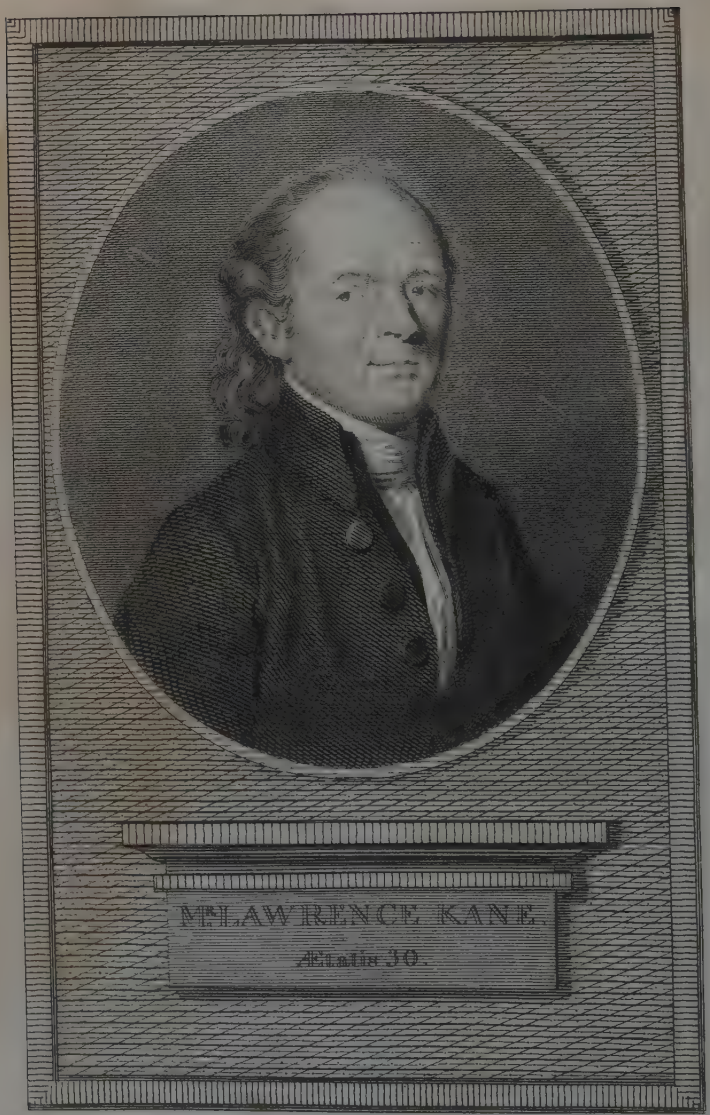
When life's cloſe knot, by writ from deſtiny,
Diſeaſe ſhall cut, or age untie;
When after ſome delays, ſome dying ſtrife,
The ſoul ſtands ſhivéring on the ridge of life;
With what a dreadful curioſity
Does ſhe launch out into the ſea of vaſt eternity!

So when the ſpacious globe was delugéd o'er,
And lower holds could ſave no more,
On thé utmoſt bough thé aſtoniſhéd ſinner ſtood,
And viewéd the advances of thé encroaching flood:
O ér-topt at length, by thé elements increaſe,
With horror they reſignéd to the untriéd abyſs.

Dr. DODDRIDGE'S EPIGRAM *on his Family Vault.*

Dum vivimus vivamus.

LIVE, while you live, the Epicure would ſay,
And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day.
Live, while you live, the ſacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleaſure, when I live to thee.


M.LAWRENCE KANE.
Ætatis 30.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 7.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

CHAP. I.

THAT the above is the true ſtate of the queſtion cannot be doubted, if theſe things are conſidered,

1ſt. That the contrary doctrines, of the determining influx on the one hand, and the ſuppoſed diſability which renders it neceſſary for others, without the ſpecial grace of God, to be ſtill doing evil, have no foundation in the holy Scriptures.

2dly. That theſe new notions concerning the conſiſtence of a liberty that is rewardable, or penal, with neceſſity, and an invincible neceſſity connate to fallen man, rendering it impoſſible for him to do what is commanded, or to avoid what is forbidden under the higheſt penalties, is evidently repugnant to the common ſenſe of mankind, and as ſuch hath been rejected by all the chriſtian writers. And

3dly. That the chriſtian world, for four whole centuries, condemned it as deſtructive of true liberty, of the nature of vice and virtue, of rewards and puniſhments, of the equity of the divine precepts, and of a future judgment; and alſo contrary to the plain declarations of the holy Scripture. And

1ſt. The doctrine of the determining influx rendering Faith, Repentance, and Converſion irreſiſtible when the divine influx comes upon him, and by plain conſequence impoſſible to him till it comes upon him, hath no foundation in the holy Scriptures, hath been ſufficiently demonſtrated: to which I ſhall only add this one obſervation, That ſome of thoſe Scriptures which are now uſed to prove it, viz. God's promiſe *to take away the ſtony heart, and to give us hearts of fleſh*; and St. Paul's words, *That it is not of him that willeth or runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy*; and that *it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do*, were the very arguments uſed, ſaith *Origen*, by them who deſtroy Free-Will, *by introducing natures loſt and incapable of being ſaved, and others ſaved which could not poſſibly periſh*; which makes *faith involuntary, and unworthy of praiſe, or incredulity of diſpraiſe, as depending on an antecedent neceſſity; and by deſtroying liberty overthrows the foundation of ſalvation, renders all retribution unjuſt, and ſo deſtroys the doctrine of us chriſtians; who have received from the Scriptures that God hath given a power to us to chuſe one thing, and fly from another; and puts this plea into the mouths of wicked men, I did this unwillingly, and was compelled to do it.*

7. Again, That the doctrine which teacheth, that man by the fall hath contracted ſuch a diſability to what is good; that, without irreſiſtible grace he can do nothing that is truly good, hath no foundation in the holy Scriptures, is alſo eaſy to demonſtrate. This I ſhall do, (1ſt.) by laying down the doctrine of thoſe divines who do maintain this opinion, as it is faithfully delivered by *Le Blanc*, and then produce what they allodge from Scripture to confirm it.

Now

Now *Le Blanc*, in his Theſes of the Liberty of Man, in the ſtate of lapſed nature, to what is morally good, hath given us the doctrine of theſe Reformers thus:

1ſt. That *there be ſome moral precepts which man in this lapſed ſtate cannot do at all, viz. that which ſaith* negatively, *thou ſhalt not covet*, and *that which ſaith* poſitively, *thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart*; whence theſe things neceſſarily follow, that God muſt lay on lapſed man an obligation to impoſſibilities, and muſt command him under the ſevereſt penalties, to do what he could never do from his birth, and to avoid what he had never power to avoid, unleſs he had this power before he had a being, or any faculty at all; and conſequently, that he can only require theſe impoſſibilities to encreaſe his ſin, and enhance his damnation.

2dly. That according to the doctrine of the Proteſtants, thoſe *actions of theirs which are materially good, are yet formally ſins; becauſe they are neither done out of love to God, as the principle, or for his glory, as the end; and ſo have two eſſential defects, inconſiſtent with the nature of an action morally good.* Whence it muſt follow, that by endeavouring to obey God's commands as well as they can, they muſt *formally ſin.*

3dly. That moſt Proteſtants *deny that man, in the ſtate of lapſed nature, is free to chuſe what is morally good, and ſo hath loſt the Freedom of his Will as to thoſe actions*; and conſequently, if God damn him for not doing what is morally good, he muſt damn him for that which he could not have the Will to do.

4thly. That therefore *he is ſo far become the ſervant of ſin, that whatſoever he doth, non poſſit niſi peccare, he cannot but ſin*; and then St. *Auſtin's* definition of ſin; that *it is the will to do that, a quo liberum fuit abſtinere, from which he could abſtain*, muſt be falſe; though he ſaith that *the conſciences of all men atteſt the truth of it.*

5thly. The Proteſtants, ſaith he, *teach that the grace without which, nemo bene operari poteſt, & vel unicum opus revera bonum efficere, eſſe ipſam gratiam regenerantem & juſtificantem, no man*

can do what is good, or perform one good action, is regenerating and juſtifying grace; that is, without faith, as he expounds them. *And this grace*, ſaith he, *hath its beginning, progreſs and completion from that efficacious grace, by which God in us doth aboliſh the dominion of ſin*; whence it muſt follow, that no man can begin to do one good work till God vouchſafe that efficacious grace which will end in his ſanctification; and therefore all that hope, fear, grief for ſin, love, &c. which doth not end in this ſanctification, muſt be ſin, or at leaſt no good work.

Now to prove things ſo abſurd and contrary to the firſt principles of reaſon, it is very reaſonable to expect plain and frequent teſtimonies of the holy Scriptures, ſaying, that, notwithſtanding the preventing grace of God, man is become ſo utterly unable to do any thing that is good, that he cannot but do evil, whereas the whole Scripture hath not one ſaying of this nature.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLIII.

On LEVIT. xix. 17.

[*Concluded from page* 12.]

2. IN what manner then ſhall we reprove our brother, in order that our reproof may be moſt effectual? Let us firſt of all take care, that whatever we do, may be done in *the Spirit of Love*; in the ſpirit of tender Good-will to our Neighbour, as for one who is the Son of our common Father, and one for whom Chriſt died, that he might be a partaker of

of ſalvation. Then, by the grace of God, Love will beget Love. The affection of the Speaker will ſpread to the heart of the hearer: and you will find in due time, that your labour hath not been in vain in the Lord.

3. Meantime the greateſt care muſt be taken, that you ſpeak in the Spirit of *Humility*. Beware that you do not think of yourſelf more highly than you ought to think. If you think too highly of yourſelf, you can ſcarce avoid deſpiſing your brother. And if you ſhew, or even feel the leaſt contempt of thoſe whom you reprove, it will blaſt your whole work and occaſion you to loſe all your labour. In order to prevent the very appearance of Pride, it will be often needful to be explicit on the head: to diſclaim all preferring yourſelf before him: and at the very time you reprove that which is evil, to own and bleſs God for that which is good in him.

4. Great care muſt be taken, in the third place, to ſpeak in the ſpirit of *Meekneſs*, as well as *Lowlineſs*. The Apoſtle aſſures us, that *the wrath of men worketh not the righteouſneſs of God*. Anger, though it be adorned with the name of Zeal, begets Anger; not Love or Holineſs. We ſhould therefore avoid with all poſſible care, the very appearance of it. Let there be no trace of it, either in the eyes, the geſture, or the tone of voice: but let all of theſe concur in manifeſting a loving, humble, and diſpaſſionate ſpirit.

5. But all this time ſee that you do not truſt in yourſelf. Put no confidence in your own wiſdom, or addreſs, or abilities of any kind. For the ſucceſs of all you ſpeak or do, truſt not in yourſelf, but in the great Author of every good and perfect gift. Therefore while you are ſpeaking, continually lift up your heart to Him that worketh all in all. And whatſoever is ſpoken in the ſpirit of *Prayer* will not fall to the ground.

6. So much for the *Spirit* wherewith you ſhould ſpeak, when you reprove your neighbour. I now proceed to the outward

outward *Manner*. It has been frequently found, that th prefacing a reproof with a frank profeſſion of Good-wil has cauſed what was ſpoken to ſink deep into the hear This will generally have a far better effect, than that gran faſhionable Engine, Flattery, by means of which the men o the world have often done ſurpriſing things. But the ver ſame things, yea, far greater, have much oftener been effected by a plain and artleſs declaration of diſintereſted Love. Whe you feel God has kindled this flame in your heart, hide it not give it full vent. It will pierce like lightning. The ſtout, th hard hearted will melt before you, and know that God is wit you of a truth.

7. Although it is certain that the main point in reproving is to do it with a right Spirit, yet it muſt alſo be allowed there are ſeveral little circumſtances with regard to the outward Manner, which are by no means without this uſe, and therefore are not to be deſpiſed. One of theſe is, Whenever you reprove, do it with great *Serioufneſs*; ſo that as you really are in earneſt, you may likewiſe appear ſo to be. A ludicrous reproof makes little impreſſion, and is ſoon forgot. Beſides, that many times is taken ill, as if you ridiculed the perſon you reprove. And indeed, thoſe who are not accuſtomed to make jeſts, do not take it well to be jeſted upon. One means of giving a ſerious air to what you ſpeak, is as often as may be, to uſe the very words of Scripture. Frequently we find the word of God, even in a private Converſation, has a peculiar energy: and the ſinner when he expects it leaſt, feels it *ſharper than a two-edged ſword*.

8. Yet there are ſome exceptions to this general rule of reproving ſeriouſly. There are ſome exempt caſes, wherein, as a good Judge of Human Nature obſerves,

Ridiculum acri fortius.

A little

A little well-placed Raillery will pierce deeper than ſolid argument. But this has place chiefly, when we have to do with thoſe who are ſtrangers to Religion. And when we condeſcend to give a ludicrous reproof to a perſon of this character, it ſeems we are authorized ſo to do, by that advice of *Solomon*, *Anſwer a fool according to his folly, leſt he be wiſe in his own eyes.*

9. The manner of the reproof may in other reſpects too, be varied according to the occaſion. Sometimes you may find it proper to uſe many words, to expreſs your ſenſe at large. At other times you may judge it more expedient, to uſe few words: perhaps a ſingle ſentence. And at others, it may be adviſeable, to uſe no words at all; but a geſture, a ſigh, or a look. Particularly when the perſon you would reprove, is greatly your Superior. And frequently this ſilent kind of reproof will be attended by the power of God. And conſequently have a far better effect, than a long and laboured diſcourſe.

10. Once more. Remember the remark of *Solomon*, *A word ſpoken* in ſeaſon, *how good is it?* It is true, if you are providentially called to reprove any one, whom you are not likely to ſee any more, you are to ſnatch the preſent opportunity, and to ſpeak *in ſeaſon*, or *out of ſeaſon*. But with them whom you have frequent opportunities of ſeeing, you may wait for a fair occaſion. Here the advice of the Poet has place. You may ſpeak

Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcit.

when he is in a good humour, or when he aſks it you. Here you may catch the

Mollia tempora fandi.

the time when his mind is in a ſoft, mild frame. And then God will both teach you how to ſpeak, and give a bleſſing to what is ſpoken.

11. But

11. But here let me guard you againſt one miſtake. passes for an indiſputable maxim, "Never attempt to reprov a man when he is intoxicated with drink." Reproof, it ſaid, is then thrown away, and can have no good effe I dare not ſay ſo. I have ſeen not a few clear inſtances c the contrary. Take one. Many years ago, paſſing by a mar in *Moorfields*, who was ſo drunk, he could hardly ſtand I put a paper into his hand. He looked at it and ſaid, "A word—a word to a drunkard—that is me—Sir, Sir! I am wrong—I know I am wrong—Pray let me talk a little with you." He held me by the hand a full half hour. And I believe he got drunk no more.

12. I beſeech you, Brethren, by the mercies of God, do not deſpiſe poor Drunkards. Have compaſſion on them. Be inſtant with them, in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon! Let not ſhame, or fear of men, prevent your pulling theſe brands out of the burning: many of them not ſelf-condemned:

> "Nor do they not diſcern the evil plight,
> That they are in."

But they deſpair; they have no hope of eſcaping out of it. And they ſink into it ſtill deeper, becauſe none elſe has any hope for them! "Sinners of every other ſort, ſaid a venerable old Clergyman, have I frequently known converted to God. But an habitual drunkard, I have never known converted." But I have known five hundred, perhaps five thouſand. Ho! Art thou one, who readeſt theſe words? Then hear thou the words of the Lord! I have a meſſage from God unto thee, O Sinner! Thus ſaith the Lord, Caſt not away thy hope. I have not forgotten thee. He that tells thee, "There is no help," is a liar from the beginning. Look up! Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the ſin of the world! This day is ſalvation come to thy ſoul: only ſee that thou deſpiſe

not

not him that ſpeaketh! Juſt now he ſaith unto thee, "Son, be of good cheer! Thy ſins are forgiven thee!"

13. Laſtly. You that are diligent in this labour of love, ſee that you be not diſcouraged, although after you have uſed your beſt endeavours, you ſhould ſee no preſent fruit. You have need of *patience*, and then *after ye have done the will of God* herein, the harveſt will come. Never be *weary of well-doing: in due time ye ſhall reap, if ye faint not.* Copy after *Abraham*, who *againſt hope, ſtill believed in hope. Caſt thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou ſhalt find it again.*

14. I have now only a few words to add, unto you, my Brethren, who are vulgarly called *Methodiſts*. I never heard or read of any conſiderable revival of Religion, which was not attended with a ſpirit of Reproving. I believe it cannot be otherwiſe; for what is Faith, unleſs it *worketh by love?* Thus it was in every part of *England*, when the preſent revival of Religion began about fifty years ago: all the ſubjects of that revival, all the Methodiſts, ſo called, in every place, were reprovers of outward ſin. And indeed ſo are all, that *being juſtified by faith, have peace with God through Jeſus Chriſt.* Such they are at firſt: and if they uſe that precious gift, it will never be taken away. Come, Brethren! In the name of God, let us begin again! Rich or poor, let us all ariſe as one man! And in any wiſe, let every man *rebuke his neighbour, and not ſuffer ſin upon him!* Then ſhall all *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* know, that we do not *go a warfare at our own coſt.* Yea, *God ſhall bleſs us, and all the ends of the world ſhall fear him.*

Manchester, July 28, 1787.

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 14.]

IN the firſt place, I deſired *Lancaſter* to call them altogether into his cell, and then began to enquire into the ſtate of their ſouls. I addreſſed *Lancaſter* firſt, as he appeared to be all alive to God. He told me he had no doubt but that God, for Chriſt's ſake, had forgiven him all his ſins; and, although (as he obſerved) he was very young, yet he had lived a very wicked life, and acknowledged, that three others, with himſelf, were the perſons who robbed the Foundry one morning of all the braſs candleſticks; but he knew that ſhortly he ſhould be with Jeſus in Paradiſe. He added, "This morning, about five o'clock, the Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe in my dark cell, and I am now ſo full of God and heaven, that I am like a barrel of new wine ready to burſt for vent. O for words to expreſs what I now feel!" I then ſpoke to the reſt, ſix of whom ſeemed clear of their acceptance in the Beloved.

While I was ſpeaking to theſe, one *Roberts*, a carman, who lived in Whitecroſs-ſtreet, entered the cell, looking at me with a ſullen ſhyneſs, and with a countenance ſpeaking the very ſpirit of the old ſerpent dwelling in him. This immediately ſtruck me, and I endeavoured to ſpeak to him with comfortable words, and to uſe the moſt affectionate exhortations I was capable of, in inviting him to come to the Lord Jeſus as a loſt and undone ſinner. I alſo told him that Jeſus was the only ſinner's Friend; that the King of heaven laid down his life for the chief of ſinners; and that he certainly died for him: I therefore quoted (for example) *David*, *Mary Magdalen*, *Peter*, and the thief on the croſs. While I was ſpeaking, I perceived his countenance to change, and his ſavage behaviour to be transformed into a child-like ſimplicity.

The

The report having been made, and the dead warrant coming down, eight of the ten were ordered for execution; the other two were reſpited. But as neither of them appeared to have the leaſt regard for their ſouls, I truſt they were ſpared for a good purpoſe, that they might have a little more time for repentance.

The day arriving when the other eight were to die, *Sarah Peters* and myſelf were early at the cell, in order to render them all the ſervice we could. The keeper having received directions over-night, to lock them all up in one cell, that they might pour out their ſouls together in fervent, ſolemn prayer to God, it proved a happy night to each of them; ſo that when they were led down from their cell in the morning, they appeared like giants refreſhed with wine. Upon being called out to have their irons taken off, *Lancaſter* was the firſt. While they were doing it, the ſheriff being preſent, *Lancaſter* looked up to heaven with a pleaſant ſmile, and ſaid, "Glory be to God for the firſt moment of my entrance into this place! for before I came hither my heart was as hard as the walls of my cell, and my ſoul was as black as hell itſelf; but, O I am now waſhed from all my ſins, and by one o'clock ſhall be with Jeſus in Paradiſe!" then with many forcible expreſſions, he exhorted the ſpectators to flee from the wrath to come. This cauſed the ſheriff to ſhed tears, being greatly affected with *Lancaſter's* lively and animated ſpirit. They were a long time getting off the laſt man's fetters. When they were gotten off, *Lancaſter*, beholding him at a ſhort diſtance, clapped his hands together, and ſaid, "Here comes another of our little flock." A gentleman preſent ſaid, "I think it is too great a flock upon ſuch an occaſion!" *Lancaſter* ſaid, "O no, it is not too great a flock for ſuch a Shepherd as Jeſus! there is room enough in heaven for us all."

At length they were ordered into the cart, and I was prevailed on to go with them. When we were in the cart, I addreſſed myſelf to each of them ſeparately. The firſt perſon was

Atkins, a youth of about nineteen years of age. I ſaid to him, "Are you afraid to die?" He replied, "No, Sir, really, I am not." I then aſked him, "Wherefore he was not afraid?" He anſwered, "Becauſe I have laid my ſoul at the feet of Jeſus; therefore I am not afraid to die." I then ſpoke to *Gardner*, a journeyman carpenter, about the age of fifty, who made a very comfortable report of what the Lord had done for his ſoul. The laſt perſon to whom I ſpoke was one *Thompſon*, a very illiterate young man; but he too was ſaved from the fear of death, and aſſured me that he was perfectly happy in his Saviour, and continued ſo till his laſt moments.

This was the firſt time I viſited the malefactors at Newgate, and of my attending them to the place of execution; and it was not without much ſhame, becauſe I perceived the greater part of the populace conſidered me as one of the ſufferers. When we came to the fatal tree, *Lancaſter* lifted up his eyes thereto, and ſaid, "Bleſſed be God!" then prayed extemporary in a very excellent manner, and the others behaved with great diſcretion. *John Lancaſter* had no friend to procure him a proper interment; ſo that, when they had hung the uſual time, and were cut down, the Surgeon's mob ſecured the body of *Lancaſter*, and carried it over to *Paddington*.

When the croud was nearly diſperſed, a company of eight ſailors, with truncheons in their hands, looked up to the gallows with an angry countenance; the bodies having been cut down ſome minutes previous to their arrival. An old woman, who ſold gin, obſerving them to grow violent, by reaſon of their diſappointment, mildly ſaid unto them, "Gentlemen, I ſuppoſe you want the man that the Surgeons have got." "Ay, replied the ſailors, where is he?" The poor affrighted woman gave them to underſtand, that the Surgeons crew had carried him over to *Paddington*, and pointed out to them the road thither. On this they haſtened away; and as they entered the town, enquired where the Surgeons mob was? On receiving information, they went and demanded the body of *John Lancaſter*,

caſter. When they had obtained it, two of them took it on their ſhoulders, and carried it round by *Iſlington*. They being tired, two others laid themſelves under the body, and carried it from Shoreditch to Coverlet's-fields; at length, after they were weary, they agreed to lay it on the ſtep of the firſt door they came to. They did ſo, and went their way. This gave birth to a great riot in the neighbourhood, which brought an old woman, who lived in the houſe, down ſtairs. When ſhe ſaw the corpſe on the ſtep of the door, ſhe cried out, "Lord, here is my ſon, *John Lancaſter!*" This being ſpread abroad, the Methodiſts made a collection, and got him a ſhroud and a coffin. This circumſtance was the more extraordinary, as the ſeamen had no knowledge of the body, nor to whom he belonged when living.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of the Death of Mr. ANDREW DELAP.

ANDREW DELAP took a fever, a few weeks ago, which, at times, deprived him of the uſe of his reaſon. But about nine days before he died, God was pleaſed to reſtore it to him again. On this, he ſaid to one who enquired concerning the ſtate of his ſoul, "I am ready to ſtand before my Redeemer! My evidence of the favour of God is clear! I know Jeſus is mine, and I am his!" After this he continued awhile, full of the ſpirit of prayer and praiſe, and then went to God.

Waterford, June 16, 1787. A. BROWN.

An Account of JOHN WYNN, *who was executed at Bedford, April* 4, 1785.

JOHN WYNN was about twenty-four years of age. He had been a ſoldier in the third regiment of foot guards; and had deſerted thrice. The laſt time he did this he received three hundred

hundred and fifty laſhes. He ſaid he might have come off w
fewer, if he would have aſked pardon; but he would not. I
frequent deſerting, was one cauſe of his coming to an untim
end; for thereby he entangled himſelf in bad company, wh
led him into other ſins both againſt God and man.

The crime for which he ſuffered was, robbing the ho
of Captain *Ball*: a crime to which he was ſtrongly ſolicited
his mother! Twice he withſtood her temptation; but the th
time ſhe prevailed over him. For the Captain's family be
abroad, and the houſe locked up, ſhe knowing where the m
valuable part of the property was, not only directed him wh
to ſeek it; but likewiſe aſſiſted him in conveying it away; a
afterwards had the principle part of it for her trouble.

Being apprehended and ſent to Bedford gaol, he was tri
at the Lent aſſizes, when he pleaded guilty to the indictme
When the Judge paſſed ſentence of death upon him, he ſeem
unconcerned, being in hopes that he ſhould be reprieved bef
the Judge left the town. But when he was left for executi
on that day fortnight, he began to be greatly terrified.

On the third day after his condemnation I viſited him, a
found him much alarmed; yet very ignorant of the way of
vation. On this I ſpoke plainly and cloſely to him, as did M
Ingham the next day. Several others of the Society viſiti
him, dealt faithfully with him. And as we all ſpoke the ſa
things, telling him that the time was ſhort, and that if
ſought the Lord with a broken and contrite heart, he was rea
to pardon him; the words ſunk deep into his heart.

For ſome days, ſuch was his diſtreſs, that once, overcomi
his bodily ſtrength, he fainted away. But the time of his e
tremity was God's opportunity, who made his mercy kno
to him that night: and filled his ſoul with peace and comfo
on which he declared he was not now afraid to die.

When I returned to town, I found him very happy, and e
tirely reſigned to his fate; expecting to die on the Saturday f
lowing. As I ſtaid in town great part of the week, I viſit
him every day.

Frid

Friday night, (the night before he ſhould have ſuffered) I and ſeveral of the Society were with him till between nine and ten o'clock, when we had a bleſſed ſeaſon! We left him full of comfort, and very willing to die next morning. He ſaid, "My greateſt trial will be, to part with my Chriſtian-friends; who have taken ſo much care of me; and to whom I find myſelf ſo much united." That night, about eleven o'clock, there came a reſpite for him, for nine days; procured by the Proſecutor. Some gentlemen of the town going to him with this news, thought it would be joyful tidings; but, to their great ſurpriſe, it appeared more like a diſappointment, than a pleaſure to him.

After this, being frequently aſked, if he retained his confidence in the mercy of God? His general anſwer was, "I bleſs God, I am comfortable! I have no fear of dying! I truſt he will take me to his mercy." When he was aſked if he did not wiſh to be reprieved? He ſaid, "I had rather die than go to *Africa*; for there is nothing but examples of wickedneſs; which I fear would draw me aſide again."

The evening before his execution I, and ſeveral of our friends viſited him again, and were ſo overwhelmed with the divine preſence, that we could ſcarcely know how to part: indeed, three or four of our friends watched and prayed with him all night; and were bleſſed with a remarkable outpouring of the ſpirit.

[*To be continued.*]

The EXPERIENCE *of J. B. of St.* HELLIER'S *in the Iſle of* JERSEY.

1. IN the middle of April 1785, I was one day deeply troubled. It ſeemed, Hell was juſt ready to devour me, for the ſins I had committed againſt ſo holy, and ſo merciful

merciful a God. But at night my concern gradually wore off, and I thought little about it for fix days. But on the feventh of May, I awoke as out of fleep, and being more concerned than ever, caft myfelf before the Lord, and implored his mercy. I had been about three hours in prayer, when, I faw by faith the Lord Jefus on the crofs, and the blood ftreaming from his fide. Immediately my load dropped off; and I believed my fins were blotted out, though I had not yet a teftimony from his Spirit, that I was a child of God. Yet I enjoyed a calm, ferene peace, and had no fear either of death or hell.

2. But the work of God in my fou', fo weakened my body, that I was obliged to take to my bed for fome days. During that time, what confolations did I receive, from my faithful Bridegroom! But one day I was afraid he was going to leave me. At this I was troubled, and faid, I will not let thee go, unlefs thou blefs me. Prefently that promife came to my mind, I will not leave you comfortlefs, but will fend another Comforter, and he fhall abide with you for ever. I believed it belonged to me, and was fo enflamed with love and gratitude as I am not able to expref. At the fame time, my mind was fo enlightened that I faw Jefus was with me, and that all his promifes belonged to me. On this my foul was filled as with marrow and fatnefs, and I praifed the Lord with joyful lips.

Sometime after, as I was going to bed one evening, I prayed to the Lord, that his holy angels might encamp around me, to protect me from the powers of darknefs. Falling afleep, I thought I faw myfelf in company with the Saviour of the world, while his holy angels encompaffed my bed! Another evening, I dreamed that my fpirit was fuddenly wrapped up into heaven, where I was furrounded with light, and beheld the glory of God. And after I awoke the light feemed to continue with me a confiderable time. O what favours are thefe which he has conferred on a poor worm!

Indeed

Indeed they were ſo great, that ſpiritual Pride took occaſion, to attack me unawares. But I was convinced of it by a dear Siſter in Chriſt. While ſhe ſpoke, my conſcience pleaded guilty, and I loſt the preſence of my Saviour, about a quarter of an hour. On this I wept bitterly before him, and he both pardoned me, and cleanſed my ſoul anew.

4. After this the Lord conferred ſtill greater favours upon me. My faith was ſo ſtrong, that I beheld the day of judgment as already come. And even this was little to what was afterwards revealed to me. For meeting one day with the people of God, I ſaw myſelf ſurrounded with light, and was taken, as it were, into the boſom of my Saviour! Another time, being at the meeting of the Claſs, I ſaw the Majeſty of the King of kings in the midſt of the aſſembly. Immediately I caſt myſelf, all trembling at his footſtool! Some time after, being juſt ready to lay me down to ſleep, I found myſelf again, as it were, in my Lord's boſom, who ſaid, "In a little time thou ſhalt be with me in paradiſe." This gave me great joy, as I knew I ſhould then poſſeſs all the *great and precious promiſes.*

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ſome Particular PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 23.]

IT may not be improper before concluding this head, to deſcribe one more ſpecies of ſea-plants. Coral grows chiefly in grottoes, which open to the ſouth, and whoſe concave arch is nearly parallel to the ſurface of the earth.

It will not grow at all, but where the ſea is quiet as a pond! It vegetates the contrary way to all other plants; its root adhering to the top of the grotto, and its branches ſhooting downward. The root takes the exact form of the ſolid it grows to, and covers it (as far as it goes) like a plate: and this is a probable proof, that its ſubſtance was originally fluid. Accordingly corals ſometimes line the inſide of a ſhell, which they could not have entered but in a fluid form. All its organiſm, with regard to vegetation, ſeems to conſiſt in its rind, in the little tubes whereof the juice runs to the extremities of the branches. And this juice petrifying both in the cells that encompaſs the coraline ſubſtance, and in thoſe at the extremity of the branches, whoſe ſubſtance is not yet formed, by this means enlarges the plant to its full dimenſions, both in height and bulk. It is vulgarly believed, that coral is ſoft while in the water. But experiment proves the contrary.

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 26.]

ALL the friends of Piracquo were greatly concerned for the loſs of him, and Vermandero profeſſed, that next to his own ſon, he beſt loved him. Nor did Beatrice-Joanna ſhew leſs outward marks of grief than the reſt; but at the ſame time, ſent word to Alſemero, that the only obſtacle to their happineſs was removed. Alſemero, therefore, very ſhortly returned to Alicant, and renewing his ſuit to the father, obtained his conſent, and the young couple were married with great magnificence. Nothing could equal their tranſports for a time, and their affections to each other ſeemed

ſeemed ſo ſtrong as if it were impoſſible they could be broken. But all this ſun-ſhine of their joys was ſoon eclipſed, and overtaken by a ſtorm; for ſcarce had they lived three months together, before Alſemero grew jealous of his wife, and ſo far reſtrained her former liberty, that ſhe complained to the Captain, her father, of his diſcourteous uſage; upon which Alſemero, not liking the admonitions of a father-in-law, and to ſecure himſelf from the ſhame and danger he feared, ordered his equipage to be got ready, and hurried his wife away to Valentia. This ſudden departure grieved Vermandere, and galled Beatrice-Joanna to the heart, who now looked no longer on her huſband with affection, but with diſdain and hatred. Many days were not paſſed, before the father ſent to Valentia, to know how matters ſtood betwixt his daughter and her huſband; and made choice of Flores to go thither with letters to them both. Alſemero being abroad, ſhe told him of her huſband's unkindneſs, of which he taking the advantage, revived the old ſuit, and her willingneſs to comply with him, was eaſily perceived by her deſire of ſeeing him oftener. Alſemero coming home, underſtood by his wife, that Flores had been there with letters from her father; and by Diaphantes, her woman, who was one of his ſpies, that there paſſed many kiſſes between Flores and her miſtreſs. Alſemero, in a great fury, flew to his wife, and with his drawn ſword, commanded her, on her life, to tell him what familiarity had paſſed between her and Flores. Whereat ſhe ſhedding many tears, anſwered him, That her thoughts, her words, her actions, had no way tranſgreſſed the bounds of honour; and that Flores never aſked that favour of her, which a brother might not with modeſty requeſt of his own ſiſter. Then, ſaid he, Whence proceeded that great freedom that was obſerved between you? whereupon ſhe grew pale, and continued ſilent. Come, come, ſaid he, tell me all the truth, or elſe this ſword ſhall inſtantly find a paſſage to thy heart. When lo! the providence of God ſo ordained it that ſhe was

reduced to such extremity, that she must, in endeavouring to conceal her whoredom, discover her murder; which she doth as follows. Know then, Alsemero, since thou wilt know the cause of my familiarity with Flores, that I am much beholden to him, and thyself more, as it was he, who, at my request, dispatched Piracquo, without which, you very well know, I never could have enjoyed you for my husband, nor you have had me for your wife.

And upon this, she revealed to him every circumstance of the murder, but conjured him to keep it secret.

Alsemero, both wondering and grieving at this lamentable story, said little, but thought the more; and although he had reason to believe, that she who had committed murder would not stick at adultery; yet, upon his wife's solemn oaths and protestations, he forgave what was past; but strictly charged her, not to see, or admit Flores into her company any more, which, if she did, he vowed to be so severely revenged on her, as should make her an example to all posterity.

Notwithstanding this, Alsemero was no sooner abroad, but Flores was at Valentia with her; and they at length became so imprudent, as scarcely to make a secret of their actions. Diaphanta knowing how great a dishonour this was to her master, again informed him of it, who now resolved to take a revenge, as bloody as their practices were foul and dishonest. He, therefore, ordered Diaphanta to lie in wait, and acquaint him with the time of Flores's coming from Alicant to Valentia, which she did accordingly. On this Alsemero pretending to his wife, to be obliged to go in all haste into the country, conveyed himself privately, with his rapier, and a case of pistols, into his study, which joined to the bed-chamber, where she usually met her paramour.

Beatrice-Joanna, thinking her husband two or three leagues off, sent for Flores, who came away upon the first summons; they no sooner met, but they fell to their accustomed endear-

ments,

ments. and ſhewed great joy, ſhe for his arrival, and he for he departure of her huſband; ſhe then related the bad uſage he had met with from him, which Flores ſeemed much enraged at, and threatened to do her right on the man that hey had both abuſed. Alſemero heard all, but remained ilent, till from words, they fell to their vile pleaſures, and hen no longer able to contain himſelf, he ruſhed upon them, nd after having diſcharged both his piſtols, with his ſword tabbed them through and through, as they laid locked in each thers embraces.

Alſemero having finiſhed this bloody tragedy, left his iſtols on the table, with his ſword all bloody as it was, and vithout covering, or removing the breathleſs bodies, ſhut the hamber-door, and was ſo far from flying for the fact, that e took his coach, and went directly to the criminal judge inſelf, and revealed what he had done. The judge was uch ſurpriſed at what he heard, and returned with Alſemero his houſe, where he found the two bodies freſh reeking their own gore. The news of this murder was preſently read all over the city, and the whole people of Valentia ocked to the place where the perſons lay, whom ſome beheld ith pity, others with horror; but all with admiration and onder.

[*To be continued.*]

n extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Avoid every thing which annoys the ſenſes.

[*Continued from page* 28.]

MOREOVER, it is an uncomely thing, by coughing, and hauking, to raiſe phlegm, or after you have blown ur noſe, to open and look upon your handkerchief, as if a pearl

pearl or rubie were dropped into it, or ſome precious liquor diſtilled from the brain. Such kind of ſlovenly miſdemeanors are ſo far from procuring the eſteem of any; that they muſt needs breed loathing and deteſtation in all, in whoſe preſence they are committed.

Neither is it a cleanly faſhion for any to put his noſe towards a glaſs of wine which another is about to drink or to ſmell to that which is laid upon his neighbours trencher no nor to that which himſelf intends to eat or drink, becauſe it has a ſhew of rudeneſs in it: much leſs is it fit to give away an apple, or any other fruit, in which you have begun to ſet your teeth. Nor would I have you take liberty to laugh at, and neglect theſe cautions, becauſe the particular inſtances may ſeem to be but of light concern; for ſmall wounds multiplied, will let out the life, and a great number of narrow leaks endanger the ſinking of the ſtatelieſt ſhip and many little indecencies corrupt our converſation.

They whoſe office it is to wait at table, muſt by no means ſcratch or rub their heads, or any other part of the body in the ſight of their maſter. They ought not to thruſt their hands into their boſom, or hide them under their garment behind their back; they ſhould be open in view, and always kept ſo white and neat, that the leaſt ſpot of dirt ſhould not be ſeen upon them. And when they ſerve up meat to the table, or give a glaſs of drink, they muſt be cautious of ſpitting and coughing, and much more of ſneezing. When you take a toaſt, or a roaſted pear or apple from the fire you muſt not blow away the coals or aſhes; but rather fan them gently off, or wipe them with a clean cloth.

When you are diſcourſing with any one, you muſt not draw ſo near, that your breath may reach him; for ſome cannot endure anothers breath, though it does not ſtink at all, but is a great deal ſweater than their own. Theſe and all uſages of the ſame kind, are apt to diſpleaſe, and for that reaſon are

to be abandoned; for we muſt do nothing that may annoy the ſenſes of them with whom we are.

[*To be continued.*]

The HISTORY *of* BEES-WAX.

IT has been wondered, that as the Bees evidently collect Wax, as well as Honey from the flowers, we could not find Wax as well as Honey in them; but this was only the effect of our own ignorance: for though Honey is collected in its own form from flowers, yet Wax is not; but is the remains of another part of the flower, after it has ſerved for nutrition to the animal. It may be obſerved that in all flowers there are a ſort of ſmall heads, ſuſtained on long threads, and reſembling ſo many pins ſtuck in the baſe of the flower. Theſe heads contain a powder, which is the embryo plant, and very neceſſary for propagating the ſpecies; and this powder is eaſily ſhaken out of theſe heads when they are ripe. This is the matter of which Wax is made by the Bee. While this little creature is buſied in ſucking the Honey from the bottom of the flower, its body is naturally placed among theſe little heads, and by its natural motion, in the creatures ſtirring about, ſhakes off the powder from theſe little heads: this falls upon the Bee's back, and is detained there by the hairs, which Nature ſeems to have clothed the creature with for the purpoſe. When the Bee is obſerved juſt coming out of a flower, it is ſeen to be covered over with this duſt. Its firſt buſineſs then is to bruſh this off, which it does with its fore legs; and when the whole of the duſt is thus collected into a little lump, it takes this lump in the fore feet, and moulds it as a man would a lump of paſte in his hand. When it has brought it thus to a conſiſtence, it is delivered from its foot into that of the ſecond leg, and after moulding it

it again there, it is placed by that foot upon the third joi
of the hinder leg, that is made broad and flat to receive i
When the little lump is thus placed, all the duſt of this kin
gathered afterwards, is in the ſame manner collected an
added to it, till that leg is ſufficiently loaded, and then th
latter is furniſhed in the ſame manner.

There are times when the Bees want Wax more tha
Honey. As for inſtance, when they are newly hived, an
want to erect their Combs; in this caſe a Bee will go into
flower without regarding the Honey, and ſhake herſelf abo
among the heads, and thus collect the duſt as faſt as ſhe ca
and ſometimes when it gets into a flower, where the hea
are not ripe enough to burſt with the ſhaking, will bite the
open with its teeth, and immediately receive the powder o
its fore-leg, and convey it to the others after moulding it in
proper manner.

The Bees come home continually loaded with this powd
collected into maſſes, and this is vulgarly ſuppoſed to
Wax: but it is not ſo; it is only a part of their food; th
carry it into the hive, and lodge it, as they do the Hone
in particular cells, after this they eat it; and when it h
ſerved for all the offices of food, they caſt up the remaind
out of their mouths, and this is Wax.

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLY
Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.

*Of the Argument in favour of the Doctrine of Neceſſity, fro
the conſideration of Cauſe and Effect.*

[*Continued from page* 36.]

DR. *Prieſtley*, in his arguments from cauſe and effe
ſays, (page 11th) "A cauſe cannot be defined to be a
thing, but *ſuch previous circumſtances as are conſtantly follow*

by a certain effect." I beg the Doctor's pardon. A cauſe may, and can be defined thus, *that power from which any thing proceeds, or by which any thing is done.* I really think this to be the clearer definition. I ſhall, however, accept Dr. *Prieſtley's* definition, as it is quite ſufficient for me to know what he means by the term. "The conſtancy of the reſult (ſays he, page 11th) making us conclude that there muſt be a ſufficient reaſon in the nature of things, why it ſhould be produced in theſe circumſtances, ſo that, in all caſes, if the reſult be different, either the circumſtances muſt have been different, or there were no circumſtances whatever corresponding to the difference in the reſult; and, conſequently, the effect was without any cauſe at all." As Dr. *Prieſtley* defined cauſe by *previous circumſtances, &c.* the word cauſe may be ſubſtituted for previous circumſtances, &c. His aſſertion, then is, that in all caſes if the reſult be different, either the cauſe muſt have been different, or there was no cauſe whatever corresponding to the difference in the reſult; and, conſequently, the effect was without any cauſe at all. I allow this to be true reaſoning in all caſes, where corporeal and mechanical operations are conſidered as abſolutely uninterrupted, and uninfluenced, by immaterial, ſelf-determining, and intelligent agents: but, where they interfere, or are concerned, I can by no means allow it. To ſet this matter in a clear light, I will bring one inſtance out of the Bible, where, in one caſe, the cauſe was the ſame, and the reſult different; and yet, there is the very ſame cauſe, and no effect without a cauſe. The river Jordan deſcended, or ran downward towards the ſea, which deſcent was according to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature. Now, by the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, I doubt not but Dr. *Prieſtley* will allow, the will of God only to be ſignified. The effect, or reſult of this cauſe (the will of God) was, that the waters moved towards the ſea. But we read in the

third chapter of Joſhua, verſes 15, 16. "As they that bare the ark were come into Jordan, and the feet of the prieſts that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the waters, that the waters which came down from above, ſtood and roſe up, upon a heap." The reſult, or effect, was here very different from what it was before, when the river ran downward. Yet, both originated from the ſame cauſe the will of God, in the firſt caſe, impreſſing ſuch a force upon the water as to overcome the natural inactivity thereof and thereby putting it in motion, when at reſt; and in the latter caſe, alſo, by overcoming the natural inactivity of water, and thereby ſtopping its motion once begun, or by changing its preſent ſtate of motion to that of reſt.

But it may be urged, previous circumſtances were not the ſame, as the will of God was different in working the two effects. To which I anſwer, the only difference was in the will of God, a ſelf-determining free agent and not in the material world; and I hope, Dr. *Prieſtley* never thought of chaining down the Supreme Being by neceſſity, ſo as to be unable to operate at all, unleſs from neceſſarily, conſtantly, and invariably determining motives and not according to his own pleaſure and ſelf-determination. But, it may be further urged, that God never acts without good and reaſonable motives. I anſwer, true. His actions are always good, juſt, and perfect, as becomes a moſt good, juſt, and perfect Being; yet, out of numberleſs actions equally good, juſt, and perfect, he does which he pleaſes and leaves the reſt undone, without any cauſe or motive but his own pleaſure. If he did not thus, but was obliged to act only from ſome conſtantly and determining motive exclusive of his own pleaſure, and power of ſelf-determination, there never could any thing have been created or any thing have exiſted beſides himſelf: becauſe, before any thing was created, and nothing exiſted but God, the

could be no other motives, circumſtances, or views of things, but what were in his own mind, to induce or influence him to create ſo many millions of mental or intellectual, and material or corporeal beings, as he has created; or to do any other action. Since then God muſt have this liberty or power of ſelf-determination in himſelf, as he is Almighty, he certainly could create the mind of man with the ſame liberty or power of ſelf-determination in many caſes, even where all circumſtances are the ſame, by imparting to him a power, in ſome degree ſimilar to his own, inſtanced above, in the caſe of the waters of Jordan, without being tied down by neceſſity. And if God, who is almighty, could thus create man's mind after his own likeneſs; it appears as if he had done ſo, becauſe by our own conſciouſneſs and daily experience, as in many inſtances, ſo particularly in the caſe mentioned above, of an hungry man with good victuals before him, we may be aſſured that man has an inherent power of ſelf-determination in himſelf of eating immediately, or refraining for ſome time without any neceſſity whatever irreſiſtibly impelling him. So far is what Dr. *Prieſtley* ſays from being true, viz. that "theſe maxims are univerſal, being equally applicable to all things that belong to the conſtitution of nature, corporeal, or mental."

[*To be continued.*]

An original Letter of Mrs. Weſley, *to her Son, the late Mr.* Samuel Weſley, *when at Weſtminſter-School; written about the year* 1706.

[*Concluded from page* 38.]

THIRDLY, meditate often and ſeriouſly on the ſhortneſs, uncertainty, and vanity of this preſent ſtate of things. Alas! had we all that the moſt ambitious, craving ſouls can

desire; were we actually possessed of all the honour, wealth strength, beauty, &c. that our carnal minds could fancy delight in; what would it signify, if God should say unto u Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee What are a few years when they are over? Look back o your past hours, and tell me which of them affords you th most pleasing prospect. Whether those spent in play c vanity, or those few that were employed in the service c God? Have you not in your short experience often foun Solomon's observation on the world very true? Has not great part of your little life proved, in reflection, nothin but vanity and vexation of spirit? How many persons on death-bed have bitterly bewailed the sins of their past life and made large promises of amendment if it would hav pleased God to have spared them; but none that ever live or died ever repented of a course of piety and virtue Then why should you not improve the experience of thos that have gone before you, and your own also to you advantage? and since it is past dispute that the ways o virtue are infinitely better than the practice of vice, and tha life is not only short at best, but likewise very uncertain and that this little portion of time is all we have for workin out our salvation, for as the tree falls so it must lie, a death leaves us judgment will certainly find us; have a good courage, eternity is at hand, lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience and vigour the race that is set before you. And if at any time, present objects should make so great an impression on your senses, as to endanger the alienating your mind from the spiritual life, then look up to Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, and humbly beseech him, that since he for our sakes suffered himself to be under a state of temptation, he would please to succour you when you are tempted, and in his strength you will find your-

self

ſelf enabled to encounter your ſpiritual enemies; nay, you will be more than a conqueror through him that hath loved us.

I am ſorry that you lie under a neceſſity of converſing with thoſe that are none of the beſt; but we muſt take the world as we find it, ſince it is a happineſs permitted to very few to chooſe their company. Yet, leſt the comparing yourſelf with others that are worſe may be an occaſion of your falling into too much vanity, you would do well ſometimes to entertain ſuch thoughts as theſe.

Though I know my own birth and education, and am conſcious of having had great advantages, and many means of grace, yet how little do I know of the circumſtances of others? Perhaps their parents were vicious, or at leaſt did not take early care to form their minds, inſtil the principles of virtue into their tender years, but ſuffered them to follow their own inclinations till it was too late to reclaim them. Am I ſure that they have had as many offers of grace, as many and ſtrong impulſes of the Holy Spirit, as I have had? Do they ſin againſt ſuch clear conviction as I do? or are the vows of God upon them as upon me? Were they ſo ſolemnly devoted to him at their birth as I was? You had the example of a father that had ſerved God from his youth; and though I cannot commend my own to you, for it is too bad to be imitated, yet ſurely earneſt prayers many years, and ſome little good advice has not been wanting —But, if after all, ſelf-love ſhould incline you to partiality in your own caſe, ſeriouſly conſider your own many failings which the world cannot take notice of, becauſe they were ſo private; and if ſtill upon compariſon you ſeem better than others are, then aſk yourſelf who is it that makes you to differ? and let God have all the praiſe, ſince of ourſelves we can do nothing: it is he that

worketh

worketh in us both to will, and to do of his good pleaſure; and if at any time you have vainly aſcribed the glory of any good performance to yourſelf, humble yourſelf for it before God, and give him the glory of his grace for the future. I am ſtraitened both for paper and time, therefore muſt conclude. God Almighty bleſs you and preſerve you from all evil! Adieu.

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 40.]

Queſ. IF you aſk, why the Lord taketh notice of every one of his ſaints?

1 Anſ. 1. They are all his children, and of his houſehold; therefore as a tender, and careful father and maſter, he careth for every one of them. Yea they are all members of the body of Chriſt. Now the head taketh care of every member, even the leaſt, and taketh notice of every kindneſs done to any of them.

2. They are all as jewels and precious ſtones; therefore as a wiſe jeweller he will look to every one of them. Yea that which often appears leaſt may be of greater worth; as a little diamond is of more value than a far greater agate.

This affordeth a ſingular ground of comfort to ſuch as in this world are deſolate and forſaken: though they be left alone as Elijah was, 1 Kings xix. 10. *and as a pelican in the wilderneſs: or as an owl in the deſart, or as a ſparrow alone upon the houſe top*, as the Pſalmiſt expreſſeth it, Pſal. cii. 6, 7. yet is the Lord with them, and takes care of them. Now if the Lord be with us, and taketh care of us, what need we fear? How ſhould this encourage us to extend our charity to any one of the ſaints and members of Chriſt, though mean and little in the world, and not able to recompenſe us? and though none take notice thereof, to conſider that the Lord taketh notice, and will abundantly

dantly recompenſe every good work; yea the leaſt kindneſs we do unto them. Heb. vi. 10. *God is not unrighteous to forget your work, and labour of love, which ye have ſhewed towards his name, in that ye have miniſtered to the ſaints, and do miniſter.* Where, *God's not forgetting their labour of love in miniſtring to the ſaints*, doth imply, That as God taketh notice of their beneficence; ſo he is, and will be ever mindful of ſuch and ſuch perſons, to ſupport and ſuccour, and every way to do them good.

I come now to the ſecond doctrine, viz That the leaſt work of charity ſhewed to a miniſter or righteous man, ſhall be abundantly recompenſed, and that not only hereafter, but likewiſe here on earth.

Though our beneficence ought to extend unto all who are in want, and come within the verge of our knowledge and power, as Gal. vi. 10. yet I confine my diſcourſe here to miniſters and righteous ones, becauſe they only are implied under thoſe little ones mentioned in my text.

That merciful men ſhall be abundantly recompenſed hereafter in heaven for their works of charity, there is no doubt, being ſo clearly expreſſed in the word of God, Luke xvi. 9, *Make yourſelves friends of the mammon of unrighteouſneſs, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlaſting habitations.* And 1 Tim. vi. 17, *Charge them that are rich in this world, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to diſtribute, willing to communicate; laying up in ſtore for themſelves a good foundation againſt the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*

But the great queſtion is concerning temporal reward, whether chriſtian charity, rightly performed, ſhall be recompenſed here in this life with temporal bleſſings: ſo that what men give in a way of charity, there is ground to expect it ſhall be here returned into their boſoms?

I deny not but a charitable man may become poor, through ſuretiſhip, negligence in his calling, or in reſpect of ſome ſecret

cret ſin, wherein he liveth, which may bring a temporal curſe upon him. So that his liberality in ſuch caſes may not be a ſufficient fence againſt poverty. But this I ſay, That as penuriouſneſs toward the poor is the readieſt way to poverty; ſo chriſtian charity, rightly performed, is the ſureſt way to plenty; it being uſually rewarded with temporal bleſſings here, as well as with eternal hereafter. Where is the man to be found, that is the poorer by what he hath given to the poor? How many are the inſtances of ſuch as have met with ſome ſignal bleſſings from God in this life, as the reward of their liberality?

This may ſeem a paradox to many uncharitable men, that Giving ſhould be the ſureſt way of Getting, and that the more liberal any man is, the more likely he is to thrive in the world. Yet nothing is more clearly laid down in the ſcripture, and found to be true by the experience of multitudes in all ages. And I am verily perſuaded, that there is ſeldom any man, that maketh conſcience of this duty, who giveth to the poor proportionably to what God hath beſtowed on him, and with an upright heart, but if he obſerve the paſſages of God's providence towards him, he ſhall find the ſame doubled upon him in temporal bleſſings. I challenge all the world to give me one inſtance, or at leaſt any conſiderable number of inſtances of truly merciful men, whoſe charity hath undone them. But as living *wells*, the more they are drawn, the more freely they ſpring and flow; ſo the ſubſtance of charitable men often, if not, ordinarily, multiplies in the very diſtribution; even as the five loaves, and few fiſhes did multiply in their breaking and diſtributing, and as the widow's oil increaſed by pouring it out.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of EIGHT SAILORS *in Greenland.*

IN the year 1630, a company of merchants of London, ſent a ſhip, called, the Salutation, for Greenland, which in about five weeks arrived there, in company with two others, under the command of Capt. W. Goodler. The

The Captain's veſſel took up her ſtation at Bellſound; the Salutation at the Foreland. The former having killed a number of whales, the commander ſent for the Salutation, which in the paſſage meeting with contrary winds, the maſter ordered eight of the men on ſhore to kill ſome veniſon.

The men going on ſhore, were very ſucceſsful, and when night came on they went to reſt, intending next day to finiſh their undertaking, and then repair on board.

But the enſuing morning proving foggy, and there being much ice between the ſhore and the ſhip, they were obliged to ſtand out to ſea ſo far as to loſe ſight of her.

When the weather had cleared up a little, they found their ſhip had ſailed, and therefore made towards Bellſound in their little bark, with all poſſible ſpeed; and leſt they might be detained, they threw overboard what veniſon they had taken. Having no compaſs, they wandered up and down till all the ſhips had departed.

On this they were filled with terrible apprehenſions; knowing that the place in which they were left was ſo infeſted with wild beaſts, that the merchants could not by any reward induce any to winter there; and that nine able men had been lately deſtroyed by bears and foxes: and to add to their diſtreſs, they were deſtitute of neceſſary food, clothes, and habitation.

After much deliberation, they reſolved to go to Green-Harbour to hunt for veniſon, where they killed nineteen bears, with which they loaded their bark, and returned to Bellſound, where they intended to winter.

Having taken out their proviſions, they planned their tent, and with part of the materials of leſſer ones, and ſome pieces of caſks fitted up four little cabins, where they lodged two and two. This done, they were indefatigable in laying in a winter's ſtore of fire, and ſhelter from the cold; their beds being made of the deer ſkins dried.

Having made their neceſſary preparations, they looked out into the Sound, and eſpied two ſea-horſes lying aſleep upon the

ice. Haſtening towards them, with an old harping iron, they ſlew them, which they ſlead, roaſted, and eat.

Soon after, they killed another; but the nights and cold encreaſing, and finding on a review, their proviſion by far too ſcanty to admit of the continuance of regular meals, they agreed to eat once a day, and to faſt Wedneſdays and Fridays; except from the greaves of the whale, a loathſome food, but yet better than none.

To repair their clothes and ſhoes, they made thread of rope-yarn, and needles of whale-bone.

In the month of October, the nights grew very long, and the ſea was frozen over, inſomuch that their apprehenſions were rendered much more melancholy; and they prayed much to God for aſſiſtance, and deliverance.

For the preſervation of their veniſon and firing, they thought it expedient to roaſt half a deer at once, and then ſtow it in hogſheads, reſerving a quarter for roaſting every Sunday.

On a further ſurvey of their bear and veniſon, they found their proviſions would not afford them five meals a week; and therefore, thenceforward they fed four days a week upon the mouldy whale fritters, and the other three on bear and veniſon.

They now began to want light, no ſun appearing from the 14th of October to the 3d of February. Finding in the cooper's tent a ſheet of lead, with rope yarn and oil, they made a lamp which they kept continually burning.

In the beginning of January, as the days began to lengthen, the cold encreaſed to that extremity, that it raiſed bliſters on their fleſh; if at any time they touched iron, it would ſtick to their fingers like bird-lime; and if they went out to fetch water, it would ſo periſh them, that they were as ſore as if they had been beaten.

For drink, from the 10th of January, to the 10th of May, they had only ſnow water, which they melted with hot iron.

In

In March the days ſo lengthened that the fowls and foxes came abroad, of which laſt they catched fifty by traps, and ſixty of the former as large as pidgeons. Soon after they killed ſeveral more bears; ſo that by two or three meals a day, their ſtrength was greatly renewed.

In the beginning of May, the weather grew warm, and they went out to ſeek proviſion.

In the ſame month there arrived in the ſound two ſhips from *England*, the crew of which knowing that ſome men had been left there the preceding year, and being deſirous of finding whether they were dead or living, the maſter ordered a boat to be manned to go in queſt of their tent.

When theſe men came near them, they haled them in the uſual manner, and received the uſual anſwer. On their arrival at the tent, their general joy was inconceivable; the ſufferers left their tent, and repaired on board their veſſel, where they waited the arrival of the Engliſh fleet, and arrived ſafe in the river Thames.

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An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

1. MY niece *S. Mallitt* came to live with me, on January 3, 1780, being then in the ſixteenth year of her age. On the 10th ſhe found peace with God, at my houſe in *Long-Stratten*, Norfolk. She continued with me till March 1781; but was then obliged by ill health to return to her father at *Loddon*. On the 27th of May following, ſhe went to Mr. *Lamb's* at *Hadderſon*. The next morning at breakfaſt, ſhe was ſuddenly ſtruck, went into another room, and lay down on the bed. She immediately loſt her ſenſes, and lay as dead, till three in the afternoon. When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had ſeen two angels, who took her where ſhe had a

full view of the torments of the damned: and afterwards, of the happineſs of the bleſſed: into which ſhe aſked, if ſhe might not enter? But was anſwered, "Not yet: ſhe had work to do upon earth."

2. In May 1785, ſhe came again to live with me. In September following, ſhe was taken very ill, and grew worſe and worſe, till we had little hope of her life. But ſhe was wholly reſigned to the will of God, chuſing neither life nor death. She grew weaker and weaker till the 15th of December, when ſhe was ſeized with an uncommon fit: from that time all her other complaints ceaſed; but her fits returned every twenty-four hours, and often continued four hours at a time.

They began thus. While we were talking together, ſhe leaned back in her chair, and loſt her ſenſes, her eyes were wide open, her face like that of a corpſe, her hands quite cold, all her limbs ſtiff and immoveable. On the 18th, we concluded ſhe was dying: but then ſomething ulcerated broke within her, and her fits took a quite different turn. She began to ſpeak in the fit. The firſt words I heard her ſpeak were, "Father, turn to God," with ſeveral other words to the ſame effect. In another fit, ſhe earneſtly exhorted her ſiſters to ſeek God in their youth. In the following fits her voice grew ſtronger and ſtronger.

3. On the 25th Mr. *Byron* came to my houſe, who entring the room, and ſeeing her ſitting in her chair, and looking like one dead, he was ſo ſtruck that he thought he ſhould not be able to preach. Meantime ſhe thought herſelf to be in the preaching-houſe at *Lacaſtoff*, before a large congregation; and that ſhe took her text from Rev. iii. 20. *Behold, I ſtand at the door and knock.* This diſcourſe ſhe preached in Mr. *Byron's* hearing. The next day ſhe preached again in Mr. *Byron's* hearing, on John vii. 37. She continued to preach in every following fit, ſpeaking clear and loud, though ſhe was utterly ſenſeleſs.

4. From

4. From December 29, her fits came every second day; from Jan. 15, every third day. I then called in some of the Society to hear her. She spoke on Mark xvi. 16. More of them came to hear her on the 18th day, and still more on the 21st. The thing being now known abroad, many were desirous of hearing her, and did so on the 24th: when a mixt company being present, she spoke from Isaiah lviii. 1. I then permitted all that would to come in; particularly on the 27th, when she preached an hour on 1 Pet. iv. 18. *If the righteous, &c.* On the 30th, she preached from Isaiah lv. 1. to about two hundred persons. From that time her fits left her, and she spoke no more. She had one fit more on the tenth of April, but did not speak one word.

5. Her fits frequently began thus. About five in the morning, she felt a pain in her stomach. Afterwards it seized her head. Then she lost her senses. In about an hour and a half she began speaking. When she had ended her sermon, she usually prayed about ten minutes. In about a quarter of an hour after, she began to groan, and then in a short time opened her eyes and came to herself. Her behaviour all the time she was with me was unreprovable. Indeed she *adorned in all things the doctrine of God our Saviour.*

[*To be continued.*]

The VOYAGE *of* LIFE: *an Allegory.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

"LIFE, says *Seneca*, is a Voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age."

The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes,

wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time; I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found my ears filled with the tumults of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of the winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the clamour and confuſion? I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of life: that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence, of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuſe, among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, yet irreſiſtible bore him away.

Beyond theſe iſlands all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked. Before me, and on either ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicacious eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind.

So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into

into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to fail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunity for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for, by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment., he ſoon forgot his rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition: for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction, failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which they embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

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This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring; at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement of the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of life. Yet all that hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſion for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of life was the gulph of intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water; and the tops covered with herbage, on which eaſe ſpread couches of repoſe; and with ſhades, where pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within the ſight of theſe rocks, all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon indeed was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might eſcape; but very few could by her entreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of pleaſure, that they might

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ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced his circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before; but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles and innumerable expedients; always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the gulph of intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches, and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of pleaſure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt

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were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyſelf art ſinking! Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of intemperance before me, I ſtarted, and awoke.

A Remedy for CORNS *on the* FEET.

ROAST a clove of garlic on a live coal, or in hot aſhes; apply it to the corn and faſten it on with a piece of cloth. This muſt not be made uſe of till the moment of going to bed. It ſoftens the corn to ſuch a degree that it looſens, and wholly removes the core in two or three days, however inveterate. Afterwards waſh the foot with warm water. In a little time the indurated ſkin that forms the horny tunic of the corn, will diſappear, and leave the part as clean and ſmooth as if it had never been attacked with any diſorder; it is right to renew this application two or three times in twenty-four hours.

A Letter from Dr. THOMAS SECKER, *late Archbiſhop of Canterbury, to the deceaſed Dr.* WALLACE, *one of the Miniſters of Edinburgh.*

Good Mr. Wallace,

I Beg pardon that I have ſuffered a month to paſs without any acknowledgment to you for your obliging letter, and to Dr. Oſwald for his valuable preſent. The fundamental principle

principle of his Appeal is not only right, but of the greateſt importance; and he hath treated the ſubject with great juſtice and perſpicuity, great mildneſs and decency towards thoſe whom he confutes, great ſerioufneſs and propriety towards thoſe whom he exhorts.

I long to ſee that application of his doctrine to the primary truths of revealed religion; particularly that, which, in his concluſion, he ſignifies his intention of making; for the ſhort ſpecimens of it which he hath given in one or two places, only excite deſires of more. His ſermon is an excellent one. The letters which follow it are incomparable and inexpreſſibly adapted to the preſent ſtate of theſe nations. But though their connection with the ſermon is very natural, I want to have them freed from it and printed ſeparately, that they may get into more hands, and be conſidered by thoſe who diſdain to read ſermons. God be thanked for the many good performances in ſupport of religion which we have had from *Scotland*, while the Engliſh Clergy ſeem of late to fail of contributing their ſhare.

Dr. *Oſwald's* language is no leſs pure and elegant, than his ſentiments are juſt and ſtriking. In ſome few places he uſes will, and would, where an Engliſhman would ſay, ſhall and ſhould; as in Appeal, p. 138, 139. 164. 300. 305; Letter 2. p. 353; Sermon p. 39, 40; Letter 8. p. 35. twice; and on the other hand, ſhall, where we ſhould ſay, will, Appeal, p. 163. But our manner of ſpeaking may appear as wrong to you as yours to us; and perhaps there is no more ground in the nature of the language for preferring either. Inſtead of, ſet aſide p. 153. which amongſt us ſignifies not employing, we would ſay, ſet apart, which intimates a purpoſe of employing: but this is altogether arbitrary. Suſtain, Letter 2. p. 53. and elſewhere, I believe is a term of law in *Scotland*, of merely the ſame meaning with maintain. We alſo uſe the word, but not in the ſame ſenſe.———I deſire you and Dr. *Oſwald* to

accept each of you a copy of the little matters which I have printed: my bookſeller will ſend them down to you. The Doctor and I have ſpoken ſomewhat differently of Charles the Firſt, and I think may allow one another ſo to do.

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS CANTERBURY.

Lambeth, Sept. 10, 1767.

How to reſtrain MAD PEOPLE.

AS many unfortunate accidents ariſe from the fury of mad people, it may be of ſervice to communicate an infallible reſtraint upon them.

Upon entering the room where the mad perſons are, your eyes muſt be firmly fixed upon theirs. On theirs dropping, which they will do in a little time, you muſt continue yours with the ſtedfaſtneſs you at firſt made your attack. If they attack you a third time, you muſt ſtill oppoſe them in the ſame manner. As this is the period at which they always find themſelves overcome, they never more renew their attack, but always retain an awe of you.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCXLV.

[From Miſs E. R. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Otley, Feb. 8. 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Often bleſs God that I ever knew you, and with joy look beyond this vale of tears to that celeſtial hill, where I hope ſoon to meet you. What a proſpect does faith open! My Jeſus, and my Friend! ſhall I for ever dwell with theſe?

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Shall you and I, Sir, ſit together round the throne, and dwell where Jeſus is! What a glorious proſpect!

I often think, nothing is too hard to undergo; nothing too dear to part with, for the bleſſed prize I ſee before me: and then I am more than ever determined to follow my bleſſed Maſter, who, for the joy that was ſet before him, endured the croſs, deſpiſed the ſhame, and is now ſat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

At preſent I feel a great deadneſs to all things here below: nothing ſeems worth my notice, but what will tend to glorify my God. As to my ſituation, it ſeems to be the place I ought to be in. It is true, many fiery darts doth Satan throw at me; but the Lord makes a way for my eſcape.

I have been much exerciſed lately with various temptations; but the Lord of Hoſts is my defence: who keeps me night and day, and waters me every moment.

I often feel my ſoul fired with holy ambition, and long to be one of the hundred and forty and four thouſand deſcribed in the Revelations. Is not this ambition laudable? May I not with ſafety covet this beſt gift?

I have lately been reading Mr. Fletcher's laſt Check, and felt it as marrow and fatneſs to my ſoul. That we may improve by every means, is, Rev. Sir, the unfeigned deſire of your Friend and Servant,

E. R.

LETTER CCCCXLVI.

[From Miſs M. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Bath, March 4, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Thankfully uſe you as my counſellor and friend, and hope to be favoured with your free thoughts on the ſubject of this letter.

I have,

I have for ſeveral years been deſired to keep a boarding-ſchool; but love of retirement made me refuſe it. But the requeſt has of late been ſo repeatedly, and ſtrongly urged, that I can no longer avoid taking it into conſideration. Providence ſeems to *force* it upon me, and I am afraid of withſtanding God. I would fain take Herbert's advice, "Be uſeful where thou liveſt:" and I think my talents are more ſuited to a boarding-ſchool, and that I ſhould be more uſeful among children, than in one of another kind.

In a day-ſchool there are innumerable hindrances to their moral improvement; for what they learn with me, they frequently unlearn at home. But were they always with me, they would be ſaved from the contagion of bad example, and I ſhould have better opportunities of ſtudying their diſpoſitions, and of applying myſelf accordingly. Theſe, Sir, are my reaſons for keeping a boarding-ſchool; yet thoſe againſt it ſeem to be more weighty; but my difficulties ariſe from fearing it is *inclination*, rather than *judgment*, that makes the ſcale preponderate.

The greateſt objection is, my naturally anxious diſpoſition: not anxious about getting money (I think that is never more to me than matter of *ſecond* conſideration;) but about "Doing my duty in that ſtate of life to which it ſhall pleaſe God to call me." In a boarding-ſchool I ſhould want to be "All eye, all ear; to ſee that all things were done decently and in order;" and I ſhould be full of uneaſy apprehenſions when the children were out of my ſight; when I could not take them with me to the preaching on winter evenings, nor in bad weather; neither contentedly leave them with a ſervant: ſo that I muſt count upon loſing many opportunities of attending public worſhip. In ſhort, I ſhould make myſelf their *ſlave*, rather than their Governeſs, and yet never think I did enough for them. Beſides, I muſt give up many meetings with my Chriſtian friends; the ſociety-meetings on Sunday evenings; viſiting the ſick, &c.

Another

Another thing I fear (*you* Sir, will credit the ſtrange aſſertion) is *proſperity!* I fear I ſhould not ſtand where many mightier have been ſlain." I am afraid of engaging too deeply and beyond my neceſſity, in outward things; leſt the ſpirit of the world ſhould inſenſibly ſteal upon me; leſt I ſhould be tempted to conform to its maxims and manners, in my behaviour, dreſs, &c. and at laſt forget that I have been waſhed from theſe ſins.

Freedom from worldly encumbrances; leiſure to attend on God, to ſerve him in his members; "Eaſe and alternate labour, friendſhip, books," are ſome of the many privileges for the ſake of which I continue ſingle; but though I continue in this *ſtate*, would not theſe *privileges* be loſt, as much, by keeping a boarding-ſchool or *more*, than by marrying? Are there any that would be a compenſation for them? Ought I to ſacrifice myſelf to the good of others, truſting the Lord to preſerve the ſpark of grace alive in an *ocean?*

Though I entirely approve of infant-baptiſm, and am almoſt a bigot to our Church-liturgy, yet I am often perplexed in hearing my children repeat the catechiſm; particularly the Creed, &c. "Yes verily, and by God's help ſo I will," &c. Is it not abſolute falſehood in the mouth of a wicked child, and has it not a manifeſt tendency to make thoſe of a more thoughtful, and ſerious turn, conclude that they were born believers? Is it not uſeleſs, if not *abſurd*, to teach children of ſix or ſeven years old, the anſwers to the queſtion on the ſacrament of the Lord's-ſupper? Alas! what can they comprehend of that ſublime myſtery? How crude muſt be their conceptions (if they have *any*) of thoſe deep and ſtrong expreſſions! Ought I then *againſt my judgment* to teach it them, becauſe their parents expect me ſo to do?

After thanking you, Sir, for your laſt favour, may I aſk if the concluding lines ("I lament over every pious young woman who is not as active as poſſible,") are not intended

as

as a reproof for me? If ſo, pleaſe to point out my faults, and I will endeavour to prove, by my amendment, that I am,

Dear Sir,

Affectionately and obediently your obliged Servant,

M. B.

LETTER CCCCXLVII.

[From Miſs E. R. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Park Gate, March 14, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

YOUR letter cauſed many tears. I pray God that the conſequence you think probable, may never happen. At preſent I feel juſt the contrary; nor has my ſentiments of, or regard for you, been ever altered. I have had many inſtructors, but not many fathers; but in you I have ever found a father and a friend: one who has by the bleſſing of God been more uſeful and helpful to my ſoul than any other.

I am ſenſible of the truth of what you obſerve; but truſt, the effects of envy, in how ſpecious a form ſoever it may appear, will not be found to have the effect on me it had on the perſons you mention: not but my weakneſs may be, and I am perſuaded is, greater than theirs. But if I may judge from my preſent feelings, all that "the well-meaning people" ſay, leaves me juſt in reſpect to you as they found me. But of this, Sir, I did, and do ſtill doubt, whether or no I ought not to deny myſelf, both the pleaſure and profit I have found in riding with you when in Yorkſhire? and though I would ſtill endeavour to be with you as much as I can, when in theſe parts, ought I not to get conveyed ſome other way, in order to prevent your good from being evil-ſpoken of?

I am

I am ſenſible this would deprive me of many gracious opportunities of converſing with you; but I would endeavour to bear it as my croſs, and look forward to that bleſſed day when without any interruption we ſhall ſtand with the Lamb on Mount Zion, and love and praiſe our adorable Saviour, who hath loved us, and waſhed us in his own blood. Lord, haſten the day!

Dear Sir, if you think me ſhrinking from the croſs, freely tell me ſo, and continue to be my faithful Inſtructor, ſo God ſhall reward you.

I bleſs his name, he gives me ſtill to feel a rich ſupply of every want; and I can ſet to my ſeal that all things work together for good to them that love God.

At preſent I feel Jeſus unſpeakably precious: and though ſtorms and tempeſts are on every ſide, my ſoul cries out, Secure I am while thou art mine.

May all the bleſſings of the New Covenant be your portion in time and eternity! So prays, Rev. Sir, your well-wiſher,

E. R.

LETTER CCCCXLVIII.

[From the ſame, to the ſame.]

Otley, April 24, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

WELCOME, thrice welcome was your laſt kind letter. Tears of love and joy overflowed my eyes, and my heart was filled with thankfulneſs, to find you ſtill favoured with your friendſhip, the unworthieſt of all your children.

Since I wrote laſt, the ſtate of my body has been much altered. At that time my complaints ſeemed juſt coming on; but as I have often had ſlight attacks which have ſoon been re-

moved, I thought little of them. But it has pleaſed God that they have continued ever ſince, ſo that my ſtrength is greatly decayed. I have much pain in my breaſt and ſide, which is accompanied with a little ſhort cough. I am generally either hot or cold. My fever is generally very ſtrong in an afternoon, and when it is off I am very feeble, and ſometimes ſo low in body, that it is a pain to me either to ſpeak or move. But glory be to God, I have not one anxious thought! To me to live is Chriſt, and to die would be great gain. Since my body has been weak, my ſoul has been truly happy. I feel on the wing for heaven. I feel my affections fixed on things above, and my ſoul ſweetly rejoices in hope of that glory to which I am haſting. I reſt in the arms divine, and Jeſus is to me a ſatisfying portion.

" I cannot, dare not now deny,
The things my God hath freely given,
That happy favoured ſoul am I
Who finds in Chriſt a way to heaven:
He makes my ſoul his ſweetneſs know;
He makes my cup with joy o'erflow."

Praiſe the Lord, dear Sir, for his great goodneſs to me, an continue to pray for one who is unworthy of your notice. give you many thanks for your kind reproof. May all th bleſſings of a Covenant God be yours! May peace and lov your ſoul o'erflow! ſo prays, Rev. Sir, your affectionate, thoug unworthy daughter in Chriſt,

E.

POETR

POETRY.

A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er.
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way,
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water leaves.
That ſteeple guides the doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate:
And think, as ſoftly—ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe graves with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,
Which e'er our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away.
A middle race of mortals own
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs, that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptured ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the *rich*, or praiſe the *great*.

Ha! while I gaze, pale cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils her ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapped with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accents cry,
Think mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Me thinks I hear a voice begin;
Ye ravens ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground.
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

When

When man my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a *King* of *Fears* am I!
They view me like the laſt of things:
They make, and then they dread, my ſtings.
Fools! If you leſs provokèd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears,
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.

Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the ſcutcheons of the dead!

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
When e'er their ſuffèring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittèring ſun.
Such joy, though far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placèd,
A few, and evil years they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the bright ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap their glad wings, and towèr away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

The RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling idol I resign,
Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;
Nor can the heavenly call unwelcome be,
That still invites my soul more near to thee:
Thou dost but take the dying lamp away,
To bless me with thy own unmingled day.
Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
With smiles I now your parting glories view.
I see the hand; I worship; I adore,
And justify the great disposing Power.
Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;
Whate'er the restless mind of man desires;
Whate'er an angel's vaster thought admires:
In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!
What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
Or kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
What have I lost of truth or amity,
But what derivèd its gentle source from thee?
At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
Created pride must languish and decline.
'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part!
The world's subduèd, and thou hast all my heart:
It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow;
And spreads itself too wide for all below;
It leaves the vast creation far behind,
And presses forward, free and unconfinèd.
I see a boundless prospect still before,
And dote upon my former joys no more;
Celestial passions kindle in my soul,
And every low, inglorious thought control.

O come!

O come! ye ſacred guſts, ye pure delights,
Ye heavénly ſounds, ye intellectual ſights;
Ye gales of paradiſe, that lull to reſt,
And fill with ſilent calms the peaceful breaſt;
With you, tranſporting hopes that boldly riſe,
And ſwell in bliſsful torrents, to the ſkies;
That ſoar with angels on their ſplendid wings,
And ſearch th' *Arcana* of celeſtial things.
Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
And ſtill converſe, ye glorious ſcenes, with you.
Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gaudy ſhews, and flatt'ring ſnares of ſenſe;
Ye gay varieties of earth, adieu!
However ſoft, and pleaſing to the view.
And all ye dazzling wonders of the ſkies,
Evén you my now aſpiring thoughts deſpiſe;
No more your blandiſhments my heart detain,
Beauty and pleaſure make their court in vain;
Object divine, and infinite in view,
Seize all my powers, ye fading toys, from you.

'Tis finiſhéd now, the great deciding part!
The world's ſubdued, and thou haſt all my heart;
It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another ſeparation fear.
No various ſcenes to come, no change of place
Shall e'er thy image, from my ſoul efface;
Nor life, nor death, nor diſtant height above,
Nor depths below ſhall part me from thy love.

Flying

Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, praiſe ye the Lord.

SWEET flocks, whoſe ſoft enamellèd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the ſky;
Whoſe charming notes addreſs the ſpring,
With an artleſs harmony.
Lovely minſtrels of the field,
Who in leafy ſhadows ſit,
And your wondèrous ſtructures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To nature's God your firſt devotions pay,
E'er you ſalute the riſing day,
'Tis He calls up the ſun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining back
Numèrous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thouſand mingling colours make;
Let the glancings of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire;
In harmleſs play twiſt and unfold
The volumes of your ſcaly gold:
That rich embroidèry of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maſter kind and wiſe.

Inſects and Mites, of mean degree,
That ſwarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful hand,
And curlèd and painted with a various dye;
In your innumerable forms
Praiſe him that wears the ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty councils down
To deſpicable worms.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For MARCH 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 60.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

CHAP. I.

THAT theſe notions of liberty are contrary to the ſenſe, and repugnant to the common reaſon of mankind, will be evident by the rules laid down by thoſe who were guided only by the light of nature.

So *Ariſtotle*. A Lawgiver muſt act abſurdly in commanding that which it is not in the power of his ſubjects to perform.

So *Seneca*. Vice and virtue muſt be things which we are free to do, or to abſtain from, becauſe they are worthy of praiſe or diſpraiſe; neither of which agree to things unblameable: That being only to be blamed which is in our power; and therefore that Fate or Neceſſity which leaves not our aſſent, or actions in our power, takes away praiſe or diſpraiſe, honour or reward.

So *Ariſtotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epictetus*. That only is voluntary which we lie under no neceſſity to do or to forbear; and *what we do being unwilling, we do out of neceſſity, liberty being a power of acting from ourſelves, or doing what we will*: whence they infer, that vice and virtue muſt be voluntary, and that *there can be no neceſſity of doing evil, and that on this account only is vice worthy of diſpraiſe.*

Man can be guilty of no crime in doing that which he could not avoid; for *what is evil is a fault, ſaith* Cicero, *there can be no fault in not doing that which we have no power to do.*

That what is natural to all men, cannot be evil to any man; *for no man is angry*, ſaith *Seneca*, *ubi vitium naturæ defendit, where nature defends the vice: nor can that be evil*, ſaith *Cicero*, *quod a naturæ parente omnium conſtitutum, which owes its original to nature, ſeeing that Being which conſults the good of mankind, would neither produce or nouriſh that, quod cum exantlaviſſet omnes labores incideret in mortis malum ſempiternum, which when it had done its utmoſt, muſt be ſubject to eternal Death.*

Ariſtotle ſaith, That there can be no conſultation or deliberation about things which are *not in our power*; *nor any rational perſuaſion to do them, becauſe theſe actions can only be performed in order to that end*: and therefore, when the end cannot be obtained, muſt be done in vain. And hence it clearly follows that if this be a doctrine of chriſtianity, that men in their lapſed ſtate can do nothing which is truly good; they ought not to deliberate how they may do good, or avoid the doing of evil, or pray for the divine aſſiſtance, or be ſorry for their ſins; nor ought any man to perſuade them ſo to do.

Nor ought theſe arguments to be ſlighted, as being only the ſayings of philoſophers, guided by the dim light of reaſon when they deliver only that in which the common notions of mankind have long agreed. For that would be of dreadful conſequence to the chriſtian faith; for our belief of it muſt bottom upon ſome rational inducements, and common principles of reaſon; which if they may be falſe, chriſtianity may be falſe alſo.

alſo; if they be certain truths, whatſoever contradicts them muſt be falſe; if therefore any article of our faith ſhould, to the beſt of our judgments, plainly contradict them, it muſt ſhock the foundation of our faith, by engaging men to believe that falſe which alone engaged them to believe that faith was true.

That the Chriſtian Fathers, for four whole centuries condemned theſe new notions, as deſtructive of true liberty, of the nature of vice and virtue, of rewards and puniſhments, of the equity of the divine precepts, and of a future judgment, and alſo as contrary to the declarations of the holy Scriptures; will be fully proved in the laſt chapter of this diſcourſe.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLIV.

On MATT. xvi. 3.

Ye can diſcern the face of the ſky; but can ye not diſcern the ſigns of the times?

1. THE entire paſſage runs thus. *The Phariſees alſo with the Sadducees came, and tempting, deſired him, that he would ſhew them a ſign from heaven. He anſwered and ſaid, When it is evening, ye ſay, It will be fair weather; for the ſky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to day: for the ſky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can diſcern the face of the ſky; but can ye not diſcern the ſigns of the times?*

2. *The Phariſees alſo with the Sadducees came.* In general theſe were quite oppoſite to each other: but it is no uncommon thing for the children of the world to lay aſide their oppoſition to each other (at leaſt, for a ſeaſon) and cordially to unite in oppoſing the children of God: *and tempting*, that is, making a trial, whether he was indeed ſent of God, *deſired him that he*

would ſhew them a ſign from heaven, which they believed no falſe prophet was able to do. It is not improbable, they imagined, this would convince them, that he was really ſent from God. *He anſwered and ſaid unto them, When it is evening, ye ſay, It will be fair weather, for the ſky is red: and in the morning, It will be foul weather to day, for the ſky is red and lowering.* Probably there were more certain ſigns of fair and foul weather, in their climate, than there are in ours. *O ye hypocrites*, making profeſſion of love, while you have enmity in your hearts: *Ye can diſcern the face of the ſky*, and judge thereby what the weather will be: *but can ye not diſcern the ſigns of the times*, when God brings his firſt begotten Son into the world?

3. Let us more particularly enquire, firſt, What were *the times*, whereof our Lord here ſpeaks? And what were *the ſigns* whereby thoſe times were to be diſtinguiſhed from all others? We may then enquire, ſecondly, What are *the times* which we have reaſon to believe are *now* at hand? And how is it that all who are called Chriſtians do not diſcern *the ſigns of theſe times?*

I. 1. Let us in the firſt place, enquire, What times were thoſe, concerning which our Lord is here ſpeaking? It is eaſy to anſwer, The times of the Meſſiah: the times ordained before the foundation of the world wherein it pleaſed God, to give his only begotten Son, to take our nature upon him, to be *found in faſhion as a man*, to live a life of ſorrow and pain, and at length to be *obedient unto death, even the death of the croſs to the end that whoſoever believeth on him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life.* This was the important time, the ſign whereof the Phariſees and Sadducees could not diſcern. Clear as they were in themſelves, yet ſo thick a veil was upon the heart of theſe men that they did not diſcern the tokens of his coming, though foretold ſo long before.

2. But what were thoſe ſigns of the coming of that Juſt One which had been ſo long and ſo clearly foretold? and whereby

the

they might eaſily have diſcerned thoſe times, had not the veil been on their heart? They are many in number; but it may ſuffice to mention a few of them. One of the firſt is that pointed out in the ſolemn words, ſpoken by *Jacob* a little before his death, Gen. xlix. 10. *The Sceptre ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh came.* All both antient and modern Jews agree, that by *Shiloh* we are to underſtand the Meſſiah: who was therefore to come according to the prophecy, *before the Sceptre*, that is, the Sovereignty, *departed from Judah.* But it did without controverſy depart from *Judah*, at this very time, an infallible ſign, that at this very time *Shiloh*, that is, the *Meſſiah came.*

3. A ſecond eminent ſign of thoſe times, the times of the coming of the Meſſiah, is given us in the third chapter of the prophecy of Malachi: *Behold, I ſend my Meſſenger, and he ſhall prepare my way before me*: (v. 1.) *and the Lord, whom ye ſeek ſhall ſuddenly come to his temple.* How manifeſtly was this fulfilled, firſt, by the coming of *John the Baptiſt?* And then, by our bleſſed Lord himſelf, *coming ſuddenly to his temple?* And what ſign could be clearer to thoſe that impartially conſidered the words of the prophet Iſaiah, ch. xl. ver. 4, *The voice of one crying in the wilderneſs, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths ſtreight!*

4. But yet clearer ſigns than theſe (if any could be clearer) were the mighty works that he wrought. Accordingly he himſelf declares, *The works which I do, they teſtify of me.* And to theſe he explicitly appeals in his anſwer to the queſtion of *John the Baptiſt.* (Not propoſed, as ſome have ſtrangely imagined) from any doubt which he had himſelf; but from a deſire of confirming his diſciples, who might poſſibly waver, when their maſter was taken from their head: *Art thou he that ſhould come*, the Meſſiah? *Or look we for another?* No bare verbal anſwer could have been ſo convincing, as what they ſaw with their own eyes. Jeſus therefore referred them to this teſtimony: *He anſwered and ſaid unto them, Go and ſhew John the things*

things which ye hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk: the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them, Matt. xi. 4, 5.

5. But how then came it to pass, that those who were so sharp-sighted in other things, who could *discern the face of the sky*, were not able to discern those signs, which indicated the coming of the Messiah? They could not discern them, not for want of evidence: this was full and clear: but for want of integrity in themselves; because they were a *wicked and adulterous generation*: because the perverseness of their hearts spread a cloud over their understanding. Therefore although the Sun of Righteousness shone bright, yet they were insensible of it. They were not willing to be convinced; therefore they remained in ignorance. The light was sufficient: but they shut their eyes, that they might not see it. So that they were without excuse, till vengeance came upon them to the uttermost.

II. 1. We are in the second place to consider, What are *the times* which we have reason to believe are *now* at hand? And how is it that all who are called Christians do not discern *the signs of these times?*

The times which we have reason to believe are at hand (if they are not already begun) are what many pious men have termed, The time of *the latter-day glory*: meaning the time wherein God would gloriously display his power and love, in the fulfilment of his gracious promise, that *the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.*

2. "But are there in *England*, or in any part of the world, any *signs* of such a time approaching?" It is not many years since that a person of considerable learning, as well as eminence in the Church (then Bishop of *London*) in his Pastoral Letter made this observation, "I cannot imagine what persons mean, by talking of *a great work of God* at this time. I do not see any work of God now, more than has been at any other time."

time." I believe it. I believe that great man, did not see any extraordinary work of God. Neither he nor the generality of Christians, so called, saw any signs of the glorious day that is approaching. But how is this to be accounted for? How is it that those who can now *discern the face of the sky*, who are not only great Philosophers, but great Divines, as eminent as ever the Sadducees, yea, or the Pharisees were, do not discern the signs of those glorious times, which if not begun, are nigh, even at the door?

3. We allow indeed, that in every age of the Church, *the kingdom of God came not with observation*; not with splendor and pomp, or with any of those outward circumstances which usually attend the kingdoms of this world. We allow this *kingdom of God is within us:* and that consequently when it begins, either in an individual or in a nation, it *is like a grain of mustard-seed*, which at first *is the least of all seeds*; but nevertheless gradually increases, till it *becomes a great tree*. Or, to use the other comparison of our Lord, It is like *a little leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.*

4. But may it not be asked, Are there now any signs that the day of God's power is approaching? I appeal to every candid, unprejudiced person, whether we may not at this day discern, all those signs (understanding the words in a spiritual sense) to which our Lord referred John's disciples. *The blind receive their sight.* Those who were blind from their birth, unable to see their own deplorable state, and much more to see God and the remedy he has prepared for them in the Son of his love, now see themselves, yea and *the light of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. The eyes* of their *understanding* being now *opened*, they see all things clearly. *The deaf hear.* Those that were before utterly deaf, to all the outward and inward Calls of God, now hear not only his Providential Calls, but also the whispers of his Grace. *The lame walk.* Those who never before arose from the earth, or moved one step toward

ward heaven, are now walking in all the ways of God; yea, running the race that is set before them. *The lepers are cleansed.* The deadly leprosy of sin, which they brought with them into the world, and which no art of man could ever cure is now clean departed from them. And surely never in any age or nation since the Apostles, have those words been so eminently fulfilled. *The poor have the gospel preached unto them*, as it is at this day. At this day the gospel leaven, faith working by love, inward and outward holiness, or (to use the terms of St. *Paul*,) *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*, hath so spread in various parts of Europe, particularly in *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, in the Islands, in the North and South, from *Georgia*, to *New-England* and *Newfoundland*: that sinners have been truly converted to God, throughly changed both in heart and in life; not by tens, or by hundreds only, but by thousands, yea, by myriads! The fact cannot be denied: we can point out the persons, with their names and places of abode. And yet the wise men of the world, the men of eminence, the men of learning and renown, "cannot imagine what we mean by talking of any extraordinary work of God!" They cannot discern the signs of *these times!* They can see no sign at all of God's arising to maintain his own cause, and set up his kingdom over the earth!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 69.]

FROM the time of this introduction among the prisoners, I preached frequently to the felons and debtors in Newgate. Of the latter I joined about 36 in a regular society; nor would they suffer any individual to live in any outward sin, as they never neglected to inform me of every such instance. I had such

ſuch a zeal from my firſt hearing the Goſpel, that I ſpared no pains to do all the good in my power, both to the bodies and ſouls of ſinners: embracing every opportunity, both in hearing and ſpeaking; ſo that in proceſs of time I preached in every priſon, as well as many workhouſes in and about *London*: and frequently travelled to almoſt every town within twelve miles of the metropolis.

All this while I continued in the Foundry-ſchool, and by my ſecond marriage, having much increaſed in my worldly circumſtances, my ſoul was exceedingly delighted. But by confining myſelf to riſe at four every morning, in order to go to the five o'clock preaching, diligently attending the Church ſervice, and ſtrictly obſerving all the other ordinances of God; I was more deeply convinced of my unbelief, and of the carnal mind ſtill remaining in me. On this, tongue cannot expreſs the bitterneſs of ſoul I laboured under, both day and night, having "no reſt in my fleſh by reaſon of my ſin." And although my place of abode joined the Foundry, yet, when I have left the ſchool, to go either to breakfaſt or dinner, my agony of mind has been ſo great, that I have even forgot to eat my bread, and have oft-times wandered into Hoxton-fields, there to pour out my miſery before God. And frequently after I had diſmiſſed my ſcholars in the evening, I have taken a ſolitary walk into the fields till nine, ten and eleven o'clock, roaring for the very diſquietude of my ſoul; and notwithſtanding I never could accuſe myſelf of inattention to any ordinance, ſuch as faſting and prayer, &c. yet my unbelief prevailed, till I became compleatly miſerable. In this ſituation I continued about three years, ſo that I almoſt "choſe ſtrangling rather than life;" nor could I, with all my hearing and ſelf-denial, overcome this damning ſin of unbelief. When people have told me I could believe if I would, gladly would I have given worlds to believe, were they in my power; but "ſuch power belongeth

to God alone." And glory be to his name! he at laſt diſplayed that power in my deliverance. The manner of which I ſhall now ſimply relate.

Taking one morning my melancholy walk, after five o'clock preaching, as I was paſſing Ratcliff Row, I perceived a cow coming towards me, and really wiſhed I was that beaſt. The next thing that paſſed me was a dog, when I wiſhed I could change myſelf into that animal. Afterwards I obſerved a man taking his courſe a few yards off; when I thought, that man would afford me the greateſt happineſs I ever before experienced, if he would put an end to ſo wretched a life. I continued walking ſlowly, till I came to a loneſome part of a field, which I imagined was better calculated for retirement than any other ſpot. When I had ſecluded myſelf therein, on a ſudden, in the twinkling of an eye, a hand ſtruck me on the top of my head. I inſtantly found myſelf crying with a loud voice, "Praiſe God, praiſe God!" and looking up, I beheld the air and ſky, full of the glory of God; and that glory of ſuch a ſubſtance, that I thought I could have laid hold of it with my hand. This attended me for the ſpace of a minute; but was ſucceeded by an uncommon thick darkneſs. But I was quickly enabled to look up, and to beſeech God that I might more fully know whether this was any ſign of the remiſſion of my ſins? for I felt an unſpeakable peace, which far out-weighed my former miſery. As I looked up, there ſeemed to be an opening in the heavens, which tapered away to a point at each end. The centre of this ſacred avenue was about twelve feet wide, wherein I thought I ſaw the Lord Jeſus, holding up both his hands, from the palms of which the blood ſeemed to ſtream down. On this, floods of tears guſhing from my eyes, trickled down my cheeks, and I ſaid, "Lord, it is enough!" From that hour I have not once doubted of my being freely juſtified.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of the Death of Mr. JOSHUA KEIGHLEY.

SUNDAY the 29th of July laſt, Mr. *Keighley* gave us the ſacrament, and ſuch another day my eyes never ſaw, nor my heart ever felt before.

In the evening he complained of a coldneſs in his neck, by reaſon of too much perſpiration. Monday he preached the Thankſgiving Sermon; but with a ſevere ſwimming in his head. Tueſday he dined with me, which was the laſt time he dined on earth. In the evening he endeavoured to preach, but was obliged to conclude before the time. Wedneſday, being confined to his bed, the Doctor was ſent for who gave him a vomit. Thurſday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, he had a ſlow fever (which is very epidemical here.) Monday he was ſeized with a violent bleeding at the noſe, which continued until next day; when his fever grew very ſtrong: from which time he became inſenſible, and talked very wildly.

On the ſeventh of Auguſt, he prayed for all ſorts and conditions of men: not forgetting the preachers who were to come next to *Elgin*. On Thurſday the 9th the Doctor gave him up. His pulſe was now ſo quick I could ſcarce follow them, and his eyes looked us almoſt out of countenance. Friday the 10th he preached a ſermon; but was ſo low we could hardly hear him. When he had done he made an apology for his indiſpoſition of body.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon death ſeized the extreme parts of his body; when his voice grew ſo low we could ſcarce diſtinguiſh what he ſaid. He now ſtruggled ſo hard with death, that it required two perſons to hold him in bed, while he made the whole room tremble where he lay! At laſt, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the tenth

inſtant, he gave up his ſpirit into the hands of God, as unto a faithful Creator.

He never expected his illneſs to be unto death, till about three days before he died: when he ſaid, "You ſhall have a twofold preacher here before Sunday."

As there was no preacher on the ſpot, I took charge of his remains; wrapt them in fine linen (like his Lord and Maſter;) gave letters of invitation to Miniſters and Magiſtrates; and a gentleman gave me the uſe of his tomb to bury him in, which I gladly accepted.

The people of Elgin greatly lament the death of this pious young man, whoſe preaching and holy converſation was made ſo great a bleſſing to many. And had it not been for the violence of his diſorder, I doubt not but he would have borne as good a teſtimony for God in his laſt moments, as he had done before for many years.

When he was at *Inverneſs* laſt ſpring, he dreamed that he was condemned to die on the morrow. However he obtained leave of the Judge to go and acquaint his father of his fate, and to prepare him for the ſhock: which as ſoon as he had done, the Judge appeared to him again, and ſaid, "I have got you a ſhort reſpite; but depend upon it, you ſhall die in *Scotland*."

How unaccountable is this on the Infidel and Sadducean ſuppoſition? but how plain on that of a Chriſtian!

Elgin, Aug. 24, 1787. JAMES GREY.

An Account of JOHN WYNN, *who was executed at Bedford, April* 4, 1785.

[*Concluded from page* 71.]

NEXT morning about ſix o'clock, I returned to him, and found him very cheerful, and quite willing to die! At eight, the Ordinary gave him the Sacrament, when I and three more

more received it with him! After this we continued ſinging, praying, and converſing with him till about ten; when the gaoler (who was as tender of him as if he had been his own brother,) came to tell him he muſt go down to have his irons taken off. After turning his face to the wall, and lifting up his heart to God in prayer for about two minutes, he walked down and had them taken off. When he was at liberty, he took leave of the felons; putting his hand through the iron bars where they were in the mean time confined, and ſhook hands with them. He then went to all the debtors in the yard and ſhook hands with them.

After this, he returned into the Chapel, where the time was ſpent in ſinging and prayer, till he was called down to have his arms bound. It was very moving to ſee him go round a ſecond time to all the debtors and felons, and take an affectionate leave of them, while moſt of them were in tears. He then took leave of thoſe of the Society who were preſent; deſiring as many of them as could bear it, to go with him to the place of execution. He deſired a perſon preſent to give his love to Captain Ball, and to tell him, he freely forgave him, and returned him many thanks for his endeavours to get him a reprieve. "I believe, ſaid he, I ſhould not have loſt my life if the evidence had not falſely ſworn that I had fire-arms about me, which I had not: but I freely forgive him." Being told the Sheriff had allowed him his full time; he willingly ſat down to be bound. He kiſſed the turnkey and the other perſon who came to bind him, and ſaid, "God bleſs you!" He then ſtepped into the cart, and Mr. Ingham and I went along with him. His continual prayer in going to execution was, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord ſave me a poor ſinner! Lord Jeſus into thy hand I commend my ſpirit!" When we came near the awful ſpot, I ſaid, John, you are now within a few moments of your end; how do you feel? "I bleſs God, ſaid he, with a cheerful ſmile, I feel myſelf happy. I have no fear of death. I believe

I believe it is the Lord that has taken it away; and I hope and truſt he will take me to himſelf." When the Ordinary read the prayers to him, he kneeled down and joined him in a very devout manner: after which he ſhook hands with him and thanked him for his kindneſs. When he roſe from his knees he deſired us to ſing a hymn, and Mr. Ingham gave one out ſuitable to the occaſion. He likewiſe deſired us to tell the people, that he died in peace with all men, and that he enjoyed peace with God, and was not afraid to die. He then deſired us to ſing that hymn which had been ſo much bleſt to him. Accordingly I gave out,

> " And am I born to die,
> To lay this body down," &c.

He ſang this under the gallows with great cheerfulneſs: and it was obſerved by the ſpectators, that his voice was louder than ours. We then both of us went to prayer, and commended his ſpirit to God. When we roſe from prayer he went to the end of the cart, ſat him down, and took leave of our friends who were preſent. He then very affectionately embraced Mr. Ingham and me; thanked us for our care of him, and hoped God would reward us. The executioner coming into the cart, we ſtepped out and walked away, weeping and praying for him. He afterwards took leave of ſeveral perſons, and returned thanks to the gentlemen of Bedford who had endeavoured to get him a reprieve. He particularly thanked the gaoler and his houſekeeper for their kindneſs to him. Seeing ſome young ſoldiers among the people, he begged of them never to deſert. Deſerting, he ſaid, was one cauſe of his coming to an untimely end.

He continued to call upon God till he was turned off. And even afterwards, as long as there were any ſigns of life, his hands were lifted up in prayer.

What

What is very remarkable, after he was put into the coffin, there did not appear to be any marks of a violent death upon him; but he ſeemed as if he had been in a natural ſleep.

He was buried the ſame evening at ſix o'clock, and a ſermon was preached upon the occaſion at the Methodiſt chapel at ſeven, to a very crouded audience, from 1 Cor. i. 9. *But we had the ſentence of death in ourſelves, that we ſhould not truſt in ourſelves, but in God which raiſeth the dead.*

Bedford, April 12, 1785. JOSEPH PESCOD.

The EXPERIENCE *of J. B. of St.* HELLIER'S *in the Iſle of* JERSEY.

[*Continued from page* 73.]

5. ONE day I beheld the heavenly city juſt at hand, and the Lord Jeſus ſaid to me, "In a little time, my child, thou ſhalt be in full poſſeſſion of this glorious kingdom." And he gave me ſo great a meaſure of light, that I could already ſee the gate of the heavenly city, and the inſcription thereon in golden letters: but I could not read it. I ſaw likewiſe the beams of the Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhining on the city with refulgent ſplendor. He then ſaid to me, "Thou ſhalt ſhortly be there: but firſt thou muſt ſuffer ſharp trials for my ſake." I firmly believed it, and rejoiced that I was counted worthy, to ſuffer for his name's ſake.

6. I found myſelf from time to time under the wings of the glorious Father of lights. Sometimes I was proſtrate before him, when he covered me with the cloud of his heavenly protection. Bleſſed be the Lord for all his precious and ineſtimable favours! I dreamed one night I was ſeated on a very high mountain, where was a river of living water, clear as chryſtal. I believe it was that mentioned in the *Revelation*, as proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb,

Lamb. Not a few times have I been favoured with a view of that celeſtial city. But O! was there no other happineſs than to be always in the company of the adorable Saviour, it were enough to raviſh the ſoul with unſpeakable and endleſs admiration!

7. Another time being on my knees before the great God, I was ſinging the firſt verſe of the 42d pſalm.

"For thee, my God, the living God
My thirſty ſoul doth pine:
O when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou majeſty divine?"

The Lord anſwered me, "Shortly thou ſhalt ſee it." Bleſſed for ever be his holy name! O what haſt thou prepared for thoſe whom thou haſt redeemed with thy moſt precious blood! O what happineſs! O eternity! What joy muſt be in heaven, ſince the foretaſte is ſo delicious! Who would not endure any ſufferings here, to enjoy thee, my Beloved, eternally?

8. My loving Saviour hath taken poſſeſſion of my heart, and has ſhut the door, ſo that all my enemies cannot open it. He is my King and reigns in my ſoul. Hence I am in ſafety, being kept by the Monarch of heaven and earth. O that the Almighty ſhould diſcover his ſecrets to ſuch a poor creature as me! One day having been praying for my brother, the Lord ſaid, "I will give him the ſame bleſſing I have given thee." And I know this will be fulfilled in due ſeaſon.

9. Twice here I beheld myſelf waſhed by my Saviour in the clean water of his grace: and once he poured into my ſoul a large quantity thereof. O that theſe rivers of pure water may flow abundantly into my ſoul! How gracious is the Lord, who ſhews me by his divine light, the work of ſanctification advancing in me! And one evening in prayer, I ſaw my ſoul in heaven,

heaven, accompanied by the holy angels, and glorifying the Lord with all the bleſſed.

10. Theſe experiences took up ſeveral months. She then viſited ſome chriſtian friends in the country, in January 1785. At the concluſion of one of their aſſemblies, when moſt of them were gone away, ſhe ſtayed with a few, and prayed, when the power of God came upon them in an extraordinary manner. She told a friend, that ſhe never ſaw any thing like it before; and that her ſpirit was ſo abſorbed in the joys of the bleſſed, that ſhe hardly knew, whether ſhe was in heaven or on earth. Soon after ſhe came home, ſhe was taken ill: what then occurred, ſhe thus related.

11. A few nights before my illneſs, I had a frightful dream: but I gave myſelf to the Lord. The next night I had another, wherein my dear Saviour greatly comforted me. Awaking in the morning, I had much pain in my head and throat; but I did not ſuppoſe my ſickneſs was mortal, as I had not experienced the trials which I had reaſon to expect. Ill as I was, I went to the meeting, thinking it might poſſibly be the laſt time. It was a bleſſed opportunity: but it was with great difficulty I got back to our houſe. The next day I was obliged to take my bed: my pains were conſiderable: but I hardly felt them; ſo raviſhing was the ſweetneſs, which the Lord poured into my ſoul. Wedneſday the 4th, I had a ſmall combat with the enemy: but looking up, I was preſently delivered. Meantime I continually taſted the great and ineffable ſweetneſs of my Saviour. The following night when I fell aſleep, I found myſelf cloſely engaged with Apollyon, who with one of his hands, which was of an enormous ſize, ſeized me by the ſtomach. I waked, and he ſtrongly aſſaulted my ſoul, telling me, my ſins were too many to be forgiven. I anſwered him, I knew they were all forgiven: that I was a child of God, who had ſolemnly avowed fidelity to his ſervice, and was reſolved to be faithful even unto death. I began notwithſtanding to be terrified; but in that moment the ſpirit of prayer came upon me:

and immediately the gate of the celeſtial city was opened, where the Lord ſhewed me I ſhould have a place to all eternity. I was animated with new life, and intreated the Lord, that I might continue in prayer till I was fully delivered. In a moment I was at perfect liberty, and ſung praiſe in my heart to my merciful Deliverer.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

[*Continued from page* 93.]

IN a letter to me ſhe writes thus: I was born on Feb. 18, 1768, at *Loddon* in *Norfolk*. I was much afflicted from my infancy: I began to ſeek God, when I was about nine years old: I was firſt ſtruck while my mother was inſtructing me and my ſiſters. She aſked me, "Who made you?" I anſwered, God: and immediately felt an earneſt deſire to know who God was, and why he made me, and other creatures? This troubled me much, and my trouble ſo increaſed, that I was deprived of my ſleep, and often paſt the night in weeping. I was frequently weeping in the day too; ſo that ſome thought I was going melancholy. One night as I was mourning by myſelf, the Lord took pity on me and revealed himſelf to me. In a moment all my ſorrow was turned into joy, and I knew I was made to love and ſerve God.

2. I was now quite happy, and began to read the word of God, which I had never minded before. But having no Chriſtian fellowſhip, and being ignorant of Satan's devices, I ſoon loſt my love of God and nearneſs to him. About this time it pleaſed God to ſend the Methodiſts to *Loddon*, whom

whom I heard at every opportunity; and under a ſermon of Mr. *Floyd's* the Lord revealed himſelf to me again, and I found a ſtill increaſing love to him and to his people. This continued about a year. I then was entangled with worldly acquaintance, but could find no happineſs therein, my conſcience ſtill reproving me. I ſtill attended the preaching, and was often convinced: but in a little time I began to neglect private prayer. I then ſoon loſt my love both to God and his people. Yet I ſtill attended the preaching, though I had a particular diſlike to the Preachers, and often ſat with my back to them, that I might not ſee them.

3. At laſt I gave up all meetings and all prayer; till one night, as I was going to bed with one of my ſiſters (about eleven years old) ſhe ſaid, "You uſed to bid me ſay my prayers, and now you have left them off yourſelf." This cut me to the heart, but I bid her mind herſelf. However when I thought ſhe was aſleep, I roſe to pray, but found my heart as hard as a ſtone. I could not ſpeak one word. I roſe from my knees and ſaid, "I will not be beholden to God for his mercy," and laid me down in bed again: but I could not ſleep, any more than they can ſleep who are in hell; for I expected to have made my bed there before morning. The diſtreſs I then felt none knows but God. I wandered about ſeeking reſt, but finding none. When I came from the preaching theſe words were in my mind, Muſt I give an account of this at the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt? One time being in great diſtreſs, it was impreſſed on my mind, "Thou ſhalt have no peace till thou haſt murdered thy youngeſt ſiſter." I was particularly fond of her, being about three quarters old. This followed me a conſiderable time: and one day, all the family being out, it was ſuggeſted, "Now is the time." My torture was more than I can expreſs. I took a knife, and attempted to do it twice: the third time the Lord gave me to ſee through the ſnare, and I wept over the

child: but ſtill kept the devil's counſel, telling no one how I had been tempted.

4. Being now near fifteen, I continued in this deſpairing ſtate almoſt a year. I frequently wandered in the fields, ſeeking the moſt ſolitary places. When I roſe in the morning, I expected to be in hell before night: in the evening I expected to be there before the morning. During this time, the Lord brought my mother to the knowledge of himſelf: and in the beginning of 1780, both my father and ſhe deſired to be members of Mr. *Weſley's* ſociety. This being the time for renewing the tickets, my father deſired one for *me*, and told me, "I was now a member of the ſociety, and was to dine at Mr. *Criſp's*, with the reſt of the ſociety." After dinner one was ſaying, "If the Lord was now to come to judgment, I hope there is not one ſoul among us, who will not meet him with joy." I looked round, and ſaw many of my family who had ſet their faces Sion-ward, and ſeveral of them at *my* inſtance: and I thought, now they are ſet out for heaven, I am again ſetting out for hell! Yet I thought, If there is mercy for *me*, I will not reſt till I have found it. But I deſpaired of finding any, thinking that I had in me more than ſeven devils. However on Sunday I went to the Claſs. The Leader aſked me, If I had a deſire to ſerve God? I anſwered, I had; but I had no hope of finding any mercy from him. He told me, I muſt uſe much prayer, and I ſhould find he had mercy for me.

5. The next day I removed to my uncle's, at *Long-Stratton*. On January the 10th, Mr. *Shadford* held a love-feaſt there. And here the Lord ſpoke to my heart, *O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt!* From that time I went on my way rejoicing, not having a cloud between God and my ſoul. But I found a neceſſity to uſe much prayer and to put on the whole armour of God. In a ſhort time the Lord laid me in the furnace of affliction: but I found much of his preſence there. Being very ill in March

March 1781, I was removed back to my father's. It was thought, I would die; but this gave me no pain; for death was more welcome to me than life. But after I had ſuffered much, it pleaſed God to give me a little health: till on the 28th of May, being at Mr. *Lamb's*, at *Hadderſon*, while we were at breakfaſt, feeling myſelf ill, I retired into the next room, and laid me down on the bed, loſing my ſenſes immediately. I thought I ſaw two angels, who ſhewed me the torments of hell, and the happineſs of heaven. I would fain have ſtaid there, but was told, I muſt go back; for there was work for me to do. About three o'clock I came to myſelf.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ſome Particular PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 74.]

2. MANY phyſicians affirm, That Sugar is unwholeſome, and moſt, that it deſtroys the teeth. But how will this agree with the following account? "My grandfather, ſays Dr. *Slare*, took as much ſugar as his butter ſpread upon bread would receive, for his daily breakfaſt. He put ſugar into all his ale and beer, and into all the ſauces he uſed to his meat. At eighty years old he had all his teeth ſtrong and firm (having never had the tooth-ach) and never refuſed the hardeſt cruſt. In his 82d year one of his teeth came out, and in two or three years all the reſt. But others filled up their room, and in a ſhort time he had a new ſet quite round. His hair alſo from very white became dark. He continued in health and ſtrength, and died without any diſeaſe, in his ninety-ninth or hundredth year.

3. It is not only from the canes that ſugar is extracted. In New England much of it is made from the juice of the Upland Maple. They firſt make a hole in the tree, within a foot of the ground, ſhelving inward, ſo as to hold about a pint. Then they tap this hole, and by a reed draw off the liquor into a veſſel. A large tree will yield, between the beginning of February and the end of April, twenty gallons of juice. A gallon in boiling ſixteen hours is reduced to three pints, and yields more than two pounds of ſugar, which our phyſicians prefer to all other for medicinal uſes.

4. Moloſſes likewiſe may be procured without ſugar-canes. This was diſcovered a few years ago by Mr. *Chandler*, of Woodſtock, in New-England, an inland town, where the common Moloſſes is ſcarce and dear. Ever ſince both he and his neighbours ſupply themſelves with it, out of their own orchards. The apple that produces it, is a ſummer ſweeting, of a middling ſize, and full of juice. They grind and preſs the apple, and then gently boil the juice for about ſix hours. In that time it comes to the ſweetneſs and conſiſtency, and anſwers all the purpoſes of other Moloſſes.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 77.*]

THE judge confined Alſemero priſoner, in another chamber of his own houſe, while he examined Diaphanta, the maid, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt Flores and Beatrice-Joanna; and ſhe conſtantly affirmed, that at this time, and ſeveral other, ſhe had ſeen them in the very act of adultery, and that it was ſhe who firſt gave her maſter notice of it. Whereupon, after a ſecond examination of Alſemero, and mature

mature deliberation, he was acquitted, and the dead bodies were carried away and buried.

But although this earthly judge acquitted him, yet the Judge of judges, who ſees not only our actions, but our thoughts and intentions, hath ſomething elſe to lay to his charge, having both obſerved and remembered, firſt, how ready and willing Alſemero was to engage himſelf to Beatrice-Joanna to ſlay Piracquo; then, though he conſented not to his murder afterwards, how he concealed it from the notice of public judgment, and the criminals from that ſhame, which, if they had undergone, as they deſerved, would have prevented his own. If theſe are not ſufficient to bring down the vengeance of heaven upon him, we ſhall quickly ſee him guilty of another murder.

It is to be remembered, that we ſpoke before of Thomaſo Piracquo, who had formerly adviſed his brother Alfonſo Piracquo to give over his ſuit to Beatrice-Joanna; he hearing of all thoſe occurrences, could not forbear thinking that Alſemero and ſhe, had contrived the death of his brother, therefore reſolving to call Alſemero to account for him, he ſent him the following challenge:

THOMASO PIRACQUO *to* ALSEMERO.

I Fear Beatrice-Joanna's vanity, and your raſhneſs, have bereaved me of a brother, whom I ever eſteemed more dear than my life. As I am a gentleman, I think I ought to ſeek ſatisfaction for his death with the hazard of my own life: wherefore, as your ſword has chaſtiſed Beatrice-Joanna's error, I hope mine is reſerved to correct your's. I pray meet me at the foot of Gliſſeron-Hill to-morrow at five in the morning.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alſemero accepted the challenge, and they met at the hour and place appointed; when Alſemero throwing away his rapier, with his hat in his hand, told him, "He was ready to join with him

him in the revenge of his brother's murder." Piracquo threw away his ſword too, and with the ſame civility addreſſed himſelf to Alſemero, who immediately drew his piſtols out of his pocket, and ſhot one through Piracquo's head, and the other through his heart, he having only time to cry out, "O villain!—O traitor!" and then fell dead at his feet.

The news of this murder, with the flight of Alſemero, was preſently known, and the criminal judges ordered a ſpeedy purſuit after him; in the midſt of his haſte, his horſe fell under him, and broke his fore-leg, and Alſemero's right arm; when endeavouring to eſcape on foot, he was preſently overtaken, and ſurrounded by ſix horſemen, againſt whom he defended himſelf like a ſoldier, when at laſt, he was forced to yield himſelf their priſoner.

The ſenate was ſoon aſſembled, and Alſemero being brought before them, confeſſed the fact, and was condemned to loſe his head. When he was come to the ſcaffold, knowing it no time to diſſemble with God, he diſcovered the murder of Don Alfonſo Piracquo, by Flores, in all its circumſtances, proteſting his own innocence therein, except in the concealment of it.

Thus we ſee the juſtice of heaven will at laſt overtake the bold offender, and though he ſeems at preſent to triumph in his wickedneſs, and praiſe the ſucceſs of his iniquity; yet, the end of it will be ſhame and bitterneſs; and though God does forbear, he will not forgive, without a ſincere repentance.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

[*Continued from page* 79.]

Of things repugnant to the inclinations and appetites of the generality of mankind.

HAVING diſcourſed of actions, which are injurious to the ſenſes, I proceed to treat of ſuch as are diſagreeable to the inclinations and deſires of the greater part of mankind. In

In general, it is neceſſary that a due obſervance be paid to all we aſſociate with, according to their quality and degree. Superiors are to be reverenced: to equals we muſt be kind and affible; and inferiors are to be gently handled. We ought neither to ſpeak nor do any thing that may argue want of juſt eſteem of thoſe, in whoſe company we are.

And hence it follows in particular, that it is a very indecent cuſtom for men to compoſe themſelves to ſleep, in a place where they are met to paſs away two or three hours: for they that deliberately do ſo, plainly ſhew, that they little value the diſcourſe, or perſons of them they are with. It may alſo be added, that as one ſleeps (eſpecially if he lies not at eaſe) he may chance to do that which is unpleaſant, both to the eyes and the ears of others.

It is likewiſe a rude and ungenteel thing, to riſe from the company of grave men, and diſturb their ſerious diſcourſe, by traverſing the room, as it were for a wager.

It is a vain glorious and fooliſh trick to pull out of your pocket, and read, firſt one, and then another letter, and to hold them ſo, as the ſtanders by may diſcern the titles given you in the ſuperſcription; for by this you ſeem willing to have it thought, that you are exceeding full of buſineſs, or mightily courted for your merit. Nor is it allowable, in my opinion, to draw out your ſciſſars or pen-knife, to clip or pare your nails, or pick your teeth, and cleanſe your ears, as if you judged it not worth the while to talk, or liſten to any preſent.

Moreover it is expedient that we refrain from ſome other practices, much in uſe. We muſt not whiſtle, nor chirp and ſing between our teeth; nor drum with our fingers upon a table, nor throw out our legs, nor weave up and down; for by ſuch odd, ridiculous geſtures we demonſtrate, that we reſpect no body near us.

Beſides, it is not at all comely, when you are weary, and have a mind to compoſe yourſelf to reſt, to turn your back to

another's face, or lay out your leg, that thoſe parts which ought to be covered ſhall be expoſed to open view; for this is a degree of boldneſs not fit to be practiſed, unleſs amongſt thoſe, with whom we have contracted a cloſe friendſhip, and of whoſe cenſures we need not be afraid.

Every one ſhould ſtand and walk with his body upright, and not loll like an idle lubber, upon another's ſhoulders, as if he wanted a prop to hold him up.

You muſt not, whilſt you are diſcourſing with another, make ſcurvy faces, or ſhrug your ſhoulders, but bear what is ſpoken with an even temper; nor muſt you ſtrike him you talk to ever and anon with your hand or ſtaff, or jog and puſh him with your elbow, and cry out almoſt at the end of every ſentence, Is not this true Sir? Have not I ſaid right now? Is not this to the purpoſe?

[*To be continued.*]

Of the natural increaſe of BEES, *and of our bad Management of them, which prevents it.*

FROM the vaſt number of eggs laid by a ſingle female Bee every day, it is eaſy to conceive that their increaſe muſt be very great, ſince the females continue laying more or leſs all the year. A common ſwarm conſiſts of about twelve thouſand Bees, and this ſwarm uſually lives about eight or ten years. Every year this ſwarm is capable of ſending out three or four new ſwarms, and each of theſe will live and produce in the ſame manner three or four new ſwarms every year; ſo that the produce of any one ſwarm, during its whole life, is an amazing multitude. We are ſenſible that there requires very little care to preſerve theſe creatures, and that their propagation is done without any aſſiſtance from us at the time; ſo that they need very little more than to be left alone, in order to increaſe to our great advantage.

The flowers of the field yield them their wax and honey, ſo valuable to us; and it is eaſy to conceive, that of the immenſe profuſion Nature yields of theſe, it is only a very ſmall part that is ever brought to uſe on this occaſion; if we reflect on the vaſt extent of country covered with theſe materials of wax and honey, and the very few places where Bees are propagated among us, we ſhall find it a very moderate computation, that not one flower in five thouſand is ever touched by a Bee: that is, in other words, that Nature affords us the materials for five thouſand times as much wax and honey as is ever brought to perfection among us; and that if we would more carefully propagate and provide for theſe little creatures, we might have five thouſand times as much of both theſe commodities annually produced among us, as we at preſent have.

The prodigious increaſe of Bees would naturally furniſh us with labourers ſufficient, to collect and work theſe materials. But we prevent this increaſe, by deſtroying great numbers of them annually, and often ſuffering whole hives to periſh. When a winter ſeaſon happens in which the Bees eat more than ordinary, we ſuffer them to die of hunger by not ſupplying them with a proper quantity of food, when the fields afford them none: when they are ſo few in number in a hive, that they muſt periſh with cold, not being able to keep one another from freezing, we leave them unhelped to take their chance; but though great numbers periſh every year in this manner, yet the quantities we deſtroy in taking the honey are ſtill greater. When the countryman feels his hive heavy and full of rich combs, he digs a hole in the ground, near its ſtand, and putting into this hole lighted rags dipped in melted brimſtone, he ſets the hive over the vapour, and ſmothers and deſtroys all the inhabitants in an inſtant!

If we conſider all the produce of young ſwarms that would in five or ſix and twenty years have been had from the

ſwarms thus deſtroyed, at three or four years old, and add to it the produce of thoſe ſwarms we leave to periſh in the other manner, we ſhall find that it is in our power, by ſaving and preventing this deſtruction, to have in a few years Bees enough for the gathering immenſely larger quantities of honey than we at preſent have; and it is by this means alone, that the French and Dutch now obtain ſuch prodigious quantities beyond what we ever did, or they ever uſed to do. The contrivance was owing to Monſieur de Beaumur, and is compriſed under the following articles.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of the Argument in favour of the Doctrine of Neceſſity, from the conſideration of Cauſe and Effect.

[*Continued from page* 83.]

BUT the Doctor endeavours to illuſtrate the matter by an example, (page 11th) thus, "If, ſays he, I take a pair of ſcales loaded with equal weights, they both remain in equilibrio. By throwing an additional weight into one of the ſcales, I make a change in the circumſtances, which is immediately followed by a new ſituation, viz. a depreſſion of the one, and an elevation of the oppoſite ſcale. And having obſerved the ſame effect before, I was able to foretel, that this depreſſion of the one ſcale, and elevation of the other, would be the certain conſequence. It could not be otherwiſe, whilſt the ſame laws of nature were preſerved. In order to its being poſſible for it to have been otherwiſe, the laws of nature muſt have been ſo framed, as that upon throwing in the additional weight, the ſcale might, or might not have been depreſſed, or it might have been depreſſed without any additional weight at all. But, in thi

this caſe, there would have been an effect without a cauſe, there having been no change of circumſtances previous to the change of ſituation, viz. the depreſſion of the ſcale. In fact, this is the only reaſon why we ſay that ſuch an effect would have been produced without a cauſe."

The doctrine of the ſcales with equal weights, and of one being depreſſed by putting in an additional weight, whilſt the other is elevated, is very true, as Dr. Prieſtley ſays, whilſt the ſame laws of nature are preſerved; that is, whilſt the will of God is ſo. But, let us ſuppoſe with him, that the laws of nature had been ſo formed, as that upon throwing in the additional weight, the ſcale might, or might not have been depreſſed, or it might have been depreſſed without any additional weight at all. What then? Dr. Prieſtley ſays, in this caſe, there would have been an effect without a cauſe. I ſay, there would have been the ſame cauſe, but a different effect. To know who is right, let the cauſe be conſidered in the former caſe, where an additional weight is thrown into one ſcale, when in equilibrio, and then one ſcale is depreſſed, and the other elevated. The cauſe is, the laws of nature, or in other words, the will of God, a ſelf-determining intelligent agent or being. Dr. Prieſtley ſays, it could not be otherwiſe, whilſt the ſame laws of nature were preſerved, and that becauſe of which, it could not be otherwiſe; i. e. the laws of nature muſt be the cauſe why it was ſo. In the ſecond caſe, the ſuppoſition is, that if an additional weight was thrown into the ſcale in equilibrio, it might, or might not have been depreſſed. What was the cauſe? The very ſame as before, viz. the laws of nature. Dr. Prieſtley himſelf, ſuppoſes the laws of nature to have been changed, and to have been ſo framed as to have the above conſequences. The conſequences, in both caſes, ariſe from the ſame cauſe, the laws of nature, or will of God; yet, in the two caſes put, the laws are ſuppoſed to be differently framed. Certainly then the conſequences muſt be different. In the firſt caſe, one ſcale is depreſſed by throwing in an additional weight.

The

The cauſe generally aſſigned is gravity or the attraction of the earth, or in Dr. Prieſtley's words, the laws of nature, all which are only words invented in this caſe to expreſs an effect, which we find by experience, generally follows upon one body or maſs of matter approaching another. But they all are in reality non-entities, or creatures of the imagination, whilſt the real cauſe muſt be, as before obſerved, ſomething really exiſting and preſent, and not a mere imaginary term exhibited as a real cauſe, in order to conceal our ignorance. What is gravity or attraction? No man knows. That material bodies when near other material bodies, mutually attract each other, is very true; but can any man ſay how, or why? It is clear, that it is not by any inherent power in matter itſelf, becauſe the action of attraction between two bodies, is frequently exerted at a great diſtance from the bodies themſelves. Yet no one thing can act where it is not; or, as Sir Iſaac Newton ſays, "*Virtus ſine ſubſtantia non eſſe poteſt*;" no body, however large, can exert any power where it is not itſelf, or beyond its own terminating ſurface; or, in other words, no one thing can act where it cannot reach. If it could, one might aſſign any thing whatſoever for the cauſe of any effect whatever, however diſtant, or however unconcerned. Hence, the earth at a diſtance, cannot by any inherent power in it, or beſtowed upon it, attract the ſcale and weight thus deſtroying the equilibrium. Neither can any thing whatever exert this power, and overcome the innate or natural inactivity of the matter, or weight in the ſcale, ſo as to move it, unleſs that ſame thing actually exiſt, be preſent, and exert ſuch a force or power upon it, as to produce the effect. This excludes every thing viſible to man, as the cauſe of the ſcale deſcending, as well as every word or term, which is no real entity, but a mere creature of the mind, whether it be called impulſe, attraction, gravitation, laws of nature, or any ſuch like.

The cauſe then muſt be ſome intelligent, inviſible, and alſo ſome preſent agent; and I may alſo add, ſome ſelf-determining

agent

agent, not acting invariably and neceſſarily, becauſe we actually find the laws of nature in gravity or attraction, to have been frequently ſuſpended and altered; particularly in the red ſea dividing for the children of Iſrael to paſs through. "The waters becoming a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." * Alſo in the waters of Jordan dividing, as mentioned above. And what is moſt to the purpoſe, † the axe-head which fell into the water and ſunk, after ſome time aroſe to the top and did ſwim, though made of iron. Many more inſtances of the ſuſpenſion or alteration of the general laws of gravity or attraction might be brought, but theſe are ſufficient. When it pleaſed God to make iron ſwim, it did ſo, and if it was his will, it would always do ſo: why then can he not cauſe a weight in a ſcale to aſcend, deſcend, or equiponderate according to his pleaſure? So far from gravity being a law of nature, if we conſider well what has been obſerved before, it will appear to be a ſupernatural influence or power, generally exerted by ſome inviſible, unknown agent, to overcome the natural inactivity of matter, which is its fundamental law and real property. If this power, thus exerted, was totally ſuſpended, all matter would from thence-forward continue in its preſent ſituation, whether of motion or reſt, without any poſſibility of change. In ſuch a caſe, what could there be to cauſe any change whatever? All changes in matter muſt ariſe from what we call attraction, or impulſe; neither of which can have any original cauſe, except ſome power or force exerted by ſome ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining agent, acting at pleaſure. Becauſe we find ſuch force or power not neceſſarily and invariably exerted, but ſometimes altered and ſuſpended by ſome ſelf-determining exiſtence, as above-mentioned. Hence it appears that all corporeal things do not act invariably and neceſſarily, much leſs then do mental and intelligent beings. For we may

* Exodus xiv. 22. † 2 Kings vi. 5.

obſerve,

obſerve, that the effect, even in the material world, does not always invariably and neceſſarily depend upon the cauſe, if by that cauſe (with Dr. *Prieſtley*) we mean the laws of nature only, though it always does depend upon the cauſe, if we mean the real original cauſe, viz. a ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining agent, able to work many effects at pleaſure, uncontrolled by neceſſity or any foreign power whatever. Hence appears the reaſon why we are * "not able to determine a priori, how man (a ſelf-determining man) will act in any particular caſe." It is for the very ſame reaſon that we † "cannot tell which way the wind will blow to-morrow," viz. becauſe the laws of gravity, or the general and mechanical laws of motion in the material world, are owing to a continual exertion of power by Almighty God; or at leaſt, ſome immaterial, ſelf-determining agent, deputed by him for that purpoſe. Dr. *Prieſtley* ſays, page 13th, "a particular determination of mind could not have been otherwiſe than it was, if the laws of nature, reſpecting the mind, be ſuch as that the ſame determination ſhall conſtantly follow the ſame ſtate of mind, and the ſame views of things." To which I anſwer, very true, admitting the laws of nature, reſpecting the mind, to be always as he ſtates the caſe; but it appears above, that the laws of nature, even in the material world, do not conſtantly and invariably influence all things, even when in the ſame ſtate, becauſe ſelf-determining and intelligent agents often interfere and interrupt them, much leſs, then can we admit the caſe to be as ſtated in the mental and intellectual world.

[*To be continued.*]

* Dr. *Prieſtley*, page 13. † Ibid

The

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 88.]

FOR the better clearing the truth of this doctrine, I ſhall prove it by ſcripture examples, and reaſons.

1. For ſcripture proofs, there are very many both in the Old and New Teſtament. What the Apoſtle ſaith of godlineſs, 1 Tim. iv. 8, that it *is profitable unto all things, having the promiſe of this life, and of that which is to come*; I may ſay of charity: it is profitable unto all things, having promiſes of temporal bleſſings, as well as of ſpiritual and eternal.

Deut. xv. 10, *Thou ſhalt ſurely give unto thy brother, and thy heart ſhall not be grieved when thou giveſt unto him; becauſe for this the Lord thy God ſhall bleſs thee in all thy works, and in all that thou putteſt thine hand unto.* It is not thine own labour or care, but the divine bleſſing that maketh rich, and of that bleſſing behold here is a ſcripture-entail, upon the liberal. And the like we have, Prov. iii. 9, 10, *Honour the Lord with thy ſubſtance*, by giving a portion thereof for the relief of the poor, *ſo ſhall thy barns be filled with plenty*; and as thy barns, ſo thy ſhop, thy cellars, warehouſes, *and thy preſſes ſhall burſt out with new wine.* This ſeemeth to be an hyperbolical expreſſion; yet it ſignifies no leſs than this, That God's uſual way is to make good returns of all we lay out upon him and his; and that our wiſeſt way, both for enſuring and improving what we have, is to make ourſelves creditors to his needy children.

A compaſſionate heart, and a helping hand will gather by expending; ſuch giving is getting, ſuch bounty is the moſt compendious way to plenty. Whereupon the wiſe man addeth, Prov. xi. 24. *There is that ſcattereth, and yet increaſeth;*

there is that with-holdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. Who is he here that ſcattereth? Not he that waſtes his eſtate upon his back and his belly, but he *that caſteth his bread upon the waters; he that diſperſeth and giveth to the poor*, as Pſalm cxii. 9. This is the ſcatterer in that text. And is he waſted? Is he impoveriſhed? Behold the contrary: the man is grown rich, he is increaſed by ſcattering. Let him look to it, that with-holdeth more than is meet: this is the more likely man of the two to be found ſhortly on the dunghil. If thou wilt ſecure thyſelf from beggary, keep not God's beggars from thy door, nor ſend them away empty. Fear not to loſe by laying out. Thy laying up what thou ſhouldſt lay out hath the moſt danger in it. The divine curſe may wither that in thy hand, which thou holdeſt faſt againſt the divine command.

In the following verſe we read farther: *The liberal ſoul ſhall be made fat.* The ſoul is often in ſcripture taken to ſignify the man, and ſo here, To be made fat, ſignifies to proſper, to abound, or to grow rich in this world's goods; and thus it ſhall be, if this ſcripture may be credited.

The liberal ſoul.] In the Hebrew it is, the ſoul of bleſſing; the merciful man is a bleſſing, and hath a bleſſing for ſuch as need him: and he that is a bleſſing, ſhall be bleſſed; the Lord God ſhall bleſs him with an increaſe of ſubſtance, who hath moſt emptied himſelf for him and his. It is true that the ſoul of the liberal properly taken, ſhall be a gainer by his liberality; none more thriving Chriſtians, than the merciful Chriſtians, what they expend in temporals is abundantly returned in ſpirituals. But becauſe there is ſo much of carnal, even in too many Chriſtians, and we have need of encouragements ſuited to our tempers; therefore to our ſpiritual advantages, which are the greateſt, theſe outward encouragements are added. So that this is the ſenſe of the place. The liberal man, as the encouragement of his liberality, ſhall proſper in the world. And as it follows, *He that watereth*, the

ſoul

ſoul of the needy, his waters ſhall not fail, but he *ſhall be watered alſo himſelf.* God will give to him, according as he hath given to others.

And for their farther encouragement, ſaith the wiſe man, Prov. xix. 17, *He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, ſhall He pay him again.* If that which thou giveſt be repaid thee again, how can it be ſaid to be loſt? Indeed the poor, unto whom thou giveſt, are not able to repay thee, yet having ſuch a ſurety, as God himſelf, who hath undertaken the repayment, thou needeſt not doubt thereof. O happy is that man that becomes a creditor to his Creator, and makes God his debtor! *whoſe is the earth, and the fulneſs thereof.* Heaven and earth ſhall be emptied before he ſhall want a royal payment.

Fear not to be a uſurer ſo thou lendeſt unto God, make him thy debtor, and he will ſurely pay thee principal and intereſt. Allow him his time (for that he will have) and he will not only pay the debt, but allow thee for the forbearance. *The ungodly borroweth, and payeth not again*; but this ſhall never be ſaid of the righteous God: he is juſt, and will make good payment of whatſoever is lent unto him.

It is true; the Lord will be truſted, and thoſe that will not give him credit, let them, if they can, put their eſtates into ſurer hands. And he uſes to pay by way of returns, it may be neither in the ſame kind, nor in the ſame country. Sometimes it is ſo, that he pays not in the ſame kind, bread for bread, or clothes for clothes, or money for money. Nor poſſibly may he make his payment in this foreign land, where thou art a merchant-adventurer, but may give thee his bill of exchange to receive it in thine own country, that better country which is thy home, which ſhall be the reward of thy works, and labour of love, which thou ſheweſt to his name. And if he do thus, does he thee any wrong? Is it not beſt for thee that thou receive thy goods at thy home? Is it any harm for thee to receive ſilver for thy braſs, gold for

thy ſilver, rubies for thy gold, a treaſure in heaven, for thy treaſure on earth? Doubt not that he will be behind hand with thee; yet ſtick not if thou ſhouldſt be put to it, to wait for payment in full till hereafter; and for the preſent this thou mayeſt depend upon from Prov. xxviii. 27, *He that giveth to the poor ſhall not lack*, he ſhall have in hand what is needful at leaſt. *He ſhall not lack*, and there may be more in this word, than if he had ſaid, I will preſently pay thee all: for all that thou haſt, if thou ſhouldſt hold it ever ſo cloſe, cannot ſecure thee from ever coming to want; as great as thy abundance is, thou mayeſt come to want before thou dieſt. But what thy abundance cannot do, this promiſe of God can and doth for thee, even give thee ſecurity that thou ſhalt never lack.

[*To be continued.*]

The CASE *of* BIRSTAL HOUSE.

Recommended to the ſerious conſideration of the people called Methodiſts.

1. AS many perſons have ſpoke much upon this ſubject, without well underſtanding it, I believe it is my duty to throw all the light upon it that I can. And in order to this, I will,

Firſt, Endeavour to ſtate the Caſe;

Secondly, Argue a little upon it.

2. In order to ſtate the Caſe fully, I muſt look back to ancient times. As ſoon as the heat of perſecution was over, and Chriſtians increaſed in goods, ſome built Preaching-Houſes, afterwards called Churches. In following times thoſe that built them were termed *Paſtors*, and appointed whom they pleaſed to preach in them. And when they annext lands to them, they diſpoſed of houſe and lands together.

3. At

3. At the reformation, many rich men built new Churches, and diſpoſed of them at their pleaſure. And when many Preſbyterians and Independents in *England* built Preaching-Houſes, they placed in them whom they pleaſed; which power they left to their heirs.

4. I built the firſt Methodiſt Preaching-Houſe ſo called, at *Briſtol*, in the year 1739. And knowing no better, I ſuffered the Deed of Truſt to be drawn up in the Preſbyterian form. But Mr. *Whitefield* hearing of it, wrote me a warm letter, aſking, "Do you conſider what you do? If the Truſtees are to *name* the Preachers, they may exclude even *you* from preaching in the Houſe you have built! Pray let this Deed be immediately cancelled." To this the Truſtees readily agreed. Afterwards I built the Preaching-Houſes in *Kingswood*, and at *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*. But none beſide myſelf had any right to appoint the Preachers in them.

5. About this time a Preaching-Houſe was built at *Birſtal*, by contributions and collections. And *John Nelſon*, knowing no better, ſuffered a Deed to be drawn in the Preſbyterian form, giving twelve or thirteen perſons power not only of *placing*, but even of *diſplacing* the Preachers *at their pleaſure*. Had Mr. *Whitefield* or I known this, we ſhould have inſiſted on its either being cancelled, like that at *Briſtol*, or ſo altered as to inſure the application of the Houſe to the purpoſe for which it was built, without giving ſo dangerous a power to any Truſtees whatever.

6. But a conſiderable difficulty ſtill remained. As the Houſes at *Briſtol*, *Kingswood*, and *Newcaſtle* were *my* property, a friend reminded me, That they were all liable to deſcend to my heirs. (Pray let thoſe conſider this, who are ſo fond of having Preaching-Houſes veſted in them and *their heirs* for ever!) I was ſtruck, and immediately procured a form to be drawn up by three of the moſt eminent Counſellors in *London*, whereby not only theſe Houſes, but all the Methodiſt-

Houſes

Houſes hereafter to be built, might be ſettled on ſuch a plan, as would ſecure them, ſo far as human prudence could, *from the heirs* of the proprietors, for the purpoſe originally intended.

7. In proceſs of time the Preaching-Houſe at *Birſtal* became abundantly too ſmall for the congregation. It was then propoſed to build a new one. And a new Deed was prepared, which like the old, gave a few perſons the power of *placing* and *diſplacing* the Preachers *at their pleaſure*. This was brought and read to me at *Daw-Green*. As ſoon as ever I heard it, I vehemently objected to it, and poſitively refuſed to ſign it. I now thought I had done with it: but in the evening, ſeveral perſons came again, and importunately urged me to ſign it; averring that it was the ſame in effect with the old Deed, and the old Deed *could not be altered*. Not adverting, that it *was altered* in the new one, I at length unwillingly complied.

But obſerve. Whether I did right or wrong herein, or in any other inſtance, it does not affect the merits of the cauſe. The dwelling upon this is mere fineſs, to divert us from the one queſtion, "Is that Deed right or wrong?"

8. Theſe things were mentioned at the enſuing Conference: and it was aſked, What can be done? The anſwer was, "If the Truſtees ſtill refuſe to ſettle it on the Methodiſt-Plan: if they ſtill inſiſt, that they will have the right of *placing* and *diſplacing* the Preachers *at their pleaſure*: then,

Firſt, Let a plain ſtate of the Caſe be drawn up:

Secondly, Let a collection be made throughout *England*, in order to purchaſe ground, and build another Preaching-Houſe, as near the preſent as may be."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

On

On the FOLLY *of* MISPENDING TIME.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

AN ancient poet, unreaſonably diſcontented at the preſent ſtate of things, which his ſyſtem of opinions obliged him to repreſent in its worſt form, has obſerved of the earth, "that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the reſt, ſome is encumbered with naked mountains, and ſome loſt under barren ſands; ſome ſcorched with unintermitted heat, and ſome petrified with perpetual froſt; ſo that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the paſture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The ſame obſervation may be transferred to the time allotted us on earth. When we have deducted all that is abſorbed in ſleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irreſiſtibly engroſſed by the tyranny of cuſtom; all that paſſes in regulating the ſuperficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the diſpoſal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of diſeaſe, or ſtolen imperceptibly away by laſſitude and languor; we ſhall find that part of our duration very ſmall of which we can truly call ourſelves maſters, or which we can ſpend wholly at our own choice.

Many of our hours are loſt in a rotation of petty cares, in a conſtant recurrence of the ſame employments; many of our proviſions for eaſe or happineſs are always exhauſted by the preſent day; and a great part of our exiſtence ſerves no other purpoſe, than that of enabling us to enjoy the reſt.

Of the few moments which are left to our diſpoſal, it may reaſonably be expected, that we ſhould be ſo frugal, as to let none of them ſlip from us without ſome equivalent; and perhaps

haps it might be found, that as the earth, however ſtraightened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to conſume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental diſtraction would yet afford us a large ſpace vacant for the exerciſe of reaſon and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we ſquander much of our allowance, even while we think it ſparing and inſufficient.

This natural and neceſſary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us inſenſible of the negligence with which we ſuffer them to ſlide away. We never conſider ourſelves as poſſeſſed at once of time ſufficient for any great deſign, and therefore indulge ourſelves in fortuitous amuſements. We think it unneceſſary to take an account of a few ſupernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were expoſed to a thouſand chances of diſturbance and interruption. It is obſervable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjuſt great things by diviſion, and little things by accumulation. Of extenſive ſurfaces we can only take a ſurvey, as the parts ſucceed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into maſſes. Thus we break the vaſt periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we muſt agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parſimonious anceſtors have informed us, that the fatal waſte of fortune is by ſmall expences, by the profuſion of ſums too little ſingly to alarm our caution, and which we never ſuffer ourſelves to conſider together. Of the ſame kind is the prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with ſatisfaction upon paſt years, muſt learn to know the preſent value of ſingle minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall uſeleſs to the ground.

It is uſual for thoſe who are adviſed to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themſelves as required to change

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the general courſe of their conduct, to diſmiſs their buſineſs, and exclude pleaſure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention.

But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that ſhould ſteadily and reſolutely aſſign to any ſcience or language, thoſe interſtitial vacancies which intervene in the moſt crowded variety of diverſion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and diſcover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perſeverance, than from violent efforts and ſudden deſires; efforts which are ſoon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and deſires which, if they are indulged too often, will ſhake off the authority of reaſon, and range capriciouſly from one object to another.

The diſpoſition to defer every important deſign to a time of leiſure, and a ſtate of ſettled uniformity, proceeds generally from a falſe eſtimate of created powers: unleſs we except thoſe gigantic and ſtupendous intelligences, who are ſaid to graſp a ſyſtem by intuition, and bound forward from one ſeries of concluſions to another, without regular ſteps through intermediate propoſitions. The moſt ſucceſsful ſtudents make their advances in knowledge by ſhort flights, between each of which the mind may lie at reſt. For every ſingle act of progreſſion a ſhort time is ſufficient; and it is only neceſſary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to ſevere and laborious meditation; and when a ſucceſsful attack on knowledge has been made, the ſtudent recreates himſelf with the contemplation of his conqueſt, and forbears another incurſion until the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curioſity calls upon him for freſh gratifications. Whether the time of intermiſſion is ſpent in company, or in ſolitude, in neceſſary buſineſs, in voluntary levities, the underſtanding is equally abſtracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations leſs pleaſing, it returns again to

ſtudy with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleaſures, and ſurfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not ſuffer himſelf to be diſcouraged by fancied impoſſibilities, may ſometimes find his abilities invigorated by the neceſſity of exerting them in ſhort intervals, as the force of a current is increaſed by the contraction of its channel.

From ſome cauſe like this, it has probably proceeded, that among thoſe who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have riſen to eminence, in oppoſition to all the obſtacles which external circumſtances could place in their way, amidſt the tumult of buſineſs, the diſtreſſes of poverty, or the diſſipations of a wandering and unſettled ſtate.

A great part of the life of *Eraſmus* was one continual peregrination: ill ſupplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment; hopes which always flattered and always deceived him. Yet he found means, by unſhaken conſtancy, and a vigilant improvement of thoſe hours, which, in the midſt of the moſt reſtleſs activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the ſame condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and ſolicitation, and ſo much verſed in common life, that he has tranſmitted to us a moſt perfect delineation of the manners of his age: and joined to his knowledge of the world ſuch application to books, that he will ſtand for ever in the firſt rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he ſufficiently diſcovers, by informing us, that the praiſe of folly, one of his moſt celebrated performances, was compoſed by him on the road to *Italy*; leſt the hours which he was obliged to ſpend on horſeback ſhould be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian Philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, that Time was his eſtate; an eſtate indeed, which will produce nothing without

without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for ſhow rather than for uſe.

Account of Dr. JOHNSON'S SHIPWRECK.

[Written by Himſelf.]

WE went on board at *Harwich*, on Michaelmas-day, September 29, 1648, in the William and John of *Ipſwich*, *Daniel Morgan*, maſter: and having a fair wind we ſet ſail. I being ſea-ſick went to bed, but about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Captain came into the cabin with more haſte than he was wont; which made us aſk him, whether all was well? who, like a tender hearted man, who is loth to tell the worſt to his friend, replied, All is well: yet when I ſaw him ſhift himſelf with ſuch haſte, I aroſe from my bed, and crawled upon the deck, where I ſaw a ſad ſpectacle; the ſhip having ſprung a leak, or rather a plank, was ready to ſink. On ſeeing this, every man was affrighted. One was at his prayers, another wringing his hands, and a third all in tears! After this they fell to work; but all in vain. The mate, who went to ſearch the leak, told us with a ſad countenance, That the leak could not be ſtopped; and that the water came in ſo faſt, that we muſt periſh in that moment! Upon which we preſently caſt out our long-boat, and ſhot off eight or nine guns to another ſhip, which came out with us, to come to our relief. Then, with ſome difficulty we all got into the boat, and came clear of the ſhip, whoſe ſails lay now flat upon the water. And now we were roving we knew not whither, for the other ſhip came not to our relief, which

made us have hard thoughts of them without cauſe; for we afterwards underſtood, that both the ſhip, and all the men periſhed in the ſame hour.

Now were we without all hope; for it blew half a ſtorm, and we were in a ſmall veſſel many leagues from the ſhore, without compaſs or proviſion; being ſtarved likewiſe with cold, as well as for want of victuals: having nothing in our boat but a ſmall kettle, which ſerved to caſt out the water, and three bags of pieces of eight, of three hundred pounds ſterling, which would neither feed us, nor keep us warm. In this diſtreſs we went to prayers, and it pleaſed God to hear us, and to ſend a ſhip to us, even in the moment of death, which we endeavoured to come to, and they likewiſe to come to us; but the ſtorm was ſo great, that we could not reach one another. When it was dark, they hung out a light, and, to let them know we were alive, ordered us, that when a wave took us up, to give a great ſhout, which we did ſo loud that I believe our cry was heard in heaven; for by God's aſſiſtance we got near the ſhip, and ſoon after got all ſafe into it.

The next day it blew fair for *Norway*, whither we were bound, and about twelve at noon we ſaw the coaſt; which being ragged and full of rocks, we reſolved to ſtay till the next morning before we went in. We then ſat down to meat, and ate very heartily: being kindly entertained by the honeſt Norwegian. About ten o'clock at night we laid us down to reſt, after having prayed and ſet our watch. But immediately our ſhip ran with full ſails upon a rock, and gave ſuch a crack, as awoke the moſt dead aſleep among us. On this the mariners cried out, Mercy! mercy! It pleaſed God, that the ſhip ſtuck ſo faſt in the cleft of a rock, and her bow over the main rock, that the former part of her ſtood firm; but breaking in the ſtorm, one of the ſeamen leapt from the bow upon the rock, with a rope in his hand, which was faſtened to one of our maſts, and held with ſuch a

ſtiff

ſtiff hand, that another ſlid down by it; and ſo twenty-eight of our company came ſafe to the rock. I was the laſt that came down the ſhip that way; for in that very moment ſhe gave way; which the maſter being ſtill on board, perceiving, made lamentable moans to us to come and help him, which we endeavoured to the utmoſt to do, but all in vain; for the ſhip broke, and ſunk immediately.

Thus was this good man, with four of the mariners, drowned. I ſaw the maſter, with a light in his hand, fall into the ſea, the ſadeſt ſight I ever yet beheld: and it pierced my very ſoul, to ſee him that ſaved our lives, loſe his own.

Now were we in the dark upon the rock: but knew not where, while our feet were cut upon the ſharp ſtones. At length, we happened on a hole in the rock, which ſheltered us from the wind. In the morning we could ſcarce perceive any land; only we had a glimpſe of the coaſt of *Norway* at a great diſtance. We ſoon grew hungry, but had nothing to fiſh with but our arms, with which we drew up ſome ſmall muſcles, and theſe we eat heartily; but we burnt with thirſt, and I would have given all I had for a draught of freſh water. We now ſaw a ſhip coming towards us with full ſails, and we waved our hats to them; but they went off and never came near us. On this we betook ourſelves to our laſt remedy, prayers. The Danes firſt ſang one of Luther's pſalms, then fell to their prayers; and I prayed as long as I was able to ſpeak, and then laid myſelf down on the rock, thinking I ſhould never riſe more in this world. But I overheard one of the ſeamen ſay, Let us make a raft and venture to ſea; I had rather be drowned, than lie here and be ſtarved. They all preſently concluded on it: and the ſea having fallen from the rock had left our ſails, maſt and anchors, with part of the ſhip thereon. Of this they ſoon made a ſlight boat, and it being a great calm, the raft paſt through the beeches with four men in it; had it touched only on them, they would have rent it in pieces, however, through

through God's goodneſs, they arrived ſafe in Norway, and returned with ſeveral boats, ſo that we came all of us once more ſafe to land, and were entertained at an honeſt Lutheran Miniſter's houſe, where, after we had continued for ſome days, with little money, and much thanks, we parted, and came to Frederickſtadt. There the people ran after us in the ſtreet, and with compaſſionate eyes gave us what we wanted without aſking. From this we went to Bterſondt, and there went on board an Engliſh ſhip. We had not been above two or three hours at ſea till the mariners again cried, Mercy! mercy! For we had almoſt fallen foul on a rock under water, which we did not eſpy till juſt upon it; but by the mercy of God, we ſailed cloſe by it, and eſcaped: the leaſt touch of which had been our ruin.

About noon we came clear of all the rocks on the coaſt of Norway, and were ſailing for England with a fair gale of wind, when our third ſhip ſprang a leak. We had no way to relieve ourſelves but by pumping, (for the leak could not be found) which we did night and day, for four or five days together, when we arrived ſafe in Yarmouth, through the mercy of God.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCXLIX.

[From the Rev. R. Moſs to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Harbour Iſland, April 28, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

LAST November I received your books, and have diſtributed as many of them among the Americans as I could. We can hear no news from America. They will tell us nothing, if it makes againſt their own cauſe, and their newspapers are nothing but lies to deceive the hearts of the ſimple. A little

A little before laſt Chriſtmas ſeveral of the merchants came to Church to hear me preach, and either through my praying for the King, or through ſomething in my exhortation they did not like, they took counſel to decoy me into one of their veſſels, and carry me into a Letter of Mark which they had riding in the harbour. If that ſcheme ſhould fail, they reſolved to take me out of my own houſe by night, and ſend me away; ſuppoſing they ſhould not have many enemies at Harbour-Iſland when I was gone. But God who dwelleth in the heavens laughed them to ſcorn, ſo that I am here yet preaching Chriſt to ſinners, and praying for King George. But how long any one will be ſafe in theſe iſlands, who do not join the Americans, God only knows.

I have heard of ſeveral of the Miſſionaries in America, who have been uſed ill for praying for the King; but have never heard of the name of George Shadford, neither did I know, that any preachers in connexion with you, were in America. May God ſtand by them in the trying hour!

As to pure religion, I fear it is little thought of and leſs practiſed either in South, or North-America. I fear, that only a thirſt for Engliſh blood runs through all the Colonies. And as to the few Bahamas, they in general, are ſtriving every man for his own gain from his quarter: a few in Harbour-Iſland excepted.

Moſt of the reſt, I fear, may be reckoned among thoſe of whom it was ſaid, They fear not the Lord, but ſerve their own gods, both they, and their children, and their children's children: as their fathers did, ſo do they unto this very day.

Happy are the religious part of the people in England; for they feed in green paſtures, and ſit every man, under his own vine and under his own figtree, none making them afraid. O that they were wiſe, and took the advice that Joſeph gave to his brethren, and not fall out by the way.

May the God of mercy bring me to your remembrance, when you are pleading the cauſe of thoſe who deſire an intereſt in your

your prayers. My poor prayers are ever for you. May he yet make you a bleſſing to his church, and late remove you to his bleſſed kingdom!

I muſt for ever own myſelf indebted to you, under God, for all the bleſſings I am endued with, either ſpiritual or temporal. And conclude, dear Sir, your moſt unworthy, but very affectionate and obedient Son, and Servant in the Goſpel,

RICHARD MOSS.

LETTER CCCCL.

[From Miſs E. R. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Otley, June 24, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

MANY thanks to you for the repeated proofs of your watchful care over me. Glory be to God, I feel my will wholly given up to Him. I delight in what he chuſes: and as to life and death, I am in a ſtrait between two, and cannot chuſe either. The time when, and manner how, I entirely leave to him, who ordereth all things well; but am led to think that in a little time I ſhall be,

"Where ſaints in an extaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God."

Neither have I any fear of the pain of diſſolution. The Lord gives me to believe that dying will be like falling aſleep in the arms of God, and the tranſporting thought of waking in the realms of endleſs day, fills me with joy unſpeakable.

As to my friends, I never loved them better; but at God's command I freely leave them all. "Death itſelf cannot our kindred ſouls diſjoin," neither ſhall our bodies be parted long.

I always

I always feel the eternal God present; but of late my soul has thirsted for a fuller manifestation of the ever blessed Trinity. Glory be to God, I constantly feel his spirit witnessing with mine, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. From the time I first received this blessed testimony, I have never lost it. Of late it hath been more strong, more permanent, more clear. Indeed I am always happy, and sometimes unspeakably so. I ever feel my spirit peaceful, calm, and serene. My hope is full of immortality. I feel a pledge of future bliss, and greatly rejoice in hope of shortly being in the full possession of that inheritance to which I seem swiftly hastening. O what mercy has been, and still is extended to me! I am a sinner, freely and fully saved by grace, I have but one desire, viz. to glorify God in time and eternity. I long to plunge into all the depths of God. My soul thirsts for all I see before me.

May that God whose you are, and whom you serve, ever fill your spirit with his perfect love.

I continued till last Friday much as I was when you left us. Since then I have been rather worse; but all my Lord does is right. I trust you will continue to pray for me: but do not ask ought but, "Father, thy only will be done!" Reprove, advice, or instruct as you see needful. In so doing you will greatly oblige, Rev. Sir, your ever affectionate, though unworthy friend,

E. R.

LETTER CCCCLI.

[From Mrs. S. N. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Ramsbury Park, June 29, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Designed to have written to you long ago; but heard you were gone to Ireland.

I have found God to be a ready help in the time of trouble; which happened a few days after you left us. The deliverance I then experienced was great indeed; for it was done unto me, not only according to my faith, but even beyond my moſt ſanguine expectation. This has made me more ſenſible than ever, that it is good to truſt in God: yet I long to feel more of the efficacy of faith in daily occurrences.

Sometimes I feel too great a propenſity to reaſon about future things. But at others, I ſee the neceſſity of maintaining peace of mind through every ſcene; and of intereſting myſelf no otherwiſe in any concern, than faithfully to perform my duty to God and man, without dwelling upon the pleaſing or painful circumſtances that attend the performance of it; or looking upon any other way of life as more eligible than that in which I am placed. Satan plys me hard with this temptation, and what greatly ſtrengthens it is, the manners and diſpoſitions of thoſe I am concerned with.

Mr. N. joins in love to you, with your affectionate, though unworthy friend and ſervant,

S. N.

LETTER CCCCLII.

[From Miſs E. M. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Oxford, June 30, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

IN hopes of your meeting with this, I write for your friendly aſſiſtance, which I ſhall always eſteem very highly. I have met with many trials ſince I wrote laſt, but have had power given me to bear them all. Nor do I fear, but God will ſupport me to the end; for while I look to him, I always find him a preſent help in times of trouble.

My

My Muſic-Maſter talked to me a few days ago concerning the Methodiſts; and ſaid, "They are a ſet of the deceitfuleſt people in the world, and only want to draw you into their opinion." I told him I knew very little of them; but what I did know was ſuch as I could profit by. He than aſked, "What can you ſee in going to their b—kg—d meeting-houſe?" I anſwered, I wanted to ſee nothing; but went to hear the goſpel, that, with God's help, and by waiting on him, in his appointed way, I might be enabled to lead a new life, and know that my ſins are forgiven At laſt he told me, I had all the ſymptoms of a ſtrong Methodiſt. To which I replied, Would to God I was a good Methodiſt, then I ſhould not care what the world thought of me: to which he anſwered, "I would rather they were at the d—v—l* then bring you over to their fooliſh opinion!"

Dear Sir, I have all the reaſon in the world to bleſs and pray for thoſe who have under God, been the means of letting me ſee, that without repentance, and a determination to lead a new life, I ſhall be deſtroyed, body and ſoul, to all eternity.

When I reflect that I may ſoon be called away (as I have almoſt engaged myſelf to go to Scotland for ſix months,) I think, what will become of my poor ſoul, unleſs God is merciful, and gives me grace to ſtand againſt all temptations! as no perſon can poſſibly be more expoſed than I am continually. However, he is ſufficient; and as my day is, ſo will my ſtrength be.

I hope, dear Sir, to hear from you ſoon. In the mean time I reſt your much obliged, and humble ſervant,

E. M.

* Well ſaid Fiddler! So you would rather that *ſixty* or *eighty thouſand* ſerious people were all at the d-v-l, than that a ſingle pupil of yours ſhould go among them! What a deleſtable Chriſtian are you! And what a worthy member of the moſt renowned Univerſity in the world! And will *you* talk of the Church of England? Would it not be well if *you* went to the Methodiſts, or ſome where elſe, to learn better manners and better language; ſeeing all the inſtructions both of the Univerſity and the Church, have hitherto proved ſo ineffectual!

POETRY.

KNOW THYSELF.

O Ignorant poor man! what doſt thou bear,
Lockèd up within the caſket of thy breaſt!
What jewels, and what riches haſt thou there!
What heavénly treaſure in ſo weak a cheſt!

Look in thy ſoul, and thou ſhalt beauties find,
Like thoſe which drownèd *Narciſſus* in the flood:
Honour and *pleaſure* both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted *good*.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind ſhould worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her diſhonour with thy paſſions baſe.

Kill not her *quick'ning power* with ſurfeitings;
Mar not her *ſenſe* with ſenſuality:
Caſt not her ſerious *wit* on idle things;
Make not her *free-will* ſlave to vanity.

And when thou thinkèſt of her *eternity*,
Think not that *death* againſt her nature is;
Think it a *birth*: and when thou goèſt to die,
Sing like a ſwan, as if thou wentèſt to bliſs.

And if thou, like a child, didſt fear before,
Béing in the dark where thou didſt nothing ſee;
Now I have brought the *torch-light*, fear no more;
Not when thou diéſt, thou canſt not hood-winkéd be.

And

And thou, my *ſoul*, which turnéſt with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou can'ſt know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this fleſh of mine.

Take heed of *over-weening*, and compare
Thy *peacock's* feet with thy gay *peacock's* train:
Study the beſt and higheſt things that are,
But of thyſelf an humble thought retain.

Caſt down thyſelf, and only ſtrive to raiſe
The glory of thy Maker's ſacred name:
Uſe all thy powérs, that bleſſed powér to praiſe,
Which gives thee powér to *be*, and *uſe the ſame*.

The Character of a GOOD PARSON.

[*Imitated from* CHAUCER.]

A Pariſh-Prieſt was of the pilgrim-train,
An awful, revérend and religious man.
His eyes diffuſéd a venerable grace,
And charity itſelf was in his face.
Rich was his ſoul, though his attire was poor:
(As God hath clothéd his own Ambaſſador)
For ſuch on earth, his bleſſéd Redeemer bore.
Of ſixty years he ſeemed, and well might laſt
To ſixty more, but that he livéd too faſt:
Denyéd himſelf ſo far, to curb his ſenſe,
He made almoſt a ſin of abſtinence.
Yet, had his aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a face as promiſéd him ſincere.
Nothing reſervéd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet regards; and pleaſing ſanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.

With

With eloquence innate his tongue was armèd;
Though harſh the precept, yet the preacher charmèd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the ſky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charmèd their ears:
(A muſic more melodious than the ſpheres)
For *David* left him, when he went to reſt,
His lyre; and after him, he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great commiſſion in his look:
But ſweetly temperèd awe; and ſoftenèd all he ſpoke.
He preachèd the joys of heavèn, and pains of hell;
And warnèd the ſinner with becoming zeal:
But on eternal mercy lovèd to dwell.
He taught the Goſpel rather than the Law:
And forcèd himſelf to drive; but lovèd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds, but love, like heat,
Exhales the ſoul ſublime, to ſeek her native ſeat.
To threats, the ſtubborn ſinner oft is hard,
Wrappèd in the crimes, againſt the ſtorm preparèd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbèrous cloak away.

Lightning and thunder heaven's artillery
As harbingers before thè Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his ſtile, and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds, and God is there.

Still of his little, he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſhèd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortifièd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himſelf he would not ſee.
For Prieſts, he ſaid, and Preachers of the Word,
Were only Stewards of their ſovèreign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public ſtore,
Intruſted riches, to relieve the poor.

Who,

Who, ſhould they ſteal, for want of his relief,
He judgèd himſelf accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his pariſh, not contracted cloſe
In ſtreets, but here and there a ſtraggling houſe;
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt,
To ſerve the ſick, to ſuccour the diſtreſſèd;
Tempting on foot alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous night.
All this, the good old man performèd alone,
Nor ſparèd his pains; for Curate he had none.
Yet duly watchèd his flock, by night and day,
And from the prowling Wolf redeemèd the prey,
And hungry ſent the wily Fox away.

The proud he tamèd, the penitent he cheerèd:
Nor to rebuke the *rich* offender fearèd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living ſermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules ſevere his life he ſquarèd:
That all might *ſee* the doctrine which they *heard*.
For Prieſts, he ſaid, were patterns for the reſt:
(The gold of heaven who bear the God impreſſèd)
But when the precious gold is kept unclean,
The Sovèreign's Image is no longer ſeen.
If they be foul, on whom the people truſt,
Well may the baſer braſs contract a ruſt.
The Prelate for his holy life, he prizèd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy deſpiſèd,
His Saviour came not with a gaudy ſhow;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
Theſe marks of church and churchmen he deſignèd,
And living-taught; and dying left behind.

The

The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucifiéd, not born.
Thoſe who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his ſons, but thoſe of *Zebedee*.

Such was the ſaint; who ſhone with every grace,
Reflecting, *Moſes-like*, his Maſter's face.
God ſaw his image lively was expreſſéd;
And his new work, as in creation, bleſſéd.

FOOLS *make a* MOCK *at* SIN.——Prov. xiv. 18.

WHO laugh at ſin, laugh at their Maker's frowns,
Laugh at the ſword of vengeance o'er their head;
Laugh at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who, but for ſin had never wept or bled.

Who laugh at ſin, laugh at the num'rous woes,
Which have the guilty world ſo oft befel;
Laugh at the whole creation's groans and throes,
At all the ſpoils of death, and pains of hell.

Who laugh at ſin, laugh at their own diſeaſe,
Welcome approaching torments with a ſmile;
Dare at their ſoul's expence their fancy pleaſe,
Affront their God, themſelves of bliſs beguile.

Who laugh at ſin, ſport with their guilt and ſhame,
Laugh at the errors of their ſenſeleſs mind;
For ſo abſurd a Fool there wants a name,
Expreſſive of a folly ſo refinéd.


Mr. SAMl. MITCHELL.
Ætatis 39.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For APRIL 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 115.]

Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will as well from Neceſſity, as from Co-action.

CHAP. II.

THE queſtion being thus fully ſtated, let it be obſerved that the Liberty of the Will we contend for is,

1ſt, Plainly delivered in the holy Scripture, and may abundantly be confirmed by Arguments grounded upon Scripture.

2dly, That it is demonſtrable from reaſon, and hath been conſtantly aſſerted both by Heathens and Chriſtians.

3dly, That it hath the conſtant ſuffrage of all the ancient Writers of the Church, by whom it is delivered, as a funda-

mental article, or as a truth on which all good or evil, piety or virtue, praiſe or diſpraiſe, rewards or puniſhments depend. And,

I. 1ſt. The Scripture affords us expreſs declarations, that the Liberty of the Will, even in Chriſtian virtues, is oppoſite not only to Co-action, but Neceſſity. Thus in the caſe of chuſing that high ſtate of virginity, that *they might ſerve the Lord without diſtraction*; *the Apoſtle* determines that *he that hath no Neceſſity, but, hath Power over his own Will*, let him retain his virginity: where freedom is declared to be *a Power over our own Will*, to chuſe or not to chuſe, and ſtands oppoſed to Neceſſity, See *Oecumenius* and *Theophylact* upon the place. Again in the caſe of his working with his own hands, and receiving nothing of the Churches throughout the regions of *Achaia*, which he thought of ſo great importance to the promotion of the goſpel as to ſay, *It was better for him to die than vary from it:* he yet aſſerts his liberty by theſe enquiries, *Am I not free? Have I not power to eat, and to drink* (on the Church's charge without labouring thus?) clearly proving his freedom in that action, from his power to abſtain from it, and to do the contrary. So alſo in the caſe of *Charity, that moſt excellent grace*, he ſaith, *Every man as he purpoſeth in his heart, ſo let him give, not of neceſſity*, plainly oppoſing neceſſity to the free purpoſe of the heart; *not of Neceſſity*, ſay *Chryſoſtom* and *Theophylact*; *for Neceſſity cuts off the reward.* So he ſpeaks to *Philemon* in the caſe of *Oneſimus whom*, ſaith he, *I would have to miniſter to me in the bonds of the goſpel, but without thy mind, I would do nothing, that thy benefit ſhould not be, as of Neceſſity, but willingly.* *St. Peter* alſo inſtructs Biſhops and Elders *to feed the flock of Chriſt, not of Neceſſity, but willingly*; ſo plain an oppoſition do theſe inſpired Writers put betwixt doing a virtuous action freely and willingly, and doing it out of Neceſſity.

Arg.

Arg. II. 2dly, God and his ſervants have ſufficiently confirmed the liberty we contend for in this ſtate of trial, by ſetting life and death, good and evil before our eyes, and putting it to our choice which we will have, as in all the inſtances fore-mentioned, and in thoſe words of *Joſhua* to all *Iſrael, Chuſe you this day whom ye will ſerve, the God that brought you out of the land of Egypt*, or *the god of the Amorites*. The reaſon is plain; for whoſoever hath a liberty to chuſe, hath alſo a liberty to refuſe, and *vice verſâ*, according to thoſe words, *Before the child ſhall know to chuſe the good and refuſe the evil*. And were it otherwiſe, how can we imagine that a gracious God, and lover of his people, ſhould make this the condition of his pardoning mercy, that they ſhould chuſe the good and refuſe the evil, that he ſhould condemn them for *not chuſing the fear of the Lord*, or *for chuſing the thing that he would not*, or repreſent it as an act of faith in *Moſes*, that he *choſe rather to ſuffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon?* That laſtly, He ſhould promiſe the greateſt bleſſing to thoſe who choſe the things that pleaſed him, and threaten the ſevereſt judgments on thoſe who *choſe the things in which he delighted* not; ſeeing choice or election, in the very nature of it, is of more than one, whereas there can be no choice of more than one, where a perſon is determined to one. If then the Elect are ſo determined by God's abſolute decree to converſion, that when the divine impulſe comes upon them, they muſt unfruſtrably be converted to God, and chuſe the thing that pleaſeth him; how are they in a ſtate of trial? Or why are they bid to chuſe whether of the two they will have? If on the other hand they who from eternity are reprobated are determined ſo far to one, that though they have a liberty to do this or that evil, yet have they no liberty of contrariety, i. e. of doing good as well as evil, and ſo are determined to do evil and not good, and ſo lie under a ſad neceſſity of chuſing that which God would not, or in which he delighteth not; becauſe they cannot chuſe the fear of the Lord, or the thing that

pleaſeth him. They who aſſert theſe things muſt grant, that he who hath ſworn he would not the death of him that dieth, but would rather that he ſhould return from his iniquity and live; had before this ſerious oath ſuſpended the avoiding the death of him that dies, and his obtaining life upon impoſſible conditions, and that he offers to ſuch perſons life only on the condition of doing that which it is impoſſible for them without that ſpecial grace which they can never have, to perform. Now to paſs an act of preterition on creatures under this known diſability, and then to offer life unto them only upon impoſſible conditions; and when by reaſon of this act it is made infallible that they ſhall fail of obtaining life, to bid them chuſe life rather than death: what is it in effect but to inſult over the dreadful miſery of men, and with a hypocritical pretence of kindneſs, to condemn them to eternal death without a poſſibility of having life: ſince the known rule of logic, of the civil law, and even of common ſenſe and reaſon teacheth, That a conditional propoſition having an impoſſible condition annexed to it, is equivalent to a negative.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLIV.

On MATT. xvi. 3.

[*Concluded from page* 120.]

5. BUT how may this be accounted for? How is it, that they cannot diſcern the ſigns of theſe times? We may account for their want of diſcernment on the ſame principle we accounted for that of the Phariſees and Sadducees; namely, that they likewiſe were what thoſe were, an *adulterous and ſinful generation*. If their eye was ſingle, their whole body

body would be full of light. But fuppofe their eye be evil, their whole body muft be full of darknefs. Every evil temper darkens the foul; every evil paffion clouds the underftanding. How then can we expect, that thofe fhould be able to difcern the figns of the times, who are full of all diforderly paffions, and flaves to every evil temper? But this is really the cafe. They are full of pride; they think of themfelves far more highly than they ought to think. They are vain; they *feek honour one of another, and not the honour that cometh of God only.* They cherifh hatred and malice in their hearts: they give place to anger, to envy, to revenge. They return evil for evil and railing for railing. Inftead of overcoming evil with good, they make no fcruple of demanding an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. They *favour not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.* They fet their affections, not on things above, but on things that are of the earth. They *love the creature more than the Creator*: they are *lovers of pleafure more than lovers of God.* How then fhould they difcern the figns of the times? The god of this world whom they ferve, has blinded their hearts, and covered their minds with a veil of thick darknefs. Alas! What have thefe "fouls of flefh and blood," (as one fpeaks) to do with God or the things of God?

6. St. *John* affigns this very reafon, for the Jews not underftanding the things of God. Namely, That in confequence of their preceding fins, and wilful rejecting the light, God had now delivered them up to Satan, who had blinded them paft recovery. Over and over, when they might have feen, they would not: they fhut their eyes againft the light. And now they cannot fee, God having given them up to an undifcerning mind; therefore they do not believe becaufe that *Ifaiah* faid, (that is, becaufe of the reafon given in that faying of *Ifaiah*) *He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, that they fhould not fee with their eyes, nor underftand with their hearts,*

and

and be converted and I should heal them. The plain meaning is, Not that God did this, by his own immediate power. It would be flat blasphemy to say, that God in this sense hardens any man. But his Spirit strives with them no longer, and then Satan hardens them effectually.

7. And as it was with them in ancient times, so it is with the present generation. Thousands of those who bear the name of Christ are now given up to an undiscerning mind. The god of this world hath so blinded their eyes, that the light cannot shine upon them: so that they can no more discern the signs of the times, than the Pharisees and Sadducees could of old. A wonderful instance of this spiritual blindness, this total inability to discern the signs of the times mentioned in scripture, is given us in the very celebrated work of a late eminent Writer: who supposes, *the New Jerusalem came down from heaven*, when *Constantine the Great*, called himself a Christian. I say, *called himself a Christian*; for I dare not affirm that he *was one*, any more than *Peter the Great*. I cannot but believe, he would have come nearer the mark, if he had said, that was the time, when a huge cloud of infernal brimstone and smoke came up from the bottomless pit. For surely there never was a time wherein Satan gained so fatal an advantage over the Church of Christ, as when such a flood of riches, and honour, and power broke in upon it, particularly on the Clergy.

8. By the same rule, what signs would this writer have expected of the approaching conversion of the heathens? He would doubtless have expected a hero, like *Charles* of *Sweden* or *Frederick* of *Prussia*, to carry fire, and sword, and Christianity through whole nations at once. And it cannot be denied, that since the time of *Constantine*, many nations have been converted in this way. But could it be said concerning such conversions as these, *The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation!* Surely every one must observe a warrior rushing

ruſhing through the land, at the head of fifty or ſixty thouſand men! But is this the way of ſpreading Chriſtianity, which the author of it, the Prince of peace, has choſen? Nay, it is not in this manner, that a grain of muſtard-ſeed grows up into a great tree. Is it not thus, that *a little leaven leavens the whole lump*. Rather, it ſpreads by degrees farther and farther, till the whole is leavened. We may form a judgment of what will be hereafter, by what we have ſeen already. And this is the way wherein true Chriſtian Religion, the faith that worketh by love, has been ſpreading, particularly through *Great Britain* and its dependencies, for half a century.

9. In the ſame mannner it continues to ſpread, at the preſent time alſo, as may eaſily appear to all thoſe whoſe eyes are not blinded. All thoſe that experience in their own hearts the power of God unto ſalvation, will readily perceive, how the ſame religion which they enjoy, is ſtill ſpreading from heart to heart. They take knowledge of the ſame grace of God, ſtrongly and ſweetly working on every ſide: and rejoice to find another and another ſinner, firſt, enquiring, "What muſt I do to be ſaved?" And then teſtifying, *My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour*. Upon a fair and candid enquiry, they find more and more, not only of thoſe who had ſome form of religion, but of thoſe who had no form at all, who were profligate, abandoned ſinners, now entirely changed, truly fearing God and working righteouſneſs. They obſerve more and more, even of theſe poor outcaſts of men, who are inwardly and outwardly changed, loving God and their neighbour; living in the uniform practice of Juſtice, Mercy and Truth. As they have time, doing good to all men: eaſy and happy in their lives, and triumphant in their death.

10. What excuſe then have any that believe the Scriptures to be the word of God, for not diſcerning the ſigns of theſe times, as preparatory to the general call of the Heathens? What

What could God have done which he hath not done, to convince you that the day is coming, that the time is at hand, when he will fulfil his glorious promises; when he will arise to maintain his own cause, and to set up his kingdom over all the earth? What indeed, unless he had *forced* you to believe? And this he could not do, without destroying the nature which he had given you. For he made you Free-Agents; having an inward power of Self-determination, which is essential to your nature. And he deals with you as Free-Agents from first to last. As such, you may shut or open your eyes, as you please. You have sufficient light shining all around you: yet you need not see it unless you will. But be assured, God is not well pleased with your shutting your eyes, and then saying, "I cannot see." I counsel you to bestow an impartial examination upon the whole affair. After a candid enquiry into matter of fact, consider deeply, "What hath God wrought?" *Who hath seen such a thing? Who hath learned such a thing? Hath not a nation* as it were, been *born in a day?* How swift, as well as how deep, and how extensive a work has been wrought in the present age? And certainly, *not by might, neither by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord.* For how utterly inadequate were the means? How insufficient were the instruments to work any such effect! At least, those of which it has pleased God to make use of in the *British* Dominions and in *America.* By how unlikely instruments, has God been pleased to work from the beginning? "A few, young, raw heads, said the Bishop of *London!* What can they pretend to do?" They pretended to be *that* in the hand of God, that a pen is in the hand of a man. They pretended, (and do so at this day) to do the work whereunto they are sent: to do just what the Lord pleases. And if it be his pleasure, to throw down the walls of *Jericho*, the strong holds of Satan, not by the engines of war, but by the blasts of rams-horns, who shall say unto him, "What dost thou?"

11. Meantime

11. Meantime *bleſſed are your eyes; for they ſee: many prophets and righteous men have deſired to ſee the things you ſee and have not ſeen them, and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them.* You ſee and acknowledge the day of your viſitation; ſuch a viſitation as neither you nor your fathers had known. You may well ſay, *This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad therein.* You ſee the dawn of that glorious day, whereof all the Prophets have ſpoken. And how ſhall you moſt effectually improve this day of your viſitation?

12. The firſt point is, See that you yourſelves receive not the bleſſing of God in vain. Begin at the root, if you have not already. Now repent and believe the goſpel. If you have believed, *look to yourſelves, that ye loſe not what you have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward! Stir up the gift of God that is within you! Walk in the light as he is in the light.* And while you *hold faſt that which you have attained, go on unto perfection.* Yea, and when you are *made perfect in love*, ſtill *forgetting the things that are behind, preſs on to the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus.*

13. It behoves you in the next place to help your neighbours. *Let your light ſo ſhine before men, that they may ſee your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.* As you have time, do good unto all men, but eſpecially unto them that are of the houſehold of faith, proclaim the glad tidings of ſalvation ready to be revealed, not only to thoſe of your own houſehold, not only to your relations, friends and acquaintance, but to all whom God providentially delivers into your hands. *Ye*, who already know in whom you have believed, *are the ſalt of the earth.* Labour to ſeaſon, with the knowledge and love of God, all that you have any intercourſe with. *Ye are a city ſet upon a hill:* ye *cannot*, ye ought not to *be hid. Ye are the light of the world. Men*

do *not light a candle, and put it under a buſhel:* how much leſs the all-wiſe God. No, let it *ſhine to all that are in the houſe*, all that are witneſſes of your life and converſation. Above all, continue inſtant in prayer, both for yourſelves, for all the Church of God, and for all the children of men, that they may remember themſelves and be turned unto our God. That they likewiſe may enjoy the goſpel-bleſſing on earth, and the glory of God in heaven.

St. Helliers, Iſle of Jerſey, Aug. 27, 1787.

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 122.]

SEEING nothing remarkable has occurred in my ſpiritual or temporal affairs, from the year 1745 to 1775, I ſhall now give a farther account of my labours in Newgate.

I believe it may be upwards of twenty-one years ſince I firſt attended the debtors and felons; and ſuch an emblem of the infernal pit I never ſaw before! However, having a conſtant preſſure upon my mind to ſtand up for God in the midſt of them, I prayed much for wiſdom and fortitude. For a few years, my attending the malefactors met with ſo many repulſes from the Keepers and Ordinary, as alſo from the priſoners themſelves, as frequently diſcouraged me; but notwithſtanding this I more vehemently burſt through all; ſo that I became (in the name of God) reſolute in that point, and would take no denial. The Ordinary [Mr. *Taylor*] conſtantly ſtationed himſelf on Sunday mornings a few doors from Newgate, for the ſpace of two hours or more, to obſtruct my entrance, forbidding all the turnkeys to give me admittance; yet the God of all compaſſion frequently made an entrance for me, ſo that I had

I had an opportunity of preaching every Sunday morning on the debtors-ſide, to the number of forty priſoners, who behaved with much ſerioufneſs; after which I propoſed the uniting themſelves together in a ſociety. On their conſenting, I read to them the rules of our ſociety, and deſired them to conſider ſeriouſly whether they deemed it proper to conform to ſuch regulations or not. On my next viſit I underſtood, that, through the circumſpection of two or three priſoners, who had highly approved of my propoſals, an unity had taken place among thirty of them. For a conſiderable time they payed regular attention to my preaching, and to the meeting of the ſociety. This continued for a conſiderable time, when a great tumult was made by the Ordinary, who ever afterwards ſhut me out from thoſe parts of the priſon. But notwithſtanding all his oppoſition, there was a bleſſed work among the felons; but more eſpecially among the condemned malefactors.

One remarkable inſtance was one *Holmes*. This man was very uſeful to his fellow-ſufferers, and others. I having now no oppoſition, embraced the opportunity of viſiting ſix other malefactors. I went from cell to cell, and was locked up with every one of them, for a longer or ſhorter time, according to their ſituation. Herein the hand of the Almighty was quite evident. Finding *Holmes* more lively and active than any of the reſt, he anſwered a very uſeful purpoſe; having a clear ſenſe of forgiveneſs he exerted himſelf in bringing his fellow-ſufferers to a ſenſe of the neceſſity of being born again; and truly the Lord ſo proſpered his endeavours, that at every viſit I made, I found the reſt of the malefactors either under ſtronger convictions, or juſt ready to ſtep into the pool. The advice I gave was principally intended to make them more deeply ſenſible of their loſt eſtate.

A few days before their death, I came more home to the point, and ſhewed them how abſolutely impoſſible it was to

be happy, either in time or eternity, without a ſenſe of the forgiveneſs of their ſins.

Here I was ſtruck with the conduct of one of the young men who was a Roman Catholic, who, notwithſtanding all that I could ſay, would not be reconciled to his proſecutor; declaring that he would maintain that reſolution to his laſt moments! I told him plainly, that if he did, the word of God lay flat againſt him; quoting that paſſage of Scripture, "If ye from your heart forgive not every one his brother his treſpaſſes, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your treſpaſſes." This greatly alarmed him, ſo that he became more teachable. The night before their execution, I deſired the inner keeper of their cells, to give them the opportunity of aſſembling together in one cell, to the end they might all paſs their laſt hours in pouring out their ſouls in prayer before God: this was granted. I alſo requeſted one of the priſoners, who had been confined for ſome years, to attend them diligently, and read to them. He did ſo, and they accordingly began their exerciſe out of the Prayer-book. But after awhile one of them ſaid, "Come, let us pray extempore, and who knows but God will open our mouths." They all gladly conſented, and the Lord in his mercy did not only open their mouths, but their hearts too, and that in an unuſual manner, manifeſting himſelf unto them, as he does not unto the world; ſo that they wreſtled with God with ſuch fervor of ſpirit, from nine till twelve o'clock, that each of them was in a bath of ſweat. They then laid themſelves down to reſt from twelve till two, when they joined together again in earneſt prayer; nor did they deſiſt from it till the time arrived, when they were ſummoned to the chapel. I went that morning before day light, and availed myſelf of the joyful opportunity of getting admittance juſt before they were let down. As they entered the preſs-yard, I ſaw the happy conſequence of their laſt act

acts of devotion. No pen is able to represent the solemn joy and peace which appeared in each countenance; but particularly in that of the young Roman Catholic, whom I could not prevail upon to forgive his prosecutor: to whom I chiefly addressed myself, saying, "My dear man, how do you find yourself?" He replied, with a pleasant voice, and a heavenly countenance, "Find myself! why, truly Sir, my soul is so filled with light, love and peace, that I am the same as if I had nothing beside within me!" In this rapturous spirit he continued to his last moments. After chapel, *Holmes*, with the others, came down, and had their irons struck off. He spoke to all about him of the unspeakable love of God to him; and assured them that he knew God for Christ's sake, had forgiven all his sins: his words were so powerful, that he drew abundance of tears from the spectators. After they were haltered, they were put into three carts, and sent for execution. I went with *Holmes* in the first, spending our time to the most advantage. Upon our arrival at the tree, *Holmes* first stood up, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, didst not thou die for sinners? thou didst die for me!" Then turning round to the multitude, he prayed extempore so that it caused hundreds to be in tears. When prayers were finished by the Ordinary, all of them, agreeable to my request, went off the stage of mortality, first turning round, and putting their faces to each other, their hands being tied, and crying out, as in the voice of one man, "Lord Jesus receive our spirits!"

During the spaces which intervened between the several executions, I frequently preached and exhorted among the felons and debtors in Newgate, and constantly visited the sick in all parts of the prison, which I have reason to believe was made a blessing to many of their souls.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The EXPERIENCE *of J. B. of St.* HELLIER'S *in the Isle of* JERSEY.

[*Continued from page* 130.]

12. AFTER I fell asleep, the enemy came to me again. But I soon awoke and began to pray: on which he fled from me. And this was the last time he was permitted to assault me during my illness. Two months before this, the Lord had discovered to me the corruptions that remained in my heart; inspiring me at the same time with an ardent desire of an entire deliverance from them. It was then I perceived my Lord coming, in order to set me free, and that the adorable Trinity came (as I observed before) to dwell in my heart. This grace was likewise renewed in me, some weeks after, and increased continually, till the happy moment of my full deliverance. The manner of this I shall now relate: (N. B. Which to me appears not a little whimsical. However I submit to better judgment, being unable to determine.) The first day of my illness, about seven in the evening, the Lord wrought in me a poor sinner this great salvation. I had spent some hours in fervent prayer for the blessing, when he came to my soul and plucked up every root of sin. I contemplated with an overflowing fulness of joy, the marvellous work the Lord had wrought in me: but could not yet comprehend the manner in which the man of sin was destroyed. I saw the gate of the heavenly Jerusalem was open to me, and the Lord said, "Thou shall shortly enter in." At the same time I was accompanied with the heavenly host, and was ordered to call all my family, in order to give them my blessing, and then to pray for the Church of Christ. But O happy change, which I still experience! No more

more ſelf-will, no more deſire for any thing on earth. Every thing taſted of heaven, the Lord being the abſolute maſter of every faculty of my ſoul. Friday evening the Lord bad me ſee how he deſtroyed the man of ſin. But I cannot fully expreſs it. I beheld ſin as a horrible monſter, which the Lord diſmembered, till the whole appeared lifeleſs, and torn in pieces.

Twice he has given me to taſte, though in different ways, the fruit of the tree of life. The diſcovery which he has made to me of the inviſible world is inexpreſſible. I can only ſay, that the light of the celeſtial City ſhines refulgently bright on my ſoul.

13. While ſhe was confined to her bed, often in violent pain, ſhe expreſſed a lamb-like patience. When ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe related the inward converſation which paſt between her and her Beloved, who appeared to her in a bright, ſhining garment, of ineffable luſtre. Meantime ſhe ſaw herſelf in a gliſtening garment, near the river of death, waiting for a call to paſs over to the City which ſhe had continually in view on the other ſide. All this time ſhe had a heavenly ſmile on her countenance, with the ſimplicity and ſweetneſs of a little child.

All the members of the Society in town, and many from the country who went to ſee her, were greatly edified: every one felt a divine attention in the things which ſhe delivered. And they all ſuppoſed the ſoul would be ſoon diſlodged from its earthly tabernacle. But ſhe herſelf ſuppoſed, this would not be ſoon, yet ſhe never foretold either the hour or day. Her recovering was very gradual, it being ſome weeks before ſhe was able to walk alone.

14. What

14. What follows is the ſubſtance of her experience from this time till Midſummer. January 1786, Being one evening in meditation, the Lord took me into his holy City, and diſcovered to me a ray of his holineſs, which forced me to cry out, "O the holineſs, the holineſs of the Lord Jehovah! Who may walk in his preſence!" After this diſcovery, one beam of which had made my body ſo faint, that it could ſcarce recover, he ſhewed me a ray of his glory, and I cried out, "Ah who can endure this glory!" He anſwered, She whom I have cleanſed, even Thee! I cried out again, "O the glory and holineſs of my King! I cannot yet ſuſtain it." Whereupon the Lord ſaid, "I have made thee gracious promiſes: keep them in the ſecret of thy ſoul." I alſo heard the bleſſed cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hoſts!"

15. I was afterwards in contemplation when the Lord ſaid to me, "Write theſe things; for in ſo doing thou wilt glorify thy heavenly Father." I cried out, I *will* glorify thee, notwithſtanding Satan's rage: I then wrote as above. Being again in deep contemplation, the Lord diſcovered to me his love, his glory, and his holineſs. At this view my body became as dead, and my ſoul was in an extaſy: and I cried out, "I cannot, I cannot yet ſupport his cries!" O immenſe goodneſs of my King! Let all thy dear children bleſs and praiſe thee for ever!

One Lord's-day evening as I was ſinging the praiſes of God, I thought myſelf in heaven, where the holy angels aſſiſted me to ſing in the preſence of my King, glory be given to thee for ever! Another time I heard them ſing thoſe words in the Revelation, *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Who was, and who is, and who is to come!*

[*To be continued.*]

An

An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

[*Continued from page* 133.]

IN October I left *Loddon*, and went to live in a family, who had neither the power, nor even the form of religion: and afterwards at a diſſenting Miniſter's. Here I found the ſmiles of the world more dangerous than its frowns. Here I was almoſt perſuaded to believe, "once in grace always in grace." The cauſe of my leaning to this was, I had a darling ſin, which I wanted to keep and go to heaven. But I cried earneſtly to the Lord, and he delivered me out of the temptation. Yet not long after, I drank into the ſpirit of the world, and followed its faſhions and cuſtoms. But this followed me cloſe, "Is this the work thou cameſt back to do?" This rouſed my ſoul from its ſecurity; and I beſought God, if there was no other way to wean me wholly from the world, that he would again caſt me into the furnace. In April 1782 I returned to *Loddon*, and the Lord anſwered my prayer by laying his afflicting hand heavy upon me for twelve weeks. After I was reſtored, I ſaw more need of walking cloſely with God, and in order thereto, broke off all intimacy with my worldly acquaintance.

8. In the beginning of the year 1783, I went again to my uncle's, at *Long-Stratton*. Here the Lord deepened his work in my ſoul, and increaſed my deadneſs to the world. In October he laid his hand upon me again, and I ſeemed drawing near eternity. But it gave me no concern; knowing I was the Lord's. I was content either to live or to die. In December I removed to my father's, being thought to be near death. Yet in a ſhort time I was reſtored, and returned

to my uncle's in April 1784. Soon after the diſorder was worſe than ever, I felt not only ſharp pain, but a ſevere conflict with the devil. He tempted me to have hard thoughts of God. But though my ſoul waded through deep waters, yet he ſuffered them not to overflow me, but manifeſted his love more abundantly to my ſoul. He viſited me no more as a tranſient gueſt, but came and made his abode with me.

9. In May I was again removed to my father's, ſeeming to be again near death. Meantime I found a ſtrong deſire, to exhort all who came in my way, to ſeek the Lord. And if any paſſed unnoticed by me, I had trouble in my mind. In the beginning of June, I was frequently taken with ſurfeits as I never had before. In theſe I ſeemed as one dying, my eyes being fixt and all my ſenſes locked up. They came firſt every day, then every ſecond day, and then every third day. In one of theſe the ſinews of my left leg ſhrank; ſo that I walked on the tip of my toe. In February 1785 the fits left me, yet I continued lame. But I regarded it not, as I had an uninterrupted peace, and conſtantly enjoyed the love that caſts out fear, and walked without the leaſt intermiſſion in the clear light of God's countenance.

10. Thus I rejoiced evermore and in every thing gave thanks, till being one day beſet by the enemy, I began to reaſon with him. I let go my ſhield, doubting whether I had received pure love, becauſe I thought, if I had, I could not be tempted. Yea, I began to doubt whether I had ever known God at all. But I tried my experience by the word of God: and was convinced, there was no one upon earth that was totally free from temptation: and I reſolved in the ſtrength of God never to reſt, till I recovered all I had loſt.

11. In the beginning of March, the Lord ſet my ſoul at full liberty, by applying thoſe words, *I will, be thou clean!* Now all darkneſs was diſperſed, every doubt fled away, and I was filled with joy unſpeakable. At this time I began to ſee more clearly, the work I came back to do. It was impreſt

on

on my mind, to ſpeak in public for God: and thoſe words were continually before me, *Reprove, rebuke, exhort!* Nor could I by any means drive them out of my thoughts. But I could not bear the thought, having been in time paſt no friend to women's preaching. I therefore reſolved never to do any ſuch thing, be the conſequence what it would. From that moment it ſeemed as if the powers of darkneſs overwhelmed my ſoul: and I was forced to withdraw from the family, and pour out my ſoul before God. I intreated a portion of his word, that I might know what to do! And opened the book on theſe words, *No man lighteth a candle to put it under a buſhel.* Yet I ſtruggled with the devil ſix hours before he fled from me; and I gave myſelf up into the hands of God, to do with me what he pleaſed. He then broke in upon my ſoul. And as the room ſeemed a little before to be filled with the powers of darkneſs, it ſeemed now filled with the glory of God. I ſpent that night in prayer and praiſe. One of my ſiſters, being in the room with me, bid me hold my peace. But I told her, If I held my peace, the ſtones would cry out. I then ſhewed her the need ſhe had of a farther work in her own ſoul. And ſhe cried unto the Lord for a clean heart, and received the petition which ſhe aſked of him.

12. But my conflict with Satan, and the abundant pouring out of the Spirit of God upon me, were more than my body could bear; I was tortured with inexpreſſible pain for ſome hours: my mother aſked, What ſhe ſhould do for me? I anſwered, "Nothing. The Lord himſelf will remove it when it pleaſes him." While I was ſpeaking, the pain was taken away, and I roſe from bed immediately. I now returned to *Long-Stratton*, where in the beginning of April, my leg was reſtored as the other, without any outward help. I was grieved to leave two young women with whom I had met in band. But I believed God called me, and ſo on the tenth of May, I returned to my uncle's. But I had ſtill a

burden upon my mind, not feeing what I came thither for: for I ſtill reaſoned againſt the conviction which followed me, That I muſt ſpeak in public. Meantime my ſoul was filled with darkneſs and diſtreſs: while I was more and more convinced, that I ought to ſpeak for God. I had none to reveal my mind to, and I knew not how to begin, being kept back by fear and ſhame. Many times *my eyes gaſhed out with tears, becauſe men kept not God's law*; many times I ſaid, *O that my head was water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the ſins of my people.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of the Death of Mrs. WALKER: *late Mrs.* CLAPHAM, *of Leeds.*

[By John Booth.]

1. AS I frequently viſited Mrs. *Walker*, during her laſt illneſs, I wrote down from time to time, the moſt remarkable paſſages, which I hope may be a help to others, as they were to myſelf.

The firſt time I ſaw her, ſhe was in the garden, where we had a little converſation together. She was then weak in body: but her ſoul was very happy. I promiſed to call, when I came next that way. I did ſo, and preached. Afterwards we converſed very freely. Her will was quite given up to the will of God. She ſaid, "If I live a few years, it will be well. If not, the will of the Lord be done. All is well. He cannot err."

2. On March 3, 1787, ſhe was ſeized in ſo violent a manner, that there was little hope of her recovery. But as ſoon as her pains abated, her tongue was looſed to declare the

the goodneſs of God, and to exhort all around, to praiſe him and ſeek him with their whole heart. March the 8th, I went to preach there. She ſent for me into the room and ſaid, "When I was in health, I made a profeſſion of loving God with all my heart. So I do now that I am in a dying ſtate: glory be to God for all his mercies!" She added, "If you think my name worthy to be mentioned when I am gone hence, let a ſermon be preached on theſe words, *Follow peace with all men, and holineſs, without which no man ſhall ſee the Lord*:" but lay the emphaſis here, *without holineſs* no man ſhall ſee the Lord.

3. March 16, ſhe was apparently ſeized with death. Her ſpeech and all her faculties failed her. But after awhile they were reſtored: and ſhe declared the praiſes of God in a wonderful manner. She then ſaid, "I am happy, perfectly happy. It is not a vain thing to ſerve the Lord. O what a place is heaven! O that you did but know what I ſee! What a ſight do I now behold! I ſee *Hannah* and my dear ſiſter: they are two bright ſpirits in glory. And I ſhall be with them ſoon. I only wait thy word: I am happy, happy, happy! O Lord, thou muſt either enlarge the veſſel, or ſuffer it to break."

4. She then in a very affecting manner, took leave of all her children. *Mary* ſtanding near the bed, ſhe cried out aloud, "*Mary*, my dear *Mary!* Are you determined to be wholly the Lord's?" She replied, By the grace of God I am. She anſwered, "O reſt not in having light, but be a real, inward Chriſtian, and the Lord will bleſs you. He bleſſes you in a meaſure now! And if you cleave to him, he will bleſs you more abundantly." She then called *Rebecca*, and ſaid, "Will you begin to pray, and turn unto the Lord? You were left an orphan by your father when ſix weeks old. He ſaid upon his death-bed, Who can tell, but you may be the greateſt comfort to your mother, when all the reſt are gone? The Lord loves you, and is waiting to bleſs you with preſent and everlaſting

everlasting salvation." *Charles* then coming in, she caught him in her arms, and cried out, "O *Charles*, my dear *Charles*, I have loved *you* with the bowels of a double mother. God is my witness, I could lay down my life, for the salvation of your soul. O *Charles*, my heart bleeds for you! You have good desires, but are led astray. You have a kind father: let not his hairs be brought with sorrow to the grave. I am going to glory, and there is room for you all. O taste and see, that the Lord is gracious." *Betsy* being ill in the next room, was brought and laid down by her: to whom she cried, "*Betsy*, my dear *Betsy*; you are not for this world; there is a better place prepared for you in glory. I love you dearly. You lie near my heart. You have always behaved well: if the Lord does take you hence into his kingdom, well: yes, my dear

"There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

Yes, glory be to God, all tears will there be for ever wiped from our eyes! There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new."

5. Looking and seeing one of the servants standing by, she said, "*Nancy*, give my kind love to *Lydia*, and all down stairs, and tell them, unless they be born again, they cannot see the kingdom of God. If your coming here should prove the salvation of your souls, you will have cause to praise God to all eternity."

6. Turning to her husband, she cried out aloud, "O *Robert*, can this be death! O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! This enemy is for ever conquered. But if Christ had not died, we must have died for ever."

After

After this, turning over in the bed, ſhe ſaw *Hannah* weeping by her. Tenderly embracing her ſhe ſaid, "Thou waſt always tender over thy mother. Thou haſt been a very dutiful child. The Lord has often called thee, and is now waiting to be gracious. It is much if you ſurvive your mother long: but we cannot tell what is in the womb of Providence."

7. She then diſtinctly counted eight children and ſaid, "The Lord has juſt given me this promiſe, I will contend with them that contend with thee, and I will ſave thy children." She added, "What! them all!" And was anſwered, Yes: not a hoof ſhall be left behind. Turning to her huſband, ſhe ſaid, "*Robert*, here we are, and the children which He hath given us. I ſee places in glory for them all. I ſhall ſoon be there, and I leave you in good hands. Give my dying love to every body; for I love them all, friends and enemies:

"With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind."

Then ſhe ſang aloud,

"O what hath Jeſus bought for me!
Before my raviſhèd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of paradiſe!
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſure there!
They all are robed in ſpotleſs white,
And conquèring palms they bear."

"What, Lord! a palm for ſuch a worthleſs worm! Yes: Jeſus tells me, a royal crown, a crown of glory."

[*To be continued.*]

An

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ſome Particular PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 134.]

THERE is one Sea-production, if it may be ſo termed, that is not commonly underſtood. Some have maintained, that Ambergris was a ſubſtance naturally bred in one ſpecies of whales, in a bag three or four feet long. But this bag is in truth only the bladder of the whales, and the ſuppoſed Ambergris is only a calculus of the bladder. The largeſt of theſe ever found in a whale, weighed twenty-one pounds. But pieces of Ambergris have been found, which were ſix feet long, and weighed above one hundred and eighty pounds.

It ſeems, 1. That Ambergris, like yellow amber, comes out of the earth into the ſea. 2. That it comes not like Naphtha, but in a thicker, viſcid and tenacious conſiſtence. 3. That in the firſt formation thereof, a liquid Bitumen or Naphtha is mixed with it. 4. That large pieces may be generated at the ſame time; but uſually a ſmall one riſes firſt, to which another ſoon adheres, and ſo more and more, forming irregular figures, under which it is ſoft, ſo that various ſubſtances ſtick to it; but it gradually hardens to the conſiſtence.

However, one would not be poſitive, as to the manner of its generation. For who can explain in what manner amber is produced? Or how metals, ſemi-metals, precious ſtones, and innumerable other mineral ſubſtances, are generated? We know what they are, but how they are formed, we know not with any degree of certainty.

6. The

The principle of Corruption in plants and animals, is probably the very ſame, which during a ſtate of circulation, is the principle of life: namely the air, which is found in conſiderable quantities, mixed with all ſorts of fluids. This has two very different motions; an expanſive one, ariſing from its natural elaſticity, by which it gives their fluids an inteſtine motion, and gradually extends the parts that contain them: and a progreſſive motion. It does not appear that this is eſſential to it. Rather it is occaſioned by the reſiſtance of the ſolid parts. This reſtraining its expanſion, obliges it to take the courſe that is more free and open, which is through the veſſels of plants and animals.

When this courſe is ſtopped, the expanſive motion remains, and ſtill continues to act, till it has ſo fully overcome the including bodies, as to bring itſelf to the ſame degree of expanſion with the outward air. But this it cannot do, without deſtroying the texture and continuity of thoſe ſolids, which we call Corruption.

This deſtructive quality of the air is promoted, either by weakening the tone or coheſion of the including parts; as when fruit is bruiſed, which corrupts in that part much ſooner than in the others: or by increaſing the expanſive force of the air, by heat or ſome other co-operating circumſtance.

And certainly there is no corruption or putrefaction, without air. Hence either vegetable or animal bodies buried deep in the earth or water, remain for ages entire, which when expoſed to the air, quickly moulder away. And hence ſuch vegetables as are moſt apt to putrify, remain unchanged in vacuo.

Yet various experiments ſeem to ſhew, that air muſt be impregnated by water, before it can occaſion putrefaction, either in animal or vegetable ſubſtances. For take a pound of freſh fleſh, and keep it in a moderate heat, and it will throughly putrify in a few days. But if you firſt extract the moiſture, it will harden like a ſtone. And it may then be

kept for ages, without any putrefaction. Even blood, if you deprive it of its watry part, may be kept for fifty years. But if you then diſſolve it in water, and place it in a gentle warmth, it will putrify immediately.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 136.]

IN the pariſh of Sprear, about fifteen miles diſtant from the city of Breſcia, in the territories of the Venetians, there dwelt a countryman, named Alibius. As ſoon as he had attained the age of twenty-five years, he married an honeſt maiden, named Marilla, a farmer's daughter. But he had not lived many years in wedlock, before he had waſted the greateſt part of the ſmall eſtate that was left him. On this he gave over all thoughts of honeſt induſtry, and abandoned himſelf to the moſt looſe and diſorderly company. On this his wife requeſted ſome of their friends and neighbours, to try if they could diſſuade him from thoſe irregularities. But he not only rejected their advice, but reviled thoſe who offered it to him; and as he ſuſpected it came from his wife, he rebuked her in a very rough and outrageous manner: and upbraiding her with her barrenneſs, ſaid, "If he had a child, he ſhould then be a good huſband, and not before." His poor afflicted wife, ſending up her prayers to heaven, that it would pleaſe the Almighty to bleſs her with a child, had her requeſt granted, and became the mother of a daughter, whom they named Emelia. But ſome years after, he left his wife and child to ſhift as well as they could, and went himſelf to ſeek a ſervice in the city of Breſcia, which he ſoon obtained.

tained. His wife growing more and more odious to him, he thought, if he could get once rid of her, he might ſoon gain another with more wealth, as well as more beauty.

Having continued for ſome time at Breſcia, the man who bore the ſilver ſtaff before the Podeſta, or chief Magiſtrate of the city, died; and the maſter of Alibius, to whom he had behaved very well, being a man of great authority, preferred Alibius to this office, which was worth at leaſt an hundred zechines a year, beſide his diet. This advancement made Alibius look aloft, and ſcorn every thing that he had left at Sprear. And not long after, there was an honeſt citizen of Breſcia, who dying, left Alibius executor, and left behind him a young widow, named Philatea, rich and handſome, whom Alibius thought it would be no difficulty to make himſelf maſter of, if that hated obſtacle of a wife could but be got out of the way. For this purpoſe he rode over to Sprear, and under pretence of being willing to renew his affection to Marilla, he attempted at ſeveral times to take her off by poiſon, which he gave to her in milk, wine, and roaſted apples; but ſeeing it did not work the deſired effect, he took occaſion to quarrel with her, in the preſence of their daughter Emelia, and reviled and beat her in a moſt barbarous manner. He then returned to Breſcia; ſtill hoping the poiſon might operate, and that he ſhould ſhortly hear the good news of her death.

Meantime he laid cloſe ſiege to Philatea's chaſtity, who, being not ſo honeſt as fair, was ſoon drawn into ſin; and not long after acquainted him of the condition ſhe was in. On this he bade her take no care for a huſband, for that he would provide a retirement for her, as private as her heart could wiſh.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.

[*Continued from page* 138.]

Concerning Apparel, take the following Rules.

LET every one when he appears in public be decently clad in all respects, according to his age, quality, and the custom of the place wherein he lives: for he that does otherwise, seems to be of a cross and peevish disposition, and to affect singularity, and to contemn the common opinion and vogue of men, and to be ambitious to prescribe to others. Nor is it sufficient that our garments be made of good cloth, but we are obliged to constrain ourselves (as much as possible) to follow the garb where we reside; seeing custom is the law and standard of decency in all things of this nature. Gay clothes are the ensigns of shame and slavery, and all the glister of gold, and the gandery of silver, and silk and purple, make not so pleasant a shew as a green field bedecked with pretty flowers. A peacock's tail, in the eye of Solon, excelled the Lydian bravery; and a poor butterfly outvies all the artificial colours of the court. I would not have you conceive, that I condemn comely apparel; but this I say, that he who is instantly taken with every light mode, and makes the art of dressing his whole care and study, and runs in debt to be in the top of the newest fashion; discloses the nakedness of his soul, and shews that Discretion and Virtue hang but loosely on it. It is hugely improper (and in *England* unlawful too, being forbidden by several statutes, yet unrepealed) for those, whose duty it is to attend the King's person, to be in any point mean and sordid; but they are to take care (as *Ælien* assures us *Xenophon* did) that they be modestly fine; not to trim

up

up themſelves in a flanting dreſs, like ſo many flags of pride and vanity (as the Emperor *Auguſtus* was wont to ſpeak) but moſt ſuitable to the place and office they bear. I might here infert an honeſt, and uſeful caution: that Courtiers of all men living, ſhould diſcharge the debts they contract for their bravery; it being a diſparagement to the King's Majeſty, that his court ſhould look like a ſanctuary of injuſtice, and a den of noon-day thieves. It is convenient that all ſorts of men be attired in a manner proportionable to their degree, and that they ſtudy to be neat, but not phantaſtically fine. Clothes like the *Delphic* ſwords have a double uſe; they ſerve to adorn for honour and ſightlineſs, as well as to defend us from the injuries of the weather. But a nice curioſity grows flat in time, and weary of itſelf.

[*To be continued.*]

The French and Dutch manner of preſerving their BEES.

[*Continued from page* 140.]

AS we deſtroy an immenſe future progeny in ſmothering whole ſwarms in the hive, in order to get at the honey, ſo they, when their hives are full, contrive to clear out the Bees into a freſh hive, while they take the combs out of the old one, which afterwards ſerves for another ſwarm; thus they avoid our maſſacres of them on this occaſion.

Their dying by hunger is prevented, by ſetting honey in their way; and this they do in a very neat manner. It is a very large quantity that is neceſſary for the winter-ſtore of a poor hive; and if this was placed open before them they would get into it, and not be able to get out again; but would be entangled, and periſh in numbers in it: and finally ſo choke up, and foul its ſurface, that the reſt would not be able to get at it.

To

To prevent this, they put the honey into a large and very wide earthen veſſel, and cover its ſurface with a paper nicely fitted on, and pricked full of large pin-holes. This being preſſed down on the ſurface the honey riſes through the holes, and as the Bees ſtand on the paper to ſuck it, their weight preſſes it more down, and keeps a freſh ſupply continually riſing. Theſe are their remedies for the common accidents; but the greateſt is to come. The periſhing of the Bees, by the ſeverity of the weather, is the greateſt of all deſtructions they are liable to, and the moſt difficult to guard againſt; and it is to their invention for this purpoſe that they owe their greateſt ſucceſs, as they now loſe none by cold.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of the Argument in favour of the Doctrine of Neceſſity, from the conſideration of Cauſe and Effect.

[*Continued from page* 144.]

BUT Dr. Prieſtley adds (pages 13, 14,) "It could not be poſſible for any determination to have been otherwiſe than it has been, is, or is to be, unleſs the laws of nature had been ſuch, as that, though both the ſtate of the mind, and the views of things were the ſame, the determination might, or might not have taken place. But in this caſe, the determination muſt have been an effect without a cauſe, becauſe in this caſe, as in that of the balance, there would have been a change of ſituation without any previous change of circumſtances, and there cannot be any other definition of an effect without a cauſe." Very true, again. The determinations

of

of the mind would certainly have been conſtant, invariable, and certain if God had abſolutely ſo made the laws of nature: but the laws (or rather conſtitution of nature) are not ſo, but the contrary. They are ſuch, that though both the ſtate of mind and the views of things are the ſame, yet the determination, in many inſtances, may, or may not take place, and this according to the power of ſelf-determination, implanted in the mind of man by the Almighty God of Nature, by which it is enabled in many caſes to chooſe or refuſe, to act or ſuſpend the action, without any certain neceſſary determining motive whatever, as appears from the caſe of the hungry man, before introduced. In that example, the ſtate of mind, is an uneaſy ſenſation ariſing from hunger, and the views of things, are plenty of good victuals before him, and whatſoever other views you pleaſe to add: yet no man can certainly foretel what the man in ſuch a ſituation will do the next minute. Nay, ſo far is he from being certainly and neceſſarily influenced, that to eat or not to eat, is wholly in his own power, viz. the power of ſelf-determination in his mind: yet there is no effect without a cauſe. The cauſe in both caſes (whether he eats or does not eat) is the law or conſtitution of nature, or a power of ſelf-determination given by Almighty God to a man's mind, of acting or not acting in many caſes entirely at his pleaſure.

Dr. Prieſtley's miſtake ſeems to originate from this. He argues, becauſe (as is very true) there can be no effect without a cauſe, therefore the mind of man cannot act without ſome motive or cauſe, which always conſtantly and invariably determines its choice in every thing it does. Whereas the matter ſtands thus; The mind of man is frequently induced and determined in all its actions by ſome motive or cauſe foreign to itſelf, but yet it is not always conſtantly and invariably ſo, but has a power of ſelf-determination, which enables it in many caſes to reſiſt the moſt pleaſing inducement, and the moſt alluring motive; ſo that it may comply with the

the motive, or not, equally at pleasure. And yet if it do not comply with the inducement or alluring motive, there is also a cause of this effect of non-compliance, viz. that power of choosing or refusing, of executing or suspending its own determinations, which Almighty God has given it. Certainly, Almighty God has such a power or liberty within himself, because he has frequently exerted such a power in suspending what we call the general laws of nature, even in the material world, as instanced above. And he also as Almighty, must have such power or liberty within himself, that he might or might not do several things which he does, even in the same state, and with the same views of things. Notwithstanding this, all his works originate from him as a cause, and consequently are not uncaused. Either God has such a power and liberty, or he has not. If he has such a power, then the argument of Dr. Priestley must be inconclusive, which is founded upon the impossibility of having a change of situation (or a difference of things) without any previous change "of circumstances." (Page 14.) Unless by previous change of circumstances be meant a change in the supreme mind, arising merely from his own inherent power of self-determination, which would be granting the very thing I contend for.

But if on the contrary, God has no such power, then he is equally tied down by the influence of motives, to a constant and invariable determination and necessary action, as man is, and under the very same necessity for every action, operation, and effect, which has been done, is doing, or is to be done by him. This doctrine is certainly blasphemous, because it makes *fate*, or *necessity*, or *motive*, or *something*, superior to God himself, and constantly, invariably, and necessarily determining him to all he does. This, I think, will not be allowed by any one. Since, therefore, one of the two must be true, such a liberty and power of self-determination must at least exist in God, otherwise he is so far from being almighty, that

that on the contrary, he himſelf muſt be under the neceſſary guidance, direction and influence of (pardon the expreſſion) *Almighty neceſſity*. Since then ſuch a power and liberty belongs to Almighty God in an infinite meaſure, it cannot be inconſiſtent to ſuppoſe, that he being Almighty was at leaſt able to create a creature with ſome meaſure of the ſame liberty and power of ſelf-determination, ſo as to act or not to act in many things, uncontrolled by any thing but the Creator, and even that control exerted or ſuſpended by him at pleaſure. I ſay, this muſt be at leaſt poſſible to Omnipotence, becauſe ſuch a creature is not ſo contradictory and inconſiſtent, but even our limited capacities, can apprehend ſuch a one, and form a conſiſtent idea thereof. If we could not have proper conceptions of a creature endowed with ſuch a liberty and power; ſo great a number of men, could never have been able to have believed or even ſuppoſed ſuch an one, as we find there are who believe this. Hence we may ſee how falſe that aſſertion of Dr. Prieſtley muſt be, (page 15) that this is, "a thing impoſſible even to *divine power*, becauſe impoſſible to power *abſtractedly conſidered*." That we have ſuch a liberty and power over our own conſciouſneſs, our daily practice and experience ſufficiently teſtify. To demonſtrate the truth of this, Dr. Prieſtley ſhall put me into any ſtate he can or pleaſes (a ſtate of pain excepted) and give me what views of things he pleaſes, and then tell me what I will do the next minute, for twenty times together: yet in ſpite of all his motives, ſtate of mind, views or any thing elſe, I will every time do, not exactly what he ſays, but ſomething different. Thus Dr. Prieſtley's concluſion falls to the ground, that if man had ſuch a power as I contend for, there would be an effect without a cauſe. The iſſue of the whole diſpute ſeems to be here, whether Almighty God could communicate ſuch a power to his creature man, or he could not; that an Almighty God could do it, I think no reaſonable man can deny; and that he has done it, I have not the leaſt

doubt, becauſe I am fully convinced of the ſame from my own conſciouſneſs and my daily experience of ſuch a power. But Dr. Prieſtley ſays, (page 18) "The only reaſon that we can have to believe in any cauſe, and that it acts neceſſarily, is that it acts certainly or invariably. If my mind be as conſtantly determined by the influence of motives, as a ſtone is determined to fall to the ground by the influence of gravity, I am conſtrained to conclude, that the cauſe in one caſe, acts as neceſſarily as that in the other. For there muſt be an equally ſufficient reaſon for equally conſtant and certain effects." Admitting the aſſumption to be true, the concluſion is ſo. But here again Dr. Prieſtley takes ſomething for granted, which he has not proved, and which I deny. "If my mind be as conſtantly determined, &c." True. But my mind is not ſo conſtantly determined by the influence of motives, as a ſtone is determined by the influence of gravity; and yet neither of them are conſtantly ſo determined. The mind of man is in many caſes at full liberty in itſelf, and has full power to act in oppoſition to any motives whatever; whereas a ſtone has no ſuch liberty or power in itſelf to reſiſt what we call gravity, but is uninfluenced by it only, when it pleaſes God to ſuſpend gravity, or rather his own will and power in cauſing it to fall, which we find he has frequently ſuſpended, as mentioned above; and he can equally reſtrain the liberty of man's mind, if he pleaſes. It follows then, that neither motives in the caſe of man's mind, nor gravity in that of a ſtone falling, do conſtantly, invariably and neceſſarily cauſe a certain effect without any exception. And if motives and gravity do ever ceaſe to act, though but in one inſtance, they do not act conſtantly and neceſſarily; yet I allow they do generally act ſo, and would always whilſt the ſame power is exerted, which we call the preſent laws of nature: provided ſome free and ſelf-determining power* did

* Either man or ſome other free agent.

not

not interfere or interrupt their general influence. This I hope will be deemed a ſufficient anſwer to the ſecond ſection, or the argument for neceſſity drawn from the conſideration of cauſe and effect.

[*To be continued.*]

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 148.]

AGAIN, Eccleſ. xi. 1, *Caſt thy bread upon the waters, for thou ſhalt find it after many days.* By bread is here meant all things neceſſary for the ſupport of men's lives. And by caſting their bread upon the waters, is meant their giving freely of that which they have for the relief of the poor, whoſe watry eyes diſcover their neceſſity. And though that which thou beſtoweſt on them, may ſeem to be as clearly caſt away, as that which is caſt into the ſea, where there is no likelihood of receiving it again, becauſe to thoſe who can no ways recompenſe thee, *yet thou ſhalt find it after many days*, if thou beſtoweſt thine alms with a ſincere heart, it ſhall not be loſt, but certainly returned into thy boſom with increaſe.

Further, the Lord ſaid by the Prophet, Iſaiah lviii. 7, 8, &c. *If thou deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the poor that are caſt out, to thy houſe, and when thou ſeeſt the naked, if thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyſelf from thine own fleſh*, by turning thy face from him; *then* (ſee what a gracious promiſe follows) *ſhall thy light break forth as the morning*; then ſhall the night of thine adverſity be diſpelled, and the day-ſpring of thy proſperity break forth as the morning-light; *and thy righteouſneſs ſhall go before thee*, the fruit and reward

of thy charity ſhall be viſible to all; *the glory of the Lord ſhall be thy rereward*, the God of glory ſhall by his power and providence, both go before thee, and follow thee with his bleſſing. And ver. 10, *If thou draw out thy ſoul to the hungry, and ſatisfy the afflicted ſoul*, afford that hearty relief unto him which ſhall ſatisfy his neceſſity, *then ſhall thy light riſe in obſcurity*, thy adverſity ſhall be turned into proſperity. And *the Lord ſhall guide thee continually, and ſatisfy thy ſoul in drought*; as thou didſt ſatisfy the poor man's ſoul by ſupplying his wants, ſo the Lord will ſupply thee with a ſufficiency in the greateſt dearth; *and make fat thy bones, and thou ſhalt be as a watered garden, and a ſpring of water, whoſe waters fail not*; an emblem of a flouriſhing and proſperous eſtate, which doth uſually follow, and accompany merciful men.

Our bleſſed Saviour alſo, Matt. xix. 29. promiſeth that ſuch as for his ſake ſhall, in this or any other way part with their eſtates, or any part or portion of them, *ſhall receive a hundred fold here, and inherit eternal life*. Here in this life he ſhall have the return of a hundred fold, which many Chriſtians have found true in their own experience, and with thankfulneſs to God have acknowledged.

And what variety of expreſſions doth our Saviour uſe in Luke vi. 38, to aſſure us of a large reward here of all our labour of love, ſhewed to his miniſters and members? *Give*, ſaith he, *and it ſhall be given to you again, good meaſure, preſſed down, and ſhaken together, and running over*. For your encouragement unto this duty of giving to the poor, our Saviour firſt annexeth a general promiſe, *Give, and it ſhall be given to you again*. Where he giveth you a note of his hand, that you ſhall be no loſer by what you give to his poor, but ſhall be repayed, and that with advantage, as the following words declare, *You ſhall have good meaſure, preſſed down, ſhaken together, and running over*. We account it good meaſure, when it is heaped up; but when it is not only heaped

up,

up, but *preſſed down*, that is more; but when it is heaped up, preſſed down, and running over, who will not ſay, that this is good meaſure indeed? Yet thus God deals with merciful men; they ſhall have mercies and bleſſings, *heaped up, preſſed down, and running over*. How truly then may I take up the words of the Pſalmiſt, *Bleſſed is he that conſidereth the poor:* he ſhall not only be bleſſed, but he ſhall have bleſſings *heaped up, and running over!* which the Apoſtle St. Paul expreſſeth very emphatically by the ſimilitude of reaping and ſowing, 2 Cor. ix. 6, *He that ſoweth ſparingly, ſhall reap ſparingly; but he which ſoweth bountifully, ſhall reap bountifully*. As men ſow, ſo ſhall they reap; the more liberally they give to good uſes, the more bountifully they ſhall receive from God: they ſhall find a plentiful harveſt, as the fruit of all their coſts and pains. Dr. *Hammond* in his Practical Catechiſm, quoting theſe words of the Apoſtle, *He that ſoweth bountifully ſhall reap bountifully*, addeth this gloſs, "By reaping bountifully, I conceive is meant, not only God's abundant retributions of glory in another world, but even his payments of temporal plenty, and bleſſings here, to thoſe who have been willing to make that chriſtian uſe of that earthly talent committed to their ſtewardſhip."

[*To be continued.*]

The CASE *of* BIRSTAL HOUSE.

Recommended to the ſerious conſideration of the people called Methodiſts.

[*Concluded from page* 150.]

9. THIS I take to be a plain ſtate of the Caſe, ſeparating it from all unimportant circumſtances, of what this or the other perſon ſaid or did, all which only puzzle the cauſe. Now this, neither more nor leſs, being the naked fact, I proceed, ſecondly, To argue a little upon it.

I. If

1. If it be aſked, Why ſhould not the *Birſtal* Preaching-Houſe, or any other, be ſettled according to that Deed, I anſwer, Becauſe whenever the Truſtees exert their power of *placing* and *diſplacing* Preachers, then,

1. Itinerant Preaching is no more. When the Truſtees in any place have found and fixt a Preacher they like, the rotation of Preachers is at an end: at leaſt, till they are tired of their favourite Preacher, and ſo turn him out.

2. While he ſtays, is not the bridle in his mouth? How dares he ſpeak the full and the whole Truth, ſince whenever he diſpleaſes the Truſtees, he is liable to loſe his bread? How much leſs will he dare to put a Truſtee, though ever ſo ungodly, out of the Society?

If you ſay, "But though they have this Power, they will not exert it. They never have exerted it at *Birſtal*." Reaſon good; becauſe they have it not till my death. And if they had, prudence, if not gratitude, would reſtrain them, till I am out of the way. But it does not follow, that neither they nor *their heirs* will exert it by and bye.

3. But ſuppoſe any beſide the Conference, (who as long as they ſubſiſt, will be the moſt impartial Judges) name the Preachers, ſhould it be thirty or forty men, or the whole Society? Nay, why not the intire Congregation? Or at leaſt all the Subſcribers?

4. The Power of the Truſtees is greater than that of any Nobleman; yea, or of the King himſelf. Where he is Patron, he can *put in* a Preacher, but he cannot *put him out*.

But you aſk, "Since this power will not commence till your death, why ſhould you oppoſe it? Why ſhould not you keep yourſelf out of the broil, and let them fight it out, when you are at reſt? Why ſhould you pull an old houſe upon your own head, when you are juſt going out of the world? Peace be in *your* days. Why ſhould you take upon yourſelf the burden which you may leave to your Succeſſors?"

I anſwer,

I anſwer, In this very reſpect I have an advantage which my Succeſſors cannot have. Every one ſees, I am not pleading my own cauſe: I have already all that I contend for. No: I am pleading for Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Bradburn*, Mr. *Benſon*, and for every other travelling Preacher, that you may be as free, after I am gone hence, as you are, now I am at your head: that you may never be liable to be turned out of any, or all of our Houſes, without any reaſon given, but that ſo is *the pleaſure* of twenty or thirty men.

I ſay, *Any*: for I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for giving up *any* Houſe in England. Indeed if one were given up, more would follow: it would be *as the letting out of the water*.

I inſiſt upon that point, and let every thing elſe go: no Methodiſt-Truſtees, if I can help it, ſhall after my death, any more than while I live, have the power of *placing* and *diſplacing* the Preachers.

Obſerve. *Placing* and *diſplacing* the Preachers! This is the one point. Do not ramble from the queſtion. Do not puzzle it by a multitude of words. If the Truſtees will not give it up, we muſt proceed according to the Minute of the Conference.

"But why ſhould we not wait till another Conference?"

Firſt, Becauſe that will not alter the merits of the Cauſe. To lodge the power of *placing* and *diſplacing* the Preachers in Truſtees, would be as wrong then as it is now.

Secondly, Becauſe you cannot inſure my life till another Conference. Therefore whatever is done, ſhould be done quickly.

"But then, it is ſaid, you occaſion endleſs ſtrife, animoſity, confuſion, and deſtroy the work of God." No; not I. It is theſe Truſtees that occaſion all the ſtrife, animoſity and confuſion, by inſiſting upon a right to *place* and *diſplace* Preachers. I go on in the old way, as I did at *Briſtol*, *Kingswood* and *Newcaſtle*. It is they, that by obſtinately going out of it, hinder, yea, deſtroy the work of God. And I charge *them* with the

the blood of all thoſe ſouls, that are deſtroyed by this contention. It is they that do the wrong, that *will place* and *diſplace* Preachers, who bawl and pour out bitter words. But let them take care; for God heareth. And he will ariſe and maintain his own cauſe!

London, Reprinted Jan. 12, 1788. JOHN WESLEY.

RESOLUTIONS *of the Society for the purpoſe of effecting the abolition of the* SLAVE TRADE.

Mancheſter, Dec. 29, 1787.

AT a General Meeting, held this day, in order to receive the Report of the Committee, the following Reſolutions were unanimouſly agreed to:

That the traffic and ſlavery of the human ſpecies, is a direct violation of the precepts of true religion; in oppoſition to the principles of liberty, juſtice, and humanity; and diſgraceful in the extreme to every country by which it is encouraged, or even tolerated.

That the African Slave Trade is ſuch a traffic; and that this Meeting regards with abhorrence, a commerce productive of oppreſſion, cruelty, and even murder, upon millions of our fellow creatures.

That this Meeting, though fully ſenſible of the importance of manufactures and commerce to the real intereſts of this nation, is yet too jealous of that reputation which all honeſt men ought to deſire, to wiſh the promotion of any traffic, however lucrative, by means inconſiſtent with humanity or integrity; and they are convinced moreover, that the traffic in queſtion, is highly impolitic as well as inhuman.

That it is extremely deſirable to call the attention of Parliament to this unjuſtifiable traffic, by petitions from the people at large.

That

That it is expedient to prefent a petition with this view, from the town and neighbourhood of *Manchefter*.

That a circular letter be addreffed on behalf of this Meeting, to the Mayor, or other chief Magiftrate, of every principal town throughout *Great-Britain*, requefting their concurrence in a fimilar meafure.

That in order to procure the general and final abolition of the African Slave Trade, it will be highly expedient to extend information on this important fubject to every part of *Europe*.

That this Meeting approves of the fteps which have been taken in *Manchefter*, by the Boroughreeve, Conftables, and other Gentlemen, who have hitherto intereſted themfelves in this bufinefs.

That the Society formed in *London*, for the purpofe of affecting the abolition of the Slave Trade, having been the firft to come forward as a body in this kingdom, in favour of the oppreſſed Africans, are entitled to the particular thanks of this Meeting, and of every other friend to this cauſe of humanity, for a conduct fo difintereſted and laudable.

That the further fum of one hundred guineas, out of the money fubfcribed in *Manckefter*, be tranfmitted to the Committee of that Society, in aid of their truly benevolent exertions.

That thefe Refolutions be immediately publifhed in fuch a manner, as fhall infure their circulation throughout the kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*.

Zeal in the Propagation of INFIDELITY *inexcufable.*

THE excufe which infidel Writers plead for their conduct, is a regard for the cauſe of truth. But this is a very inſufficient one. None of them act upon this principle, in its

largeſt extent and application, in common life, nor could any man live in the world, and pretend ſo to do. In the purſuit of happineſs, "our being's end and aim,"* the diſcovery of truth is far from being the moſt important object. It is true, the mind receives a high pleaſure from the inveſtigation and diſcovery of truth in the abſtract ſciences, in the works of nature and art; but in all ſubjects, where the imagination and affections are deeply concerned, we regard it only ſo far as it is ſubſervient to them. One of the firſt principles of ſociety, of decency, and of good manners, is, that no man is entitled to ſay every thing he thinks true, when it would be injurious or offenſive to his neighbour. If it was not for this principle, all mankind would be in a ſtate of hoſtility.

Suppoſe a perſon to loſe an only child, the ſole comfort and happineſs of his life: when the firſt overflowings of nature are paſt, he recollects the infinite goodneſs and impenetrable wiſdom of the Diſpoſer of all events; he is perſuaded, that the revolution of a few years will again unite him to his child, never more to be ſeparated. With theſe ſentiments he acquieſces, with a melancholy, yet pleaſing reſignation, to the divine will. Now, ſuppoſing all this to be a deception, a pleaſing dream, would not the general ſenſe of mankind condemn the philoſopher, as barbarous and inhuman, who ſhould attempt to wake him out of it? Yet ſo far does vanity prevail over good-nature, that we frequently ſee men, on other occaſions of the moſt benevolent tempers, labouring to cut off that hope which can alone cheer the heart under all the preſſures and afflictions of human life, and enable us to reſign it with cheerfulneſs and dignity! Religion may be conſidered in three different views. Firſt, As containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral adminiſtration of the world, a future ſtate of exiſtence, and particular communications to mankind, by an im-

* Pope.

mediate,

mediate ſupernatural revelation.—Secondly, As a rule of life and manners.—Thirdly, As the ſource of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleaſure or pain, according to the particular genius and ſpirit of the Religion that inſpires them.

On the BEAUTIES *of the* PSALMS.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and ſorrows of life; its ſhare of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to his exaltation. This the Iſraelitiſh Monarch experienced. He ſought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the diſquietude of ſtate with the exerciſes of devotion. His invaluable Pſalms convey thoſe comforts to others, which they afforded to himſelf. Compoſed upon particular occaſions, yet deſigned for general uſe; delivered out as ſervices for the Iſraelites under the law, yet no leſs adapted to the circumſtances of Chriſtians under the goſpel; they preſent Religion to us in the moſt engaging dreſs; communicating truths which philoſophy could never inveſtigate, in a ſtile which poetry can never equal; while hiſtory is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to pleaſe, they inform the underſtanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they ſuit mankind in all ſituations, grateful as the manna which deſcended from above, and conformed itſelf to every palate. The faireſt productions of human wit, after a few peruſals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and loſe their fragrancy; but theſe unfading plants of paradiſe become, as we are accuſtomed to them, ſtill more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to

be daily heightened; freſh odours are emitted, and new ſweets extracted from them. He who hath once taſted their excellencies, will deſire to taſte them yet again; and he who taſtes them oftener, will reliſh them beſt.—And now, could the Author flatter himſelf that any one would take half the pleaſure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loſs of his labour.

The employment detached him from the buſtle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noiſe of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a ſeaſon, care and diſquietude came not near his dwelling. He aroſe, freſh as the morning, to his taſk; the ſilence of the night invited him to purſue it; and he can truly ſay, that food and reſt were not preferred before it. Every Pſalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneaſineſs but the laſt; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than thoſe which have been ſpent in theſe meditations on the ſongs of Sion he never expected to ſee in this world. Very pleaſantly did they paſs, and moved ſmoothly and ſwiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a reliſh and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is ſweet.

On the LOVE *of* LIFE.

AGE, that leſſens the enjoyment of life, encreaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers, which in the vigour of youth, we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreaſing as our years encreaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wife are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come, yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade: hope more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs, in long perſpective, ſtill beckons me to purſue; and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment encreaſes my ardour to continue the game. Whence then is this increaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, encreaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſens our enjoyment; and, as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips imagination in the ſpoils? Life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, oaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the ſcene of miſery; but happily the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuſe, ſays a French philoſopher, to ſee an old poſt pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated, to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them; viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion; they love the

the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaſte, aſcending the throne of *China*, commanded that all who were unjuſtly detained in priſon during the preceding reigns ſhould be ſet free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occaſion, there appeared a majeſtic old man, who falling at the Emperor's feet, addreſſed him as follows: "Great Father of *China*, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was ſhut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was impriſoned, though a ſtranger to my crime, or without being even confronted by my accuſers. I have now lived in ſolitude and darkneſs for more than ſixty years, and am grown familiar with diſtreſs. As yet, dazzled with the ſplendour of that ſun to which you have reſtored me, I have been wandering the ſtreets to find out ſome friend that would aſſiſt, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O *Chinvang*, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former priſon; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleaſing than the moſt ſplendid palace: I have not long to live, and ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend the reſt of my days where my youth was paſſed; in that priſon from whence you were pleaſed to releaſe me." This old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life; we are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity encreaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, or the poſterity we have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life ſues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhauſted; its company pleaſes, yet, for all this it is but little regarded.

The

The Great BELL *in* VIENNA.

ON the 21ſt of July, in the year 1711, the Emperor Joſeph ordered a great Bell to be made of the cannons which the Germans poſſeſſed themſelves of when the Turks raiſed the ſiege of *Vienna*.

This Bell is 30,000 pounds weight; its diameter is ten feet, and its height the ſame. It is thirty-one feet, two inches in circumference. The clapper is nine feet and a half long.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLIII.

[From Lady ——, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Edinburgh, June 31, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your obliging letter, and for the deſire you expreſſed of coming further North, had it been convenient for you. Your ſteps, I truſt, are all ordered by him that cannot err. I doubt not but he leads you where you can bring moſt glory to his name, and enjoy moſt of his preſence; and here I believe your views all terminate, independant of perſons, places, or things: Glorious liberty! May you daily encreaſe in it! and may I alſo prove all its heights and depths!

If an unperceived degree of ſelf-love does not make the ſcale preponderate in my own favour, I have not loſt ground, but ſtill hold faſt that meaſure of ſanctification I received ſome time ago. Of late I feel a ſenſible encreaſe. Since I wrote laſt, God has been more than ever as a place of broad waters unto me. My fellowſhip is now continually with the Father and the Son, through the eternal Spirit! Without interruption

I ſee

I ſee Jeſus as the King in his beauty, and feel him nigh. Through mercy I enjoy ſuch a ſweet intercourſe with him, as I cannot eaſily expreſs. Wherever I am, or however employed, I am enabled to realize the preſence of God; and though often engaged with a variety of perſons, places, and things, my ſoul ſilently converſes with him! Through this intercourſe with heaven, my mind is kept in peace, in ſpite of the various ſtratagems of the enemy. Yet I do not experience a rapturous joy: it is rather a calm ſilent enjoyment of God, which ſpreads a heavenly ſerenity through my ſoul. This makes me continually wiſh to glorify God in every poſſible way.

At the ſame time I am kept deeply ſenſible that I am nothing, and have nothing, but what is freely beſtowed. I am alſo ſweetly drawn to forget the things that are behind, and to preſs on to the poſſeſſion of every bleſſing which Chriſt has purchaſed for me.

Forgive this tedious account. It is not my uſual manner to ſay ſo much about myſelf, but as you aſked me the ſtate of my ſoul, I thought it a call to declare what God had done for me. By thus obliging you, I do myſelf a favour. Could I add any thing to your ſpiritual comfort, I ſhould feel a ſuperior pleaſure. If you deſire to oblige me, continue to write, and ſpeak freely, and thereby you will add to the many obligations already conferred on, Rev. Sir, your affectionate friend in Jeſus, ———.

LETTER CCCCLIV.

[From Mr. W. P. to the Rev. J. Wefley.]

Briſtol, July 10, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

AS I know that the health of your friends is by no means a matter of indifference to you, I beg leave to point out a circumſtance in which it ſeems to be very materially concerned: I mean the uſe of Chimney-boards. This piece of good houſewifery, (but very bad œconomy) prevails no where more than

than at Briſtol; and our friends here have a ſingular addreſs in the application of them.

In moſt places where they are uſed, the Chimney-board ſtands in front, and if we cannot breath, we need be at no loſs for the reaſon of it. But here it is dexterouſly placed out of ſight, ſo that we are continually in danger of being ſuffocated without once ſuſpecting the cauſe.

When firſt I came to Briſtol, though weary with my journey, I could get no reſt; my ſleep went from me, and ſeemed to have taken its final leave, without my being able to aſſign any reaſon for it; till accidentally happening to ſtoop down for ſomething on the hearth, I eſpied out this ingenious contrivance for excluding the air, and for preſerving the fender and fire-ſhovel, at the expence of one's health. I leave it to your diſcretion, Sir, what uſe to make of this hint, and remain, your very affectionate friend and ſervant,

W. P.

LETTER CCCCLV.

[From Mr. J. W. S. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Nantwich, July 2, 1777.

Rev. and dear Sir,

FROM ſome divine impreſſions which have for a long time reſted on my mind, I am inclined to think that the Lord is pleaſed to call me to preach the everlaſting Goſpel of his dear Son. It is about two years ſince I was firſt awakened out of my ſpiritual ſleep, ſince which time I have (through grace) been much built up in faith, love, and holineſs, by a cloſe attendance on the Preachers in connection with you. I now ſpend much of my time in viſiting the ſick and poor, and in ſome ſmall degree, I can ſay, it pleaſes the Lord to bleſs my poor endeavours, and encouraged thereby, I could wiſh to improve my talent by extending my labours, as he ſhall enable me.

I lately received a letter from a Clergyman in the Weſt of England, who had ſeen a ſmall publication of mine, deſiring to know if I intended to enter into Orders, and if ſo, offering me a Church to preach in, &c. But as nothing, I truſt, but obedience to God, and love to poor dying ſouls induces me to undertake miniſterial labours, I could with to go forth in that way that might (through grace) moſt advance our dear Redeemer's kingdom. I therefore write, dear Sir, to adviſe with you, what ſteps I ſhall take that may be moſt likely to promote the glory of God on earth.

I have the pleaſure to inform you, that there is now more enquiry amongſt us after eternal things, than has been, probably, ever remembered before. I hope, this good news will bring you to Nantwich when you viſit Cheſhire again. My wife (who is lately become a child of God) joins me in love to you, and in aſſuring you we ſhall be glad to ſee you at our houſe, whenever you come into theſe parts. In granting this, you will greatly oblige,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours in the beſt of bonds,

J. W. S.

What a lovely ſimplicity! What pity that ſuch a ſpirit as this ſhould fall among thieves!

POETRY.

HYMN *to* CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heavénly born and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky;

With

With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calm and eaſe!
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate to meet thee there.
Encreaſing Avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold enſhrined.
The bold adventérer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
See daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought, but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky;
Converſe with ſtars above and know
All Nature in its forms below:
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.

Lovely, laſting Peace, appear!
This world itſelf if thou art here,
Is once again in Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.

'Twas thus as in the ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought, no more perceivèd
The branches whiſper as they wavèd:
It ſeemèd, as all the quiet place
Confeſsèd the preſence of the grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will;
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys that from Religion flow:
Then evèry grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

O! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Raiſèd as ancient Prophets were
In heavènly viſion, praiſe and prayer;
Pleaſing all men, hurting nòne,
Pleaſèd and bleſt with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great *Source* of *Nature* ſing.

The Sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day.
The Moon that ſhines with borrowèd light;
The Stars that gild the gloomy night:
The Sea that rolls unnumberèd waves;
The Wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;

The Field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shall be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their nature as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.

Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your *buſy*, or your *vain* extremes,
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the *next* begun in *this*.

An Extract from an Elegiac Poem on the Death of Mr. GREY: *who died, July* 31, 1771, *aged* 55.

'TIS done, 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,
With ruthleſs fury, and corroſive force,
Racks every joint, and ſeizes every vein;
He ſinks, he groans, he falls a lifeleſs corſe!

Thus fades the flowèr, nipped by the frozen gale,
Though once ſo ſweet, ſo lovely to the eye!
Thus the tall oaks, when boiſterous ſtorms aſſail,
Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lie.

Ye ſacred ſiſters of the plaintive verſe,
Now let the ſtream of fond affection flow;
Or pay your tribute o'er the ſlow drawn hearſe,
With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the curfew tolls its parting knell,
With ſolemn pauſe yon church-yard's gloom ſurvey,
While ſorrow's ſighs, and tears of pity tell,
How juſt the moral of the poet's lay.

O'er his lovèd grave, in Contemplation's guiſe,
Oft let the pilgrim drop a ſilent tear;
Oft let the ſhepherd's louder accents riſe,
Big with the ſweets of each revolving year.

The

The following Verſes were addreſſed to his Royal Highneſs Prince ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, *on his birth day*, Feb. 24, 1787.

[By the Engliſh Gentlemen at Gottingen.]

HAIL honoured Youth! of native worth poſſeſt,
With wit, with ſenſe, with manly virtue bleſt;
Accept our tribute, nor refuſe the praiſe
Which merit claims, and juſtice freely pays.

Thy verdant ſpring, which ſoftly ſteals away,
Mild bleſſings ſhedding on each paſſing day,
Breaths joy and hope, whilſt health with cheerful train,
And pleaſures triumph unalloyed with pain:
Theſe are the halcyon days, when blooming youth
Exults in lovely innocence and truth.

Year rolls on year, and ſoon ſwift flying time
Muſt bear thee to the world's tempeſtuous clime;
Rude paſſions there, and pleaſure's quickſands wait,
To urge thee on, to all the ills of fate.
There flattery with her fair deluſive ſmile
Tells her falſe tale, and labours to beguile.
Ah! hear her not, attend to Reaſons voice,
In every action let her guide thy choice.
So ſafely borne on life's impetuous tide,
Shall all thy future years with honour glide.

When war with loud and horrid cry alarms,
And the ſhrill clarion ſounding calls to arms,
Then may thy ripened virtue lead thee forth
To prove to an expecting world thy worth.
Strong may ambition in thy boſom glow,
And pluck freſh laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thy

Thy name recorded in hiſtoric page,
Famèd by the Swede, the hero of his age,
Who thunderèd through the land, and on his ſhield
Engravèd a conqueſt, ere he took the field,
Shall gain new glory, and with luſtre ſhine
Pure as the brilliant jewel in the mine.

No ruinèd walls ſhall own thy fatal hand,
Or mark thy progreſs through a ravagèd land;
But mourning peaſants bleſt by thee ſhall ſmile,
And the worn labourer forget his toil.

No wretch oppreſſèd by poverty and pain,
Shall tell his melting tale to thee in vain;
With pity's warmth thy genèrous breaſt ſhall glow,
And ſoft compaſſion wipe the tear from woe:
Thy country's foes ſhall then with wonder own,
Another Scipio in our Sovèreigns ſon.
With ſuch fair views illuſtrious youth proceed,
To grace thy country by each noble deed;
Tread in thy honourèd father's ſteps, and feel
His ardent paſſion for the public weal.

In thee Adolphus, may the world admire
All that is worthy of thy royal Sire,
In every action, every virtue ſhine,
Honour and truth, benevolence be thine.
Proceed lovèd Prince! purſue thy choſen plan,
And "dare do all that may become a man."—

On RICHES.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give?
Ever buſy the means of life to ſecure,
And ſo ever neglecting to live.

Inviroṅéd

Inviroñed from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent, or alone,
Conſtrainèd to be abject, though never ſo proud,
And at every one's call, but his own!

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the means of enjoying his wiſh in his power;
But accurſt with his wanting the will.

For a year muſt be paſt, or a day muſt be come,
Before he has leiſure to reſt:
He muſt add to his ſtore this or that pretty ſum;
And then wilt have time to be bleſt.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increaſe,
Only ſwell the deſire of his eye,
Such a wretch, let mine enemy live, if he pleaſe;
Let not even mine enemy die.

EPITAPH *on a* MAN *and his* WIFE.

HERE ſleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendſhip's ſtricteſt tye,
Could in ſuch cloſe embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave ally.

Preſerve them, each diſſolvèd in each,
For bonds of love divine,
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave than thine.


Mr. Thos. Wride
Ætatis 55.

THE Arminian Magazine, For MAY 1788.

An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S DISCOURSES on the FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. II.

Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will, as well from Neceſſity, as from Co-action.

[*Continued from page* 172.]

NOW hence we may diſcern the vanity, the falſhood and hypocriſy of all theſe tenders of the goſpel to reprobates, as they are expounded by theſe men, viz. that when God offers to them life and ſalvation, and all other ſpiritual bleſſings, he dealeth very ſincerely, and in good earneſt with them; becauſe he will certainly afford them all theſe bleſſings, upon performance of the conditions on which they are tendered, viz. *If you be willing, if you repent and turn from your iniquities; if you believe, all your iniquities ſhall be blotted*

out. And again, *Whoſoever will, let him come and drink of the waters of life freely. Ho! every one that thirſteth come ye to the waters*; *Whoſoever believeth in me ſhall not periſh, but have everlaſting life*; with infinite paſſages of the like nature. All theſe, ſay they, are offers made in good earneſt, and with ſincerity to all; and therefore to the reprobate; becauſe God's meaning, when he offers glory to any man if he believes and perſeveres, is truly to perform it, if he do ſo: no decree of reprobation excludeth any man from ſalvation, provided that he repent and believe. For hence it plainly follows, that his true will is flatly to deny them theſe bleſſings, and to promiſe them nothing. And ſuch a promiſe, ſaith *Puffendorf*, differs only from a downright negative in this, that it is more affronting, by making the promiſe run affirmatively, and yet clogging it with an impoſſible condition. Seeing then theſe men teach, that the abſolute decree of God, not to give faith, repentance, and eternal life to *Judas*, or to any other reprobate, is that which we underſtand by the word reprobation, and this is never abrogated by any conditional promiſe. Muſt not the ſalvation promiſed to *Judas*, only on condition of faith and repentance, be promiſed upon an impoſſible condition, and ſo be equivalent to this negative, *Judas* ſhall not be ſaved? Laſtly, ſince, to be found in a miſerable and damnable eſtate, and under a determination not to be brought out of it, or fitted for eternal life; but left to their own will, which will be inſufficient to attain ſalvation; muſt it not clearly follow, that ſalvation can only be tendered to them upon conditions impoſſible to be performed, and ſo by ſuch a ſeeming and hypocritical tender muſt be effectually denied them.

It alſo plainly follows from all thoſe ſcriptures which have been offered to prove that men at preſent are in a ſtate of trial; it being evidently abſurd to make a trial whether men will repent, believe, or perſevere, who are determined by him who makes the trial ſo to do; or whether they will come

come out of their miſerable eſtate, whom God hath determined, from all eternity, to bring out of that ſtate, and render fit for that happineſs; or whether they will do this whom, by his decree of reprobation, he hath determined not to bring out of it; and this being only in effect to try whether they will null his abſolute decrees; whether they will do, or neglect what theſe decrees have rendered impoſſible for them to do, or neglect.

Again, It follows from all that hath been offered, to ſhew that God calls habitual ſinners, to turn to him from their evil ways; it being evidently vain and abſurd, to make theſe exhortations to men determined to the contrary, and left by God's decree of reprobation to the deficient rule of their own wills, and ſo under a neceſſity of being deficient in the performance of what is neceſſary to their reformation.

Again, It follows from all thoſe ſcriptures produced there, to ſhew that God hath ſet before men good and evil, life and death, and left it to their choice, upon the motives and powerful encitements offered to them in the word, to embrace the one or the other; this being in effect a declaration on God's part, that he hath not by any decree of his, determined ſome to be good; or left others under a neceſſity of failing of ſalvation, or of chuſing evil.

Again, It follows from all that hath been ſaid of God's ſerious invitations of all men to repent, believe, and be converted, and his pathetical deſires of their reformation; they being certain demonſtrations that he did not conceive they lay under an incapacity of repenting, believing and turning to him.

Once more, It follows from all his commands and exhortations to wicked men *to turn from the evil of their ways, that iniquity may not be their ruin*; and all his threats of the moſt dreadful judgments to them who ſtill continue in them; and all the promiſes of pardon, life and ſalvation made to thoſe

who do ſincerely turn to him. For as theſe things plainly ſhew that what God requires may be done; what he exhorts to, is poſſible for them to perform, by the aſſiſtance of that grace which he is ready to afford them; that the evils which he threateneth may be avoided, and what he promiſes may be obtained by them.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLV.

On PSALM viii. 3, 4.

When I conſider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and ſtars, which thou haſt ordained; What is man?

HOW often has it been obſerved, That the Book of Pſalms, is a rich treaſury of devotion, which the wiſdom of God has provided to ſupply the wants of his children in all generations? In all ages the Pſalms have been of ſingular uſe, to thoſe that loved or feared God. Not only to the pious *Iſraelites*, but to the children of God in all nations. And this book has been of ſovereign uſe to the Church of God, not only while it was in its ſtate of infancy (ſo beautifully deſcribed by St. *Paul* in the former part of the fourth chapter to the *Galatians*) but alſo ſince, in the fulneſs of time, *life and immortality were brought to light by the goſpel.* The Chriſtians in every age and nation, have availed themſelves of this divine treaſure, which has richly ſupplied the wants, not only of *babes in Chriſt*, of thoſe who were juſt ſetting out in the ways of God, but of thoſe alſo who had made good progreſs therein, yea of ſuch as were ſwiftly advancing, toward *the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt.*

The

The ſubject of this Pſalm is beautifully propoſed in the beginning of it, *O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who haſt ſet thy glory above the heavens!* It celebrates the glorious Wiſdom and Love of God, as the Creator and Governor of all things. It is not an improbable conjecture, that *David* wrote this Pſalm in a bright ſtar-light night, while he obſerved the moon alſo *walking in her brightneſs:* that while he ſurveyed

> "This fair half-round, the ample azure ſky,
> Terribly large, and beautifully bright,
> With ſtars unnumbered and unmeaſured light,"

he broke out, from the fulneſs of his heart, into that natural exultation, *When I conſider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained, What is man!* How is it poſſible, that the Creator of theſe, the innumerable armies of heaven and earth, ſhould have any regard to this ſpeck of creation, whoſe time *paſſeth away like a ſhadow!*

> "Thy frame but duſt, thy ſtature but a ſpan,
> A moment thy duration, fooliſh man!"

What is man? I would conſider this, firſt, with regard to his Magnitude, and ſecondly, with regard to his Duration.

I. 1. Conſider we, firſt, What is man, with regard to his magnitude. And in this reſpect, what is any one individual, compared to all the inhabitants of *Great-Britain?* He ſhrinks into nothing in the compariſon. How inconceivably little is one compared to eight or ten millions of people? Is he not

> "Loſt like a drop in the unbounded main?

2. But

2. But what are all the inhabitants of *Great-Britain*, compared to all the inhabitants of the earth? Theſe have frequently been ſuppoſed to amount to about four hundred millions. But will this computation be allowed to be juſt, by thoſe who maintain *China* alone to contain fifty-eight millions? If it be true, that this one empire contains little leſs than ſixty millions, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that the inhabitants of the whole terraqueous globe amount to four thouſand millions of inhabitants, rather than four hundred. And what is any ſingle individual, in compariſon of this number?

3. But what is the magnitude of the Earth itſelf, compared to that of the Solar Syſtem. Including, beſide that vaſt body the Sun, ſo immenſely larger than the Earth, the whole train of primary and ſecondary Planets: ſeveral of which (I mean of the ſecondary Planets; ſuppoſe the Setellits or Moons of Jupiter and Saturn) are abundantly larger than the whole Earth.

4. And yet what is the whole quantity of matter contained in the Sun and all theſe primary and ſecondary Planets, with all the ſpaces comprized in the Solar Syſtem, in compariſon of that which is pervaded by thoſe amazing bodies, the Comets? Who but the Creator himſelf can *tell the number of* theſe, and *call them all by their names?* Yet what is even the orbit of a Comet, and the ſpace contained therein, to the ſpace which is occupied by the fixt Stars? which are at ſo immenſe a diſtance from the Earth, that they appear when they are viewed through the largeſt teleſcope, juſt as they do to the naked eye.

5. Whether the bounds of the Creation do or do not extend, beyond the region of the fixt Stars, who can tell? only *the morning-ſtars*, who *ſang together*, when the foundations thereof were laid. But that it is finite, that the bounds of it are fixt, we have no reaſon to doubt. We cannot

cannot doubt, but when the Son of God had finiſhed all the work which he created and made, he ſaid

" Theſe be thy bounds!
This be thy juſt circumference, O world!"

But what is man to this?

6. We may take one ſtep, and only one ſtep farther ſtill. What is the ſpace of the whole creation, what is all finite ſpace, that is, or can be conceived, in compariſon of infinite? What is it but a point, a cypher, compared to that, which is filled by Him that is all in all! Think of this, and then aſk, *What is man?*

7. What is man, that the great God, who filleth heaven and earth, *the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity*, ſhould ſtoop ſo inconceivably low, as to *be mindful of him?* Would not reaſon ſuggeſt to us, that ſo diminutive a creature would be overlooked by him in the immenſity of his works? Eſpecially when we conſider,

II. Secondly, What is man, with regard to his Duration?

1. *The days of man*, ſince the laſt reduction of human life, which ſeems to have taken place in the time of *Moſes*, (and not improbably was revealed to the man of God, at the time that he made this declaration) *are threeſcore years and ten.* This is the general ſtandard which God hath now appointed. *And if men be ſo ſtrong*, perhaps one in a hundred, *that they come to fourſcore years, yet then is their ſtrength but labour and ſorrow: ſo ſoon paſſeth it away, and we are gone!*

2. Now what a poor pittance of duration is this, compared to the life of *Methuſelah? And Methuſelah lived nine hundred, and ſixty and nine years.* But what are theſe nine hundred, and ſixty-nine years, to the duration of an angel? which began *or ever the mountains were brought forth*, or the foundations of the earth were laid. And what is the duration which has paſt, ſince

ſince the creation of angels, to that which paſt before they were created, to unbeginning eternity? To that half of eternity (if one may ſo ſpeak) which had then elapſed! And what are threeſcore years and ten to this?

3. Indeed what proportion can there poſſibly be, between any finite and infinite duration? What proportion is there between a thouſand, or ten thouſand years, or ten thouſand times ten thouſand ages to eternity? I know not that the inexpreſſible diſproportion between any conceivable part of time and eternity, can be illuſtrated in a more ſtriking manner, than it is in the well-known paſſage of St. *Cyprian*. "Suppoſe there was a ball of ſand as large as the globe of earth; and ſuppoſe one grain of this were to be annihilated in a thouſand years; yet that whole ſpace of time wherein this ball would be annihilating, at the rate of one grain in a thouſand years, would bear leſs, yea unſpeakably, infinitely leſs proportion to eternity, than a ſingle grain of ſand would bear, to that whole maſs." What then are the ſeventy years of human life, in compariſon of eternity? In what terms can the proportion between theſe be expreſſed? It is nothing, yea infinitely leſs than nothing!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 181.]

SOME years ago, Morgan, Whalley, Brett, and Dupree, with two more, agreed upon a party of pleaſure, at the election of a member for Chelmsford in Eſſex; who after they had glutted themſelves with immoderate eating and drinking, they conſented to divert themſelves by going out upon the highway and robbing the firſt perſon that came in their

their way. Accordingly they met with a farmer, and robbed him of all his money. The farmer, having met with affiftance, purfued them into Chelmsford, were they were taken, fent to London, and there tried and caft.

Brett was the fon of an eminent divine in Dublin! Whalley a gentleman of conſiderable fortune; Dupree was a gentleman! and Morgan an officer on board one of his Majeſty's ſhips of war! The laſt of theſe was frequently viſited by Lady E. H. (the Duke of H's daughter) both before and after ſentence. As I ſeldom failed to be preſent with them at their ſeveral interviews in Newgate, I underſtood, if this affair had not happened, Mr. Morgan and Lady Betty were to have been married in a very ſhort time.

This Lady went daily to his Majeſty, as did alſo others who had great influence, and pleaded for the life of Mr. Morgan; but his Majeſty conſidering it a point of injuſtice, as well as partiality, would by no means attend to her petitions. However, the morning before the execution Lady B. H. appeared before his Majeſty, and fell upon her knees, in tears. "My Lady, ſaid his Majeſty, there is no end to your importunity; I will ſpare his life, upon condition that he be not acquainted therewith till he arrives at the place of execution." Accordingly Brett, Whalley, and Dupree, were tied up to the gallows; the other cart with Morgan, and two others, followed; but the ſheriff, upon ordering the coach to ſtop, produced the reſpite for Morgan. It is hard to expreſs the ſudden alarm this made among the multitude; and when I turned round and ſaw one of the priſoners out of the cart, falling to the ground, he having fainted away at the ſudden news, I was ſeized with terror, as I thought it was a reſcue, rather than a reprieve; but when I beheld Morgan put into a coach, and perceived that Lady B. H. was ſeated therein, my fear was at an end.

As ſoon as Morgan was gone, a venerable gentleman, addreſſing himſelf to Dupree, begged him to look ſtedfaſtly to

God, in whofe prefence he would fhortly appear, and hoped, the mercy his companion had received would have no bad effect upon him. Dupree, with all calmnefs and compofure of mind, faid, "Sir, I thank God that he is thus reprieved; it does not by any means affect me." This gave the gentleman much fatisfaction. When prayers were ended, I addreffed each of them in the moft folemn words I was capable of; which I hope were not in vain, as they all appeared entirely refigned to their fate. Brett earneftly craved the prayers of the multitude; and conjured them all to take warning by the untimely end of the three objects of their prefent attention. When they were turned off, and the mob nearly difperfed, I haftened back to Newgate, and there ferioufly converfed with Morgan, who, in confequence of the unexpected reprieve, was fcarcely recovered.

In the courfe of our converfation he told me that a few minutes previous to, and at the arrival of his reprieve, he was in fo happy a ftate, that he could fcarce tell whether life or death was moft defirable; yet, when about fix weeks were elapfed, it appeared, that the impreffion made by his Majefty's lenity was clearly worn off; for one day I detected him in playing at cards. I then laid before him the folly of fuch proceedings, and fuch conduct as that (viz. playing at cards) and intreated him to lay his cards afide, and never refume them more. In confequence of this remonftrance he laid afide his cards, and promifed to take my advice. But whether he ftood to his word I cannot tell. If he again returned to folly, as is too often the cafe, he muft ftand to the confequences. For as I fully delivered my foul, and did all in my power to fave him, in time and eternity, I am clear; therefore his blood muft be on his own head.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The EXPERIENCE *of J. B. of St.* HELLIER'S *in the Iſle of* JERSEY.

[*Continued from page* 184.]

16. ABOUT this time ſhe went into the country for the recovery of her health. Having occaſion to exhort in the houſe where ſhe lodged, I adviſed her to keep low, leſt ſhe ſhould be exalted by the multitude of revelations. Hereupon ſhe wrote to me the following letter, dated the 9th of March.

" The Lord's favours to me are innumerable. Yeſterday he held me ſo cloſely united to himſelf, that I was not able to converſe with you. Since you ſpoke to me on the ſubject of humility, I have found an increaſe of the Lord's goodneſs, and I find more joy in conſidering my own nothingneſs, than even in conſidering what he has done for me. And when the tears of humility flow abundantly from my eyes, it is then I find the moſt ſecret, the moſt holy, and the moſt ſolid joy. On Monday, being alone before the Lord, when I felt his love, together with deep humility, I rendered thanks to him for all his favours, and begged of him to ſhew me what I needed. He ſaid, " Abide always at my feet, and take particular care never to depart from thence, leſt Satan who is always at hand ſhould ſeduce thee to evil." I then begged that he would grant me the grace never to go out from thence. Upon which he ſaid, " My preſence ſhall go with thee and accompany thee to the end." I intreat you, Sir, to ſpeak to me much of humility, that I may never loſe it; but increaſe therein more and more. I do not aſcribe any thing to you: but I know the Lord has uſed, and does uſe you for my good. To him be glory eternally!

I am, &c."

17. On March 11, ſhe wrote thus. I find, thanks be to God, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, dwelling in my ſoul. After preparing the place, it is the will of the Holy Trinity to make their ſettled abode therein, as being their own houſe, and they have taken poſſeſſion of it, to go out no more for ever. O happy ſtate, to be counted worthy to receive God, the Holy One, yea, Holineſs itſelf: whom the angels adore in heaven; and before whom they cover their faces with their wings! How pure then ought the place of his abode to be? Inſomuch that if his bleſſed Spirit did not cleanſe the hearts of his children from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit, the Lord would never deign to abide there, as in his proper dwelling. Happy they who entertain this divine Ghoſt! They need no longer fear any evil, being in peace and reſt under the government of ſo good a King! Glory be to our God, for giving me this happy lot! To have his kingdom ſet up, over all the faculties of my ſoul and body! May the Lord of heaven and earth be eternally praiſed for the ſame, through Chriſt Jeſus!

18. March 29. I vowed to the Lord, not to eat bread or drink water, till I had a favourable anſwer, in behalf of his dear people in the Iſland, who are ſo perſecuted for his ſake. And this day being appointed for prayer on the occaſion, I went to the Meeting, and intreated the Lord for them, and received a promiſe, that they ſhould be delivered.

It is remarkable, that the perſecution which had continued for ſeveral months, of which they had no hopes of obtaining redreſs by law, immediately ceaſed from this time. So did God hear the prayer. In the evening as I was praying, the Lord poured his ſpirit into all the faculties of my ſoul. It is out of my power to tell the effect it had both on my ſoul and body. It ſeemed to run through all my veins: it animated my ſoul with more love than before, and united me more cloſely to God. I was as it were ſwallowed up in the ocean of the infinite love of God.

19. Sunday.

19. Sunday, April 2. This was a peculiarly folemn day to my foul. After dinner I went to the Meeting, and during the fermon I felt a great work carrying on in my foul, in an incomprehenfible manner. I was confcious the Lord was carrying on the wonderful work of my fanctification. It made me faint away feveral times. In the evening, while the Preacher was repreſenting to the rioters the judgments of God, which hung over their heads, I had ſo clear a view of them, as filled me with unfeigned love for their poor fouls, and induced me to pray fervently for them. And I felt I could have poured out the laſt drop of my blood to retrieve them from ruin.

20. Tuefday, May 2. Being at prayer, I beheld the angels caſting their crowns before the throne, and worſhipping him that liveth for ever and ever. And I was ſuddenly wrapt up into heaven with them. The ſame day, after dinner, I was quite abſorbed in God. I ſaw him ſeated on his throne of glory: indeed it was but a glimpſe, an imperfect view: yet it was in a wonderful manner, his glory beaming forth like the ſun at noon-day! The Lord be praiſed for granting me to be at all times cloſely united to himſelf: although it is true, I am ſome days more cloſely united than others.

Sunday 14. Being at the preaching, I was ſo overpowered, that I became quite inſenſible. But though my outward ſenſes were locked up, I thought I heard the angels before the throne crying out aloud, Glory, and honour, and wiſdom, and power, be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!

At preſent I can only ſay, O how happy are my days! I ſcarce know any difference between them; the Lord, who is nothing but love, giving me every day to reſt in his boſom!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An

An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

[*Concluded from page* 188.]

13. IN September the Lord viſited me again with affliction, the particulars of which my uncle has given you better than I can do. For during my fits I was utterly ſenſeleſs: but when I came to myſelf I could well remember, the place where I had been preaching, and the words I had been ſpeaking from. I grew weaker and weaker, and expected to die ſoon; but death was a welcome meſſenger: and the foretaſte of thoſe joys to which I thought I was juſt going, took off the edge of my pains. In my ſharpeſt pains I thought, what is all this to what I ſhould have ſuffered, had not the Son of God ſuffered for me? And I continually ſaid, "Lord, give me thyſelf, and then deal with me as thou pleaſeſt!" In this affliction He weaned me from the creature, from all created good: ſo that the world was utterly dead to me, and I unto the world.

14. And in this affliction God made known, notwithſtanding all my reſiſtance, the work he had called me to do; and not to me only, but to all that were round about me, by opening my mouth, whether I would or no. While every ſenſe was locked up, the Lord prepared me for the work which he had prepared for me. And I thought, if He ſhould reſtore me, I would ſpend my lateſt breath in declaring his dying love to ſinners. From this time my ſtrength continually increaſing, my uncle aſked, "Have you any objection to ſpeaking in public?" I anſwered, "Whatever is in your mind concerning me, I conſider as appointed of God." So in the beginning of February 1786, he deſired me to ſpeak in his Preaching-Houſe. Fear and ſhame cauſed me to tremble

at

at firſt. But the Lord gave me ſtrength and looſed my tongue. At this Satan was much diſpleaſed. I had fighting without and within. Profeſſors and prophane ſeemed engaged againſt me. And I had no earthly friend to give me any encouragement, but thoſe with whom I lived. Theſe words had followed me for near a year, *Ye ſhall be hated of all men for my name's ſake:* and ſo did thoſe, *Fear not; for I am with thee: be not afraid: for I am thy God. I will ſtrengthen thee, yea, I will help thee: I will uphold thee with the right-hand of my righteouſneſs.*

15. I now gave myſelf up to prayer and much watchfulneſs. I ſaw a greater need of cloſe walking with God than ever, having the eyes of all upon me; and above all, the eyes of God. He ſhewed me daily more of my own weakneſs, and of his willingneſs to ſtrengthen me. Yet I often broke out, *O Lord God, behold I am a child!* And often, ſenſible of the importance of the work, I ſaid, "Why me, Lord? What am I, or my father's houſe?"

16. I was now appointed to ſpeak in my uncle's houſe, every other Sunday evening. The Lord gave me light and liberty, and I had great peace in my ſoul, and more nearneſs to God than ever. I walked continually in the light of his countenance: and ſometimes meditating on the dying love of Jeſus to a guilty world, I have had ſuch manifeſtations of his love to my ſoul, as were more than my body could bear.

17. In this ſtate I continued for ſome time. But then Satan came in like a flood, endeavouring to perſuade me, that I was not called of God to this work. Not prevailing this way, he tempted me to ſpiritual pride: and when he was not able to lift me up, he ſtrove to caſt me down, telling me, I had neither learning nor ſenſe for ſuch a work, and that all I ſaid was mere fooliſhneſs. I intreated the Lord, to ſtand by me in the trying hour: and thoſe words were powerfully applied to my ſoul, *If any man lack wiſdom, let him*

him aſk of God—and it ſhall be given him. During theſe temptations I ſcarce knew what it was to have one whole night's ſleep in a week. Sometimes alſo my ſoul was ſo engaged with God, that my ſleep departed from me. And ſometimes I ſpent whole nights in reading, chiefly the Holy Scriptures.

18. In the beginning of July, I was invited to a place ſix miles from *Stratton*. Believing it to be a call from God, I went, after crying mightily to Him for help. I found much liberty in ſpeaking, and a great bleſſing to my own ſoul. Many deſired me to come again, which I did on the 18th of Auguſt, and again on the 10th of September. And in ſo doing I found a continual increaſe of love both to Him and to his people. I now find my ſoul humbled to the duſt before God: my whole dependence is on Him. The language of my heart is,

> "Every moment, Lord, I want
> The merit of thy death."

And, "Every moment, Lord, I have
The merit of thy death."

I ſee I can ſtand no longer than I ſtand in Chriſt. If he left me a moment to myſelf, I ſhould fall a prey to every temptation. But I ſee ſuch fulneſs in God, and ſuch beauty in Chriſt, as makes me long for more acquaintance with him.

19. Being to preach on the 22d of October, and having a violent head-ach, I was almoſt perſuaded to give it up; eſpecially as I could find but one text to ſpeak from, and had but little light on that. One of my friends coming in, I told him my diſtreſs, and ſaid, "I fear you will have no Preacher to-night." He ſaid, "Will you be on the devil's ſide? Be on God's ſide." I thought, So I will. I laid my

cauſe

cauſe before the Lord, and looked to Him for ſtrength. As ſoon as I begun ſpeaking, the darkneſs fled away, and the Lord removed my pain, and gave me light and liberty with a particular bleſſing to the people.

20. I was ſo ill on the firſt of November that I expected to take my leave of this world. Not having an opportunity of ſeeing my friends, I could chearfully leave them to God. I was frequently repeating thoſe words,

> "And let this feeble body fail,
> And let it faint, and die!
> My ſoul ſhall quit this mournful vale,
> And ſoar to worlds on high."

But I was willing to go, or willing to ſtay, juſt as the Lord ſhould pleaſe. December 4, being much better, I deſigned to preach; but the pain in my head returned with ſuch violence, that I was not able to lift up my eyes. This troubled me much, leſt the people ſhould be diſappointed. I intreated the Lord, if it was his will to remove the pain. Before I had given out the firſt hymn, it was all gone, and the Lord gave a bleſſing both to me and the people.

21. December 12. I ſaw more clearly than ever the danger of truſting in any gift I had received. I ſaw, I muſt give an account, how I uſe every gift, and that gifts are not for *me*, but for the benefit of others. It is not gifts that make me alive to God, but grace. Therefore I deſire He would increaſe my gifts, for the good of others, and my grace, for the good of my own ſoul: that when he calls me to give an account of my ſtewardſhip, I may give up my account with joy. On the 25th of December, while I was preaching, my ſight was taken away, together with my hearing; ſo that I could not ſee the people, nor hear myſelf ſpeak. For ſome minutes I thought the Lord was going to give, what I had

often prayed for, namely, That I might refign my breath, in calling finners to repentance. But I recovered in a few hours, and gave an exhortation in the evening. And I thought, if I had many lives, I would give them all for Him, who gave his own life for me!

Some Account of the Death of Mrs. WALKER: *late Mrs.* CLAPHAM, *of Leeds.*

[By John Booth.]

[*Concluded from page* 191.]

8. SHE went on, "He has fpared me, to fee the gofpel brought under this roof. And I truft it will be preached here, as long as one ftone is left upon another?" She then earneftly prayed, that God would haften the time, when the whole earth fhould be filled with his glory. As fhe expreffed a particular defire to fee *me*, a meffenger was fent for me. I came in the evening, and faw fuch a fight as I never faw before. Her eyes fparkled, as if her foul was juft ready to leave the body. She caught hold of my hand and faid, "Bleffed art thou, O man of God! I was very defirous to fee *you*, before I left the world, that we might rejoice and praife God together. You were an angel of God to this houfe: your Mafter fent you, and He will reward you! Will you permit me to be your teacher?" On my replying, "I am willing to be taught by any one," fhe faid, "Then abide by the old Methodift-Doctrine. Turn not afide either to the right or left. The Lord give you many feals to your miniftry! I am going to glory! The Lord is waiting to receive me! My heart cries, Come, whenever thou wilt: thy will be done!"

9. Then

9. Then pointing to *J. H.* ſhe ſaid, "There is another. When he prayed in a Claſs at *Henley*, ſeven or eight years ago, I told them he was to be a Preacher, and I hope he has been a faithful labourer in his Lord's vineyard." As ſoon as we came up from family prayer, ſhe broke out,

"Happy ſoul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel-guards attended:
To the ſight of Jeſus go."

After this ſhe cried out, "The whole place is filled with the glory of God. He is now waiting to bleſs you! Seek him with all your hearts, and you will be enabled, with a poor woman, to give praiſe and glory to God." We thought, ſhe would not live till morning: but ſhe told us, death would not come that night.

10. March 17, I aſked her how ſhe was? She anſwered, "Happy, happy!

"Not a doubt can ariſe
To darken the ſkies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

This is ſomething uncommon: theſe are not like former bleſſings. Glory be to God, I am willing to go, or to ſtay till my Lord calls. Tell it to all around, what God has done for a poor ſinner!" After prayer ſhe broke out,

"The world recedes! It diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes: my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings: I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy ſting!"

11. On Sunday feveral called to fee her. She preached Jefus to them all: who faid, they had never feen fuch an inftance of the power and glory of God before. She cried out, "O that I could defcribe the glory of the place to which I am going! But you will foon follow. Be faithful unto death, and the crown is ready."

"Him eye to eye we there fhall fee,
Our face like his fhall fhine,
O what a glorious company,
When faints and angels join."

12. After fupper we paid her another vifit, and found her crying out, "The blood of Chrift cleanfeth from all fin; yea, from *all* fin. But eye hath not feen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him: but God has applied them to my heart. I feel a thoufand times more than I can expreſs.

"I ride on the fky,
Freely juftified I,
Nor envy Elijah his feat!
My foul mounts ftill higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world it is under my feet."

When we were at prayer, fhe cried out, "Pray in faith for my father *Walker*, that an old man may become a little child." As foon as we rofe from prayer, fhe got him in her arms and faid, "You have been a good father to me, and the Lord is waiting to make you as happy as I am: and that is as much as any one is able to bear in this world. He will give his angels charge over you: this room is full of them!"

13. March

13. March 21. I called upon her, and aſking her how ſhe was, ſhe anſwered,

" Come, let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one."

" He is my wine to cheer, my bread to ſtay."

He more than ſupplies all my wants. I have been in my mind round the world to tell what Jeſus is ready to do for them." While one was at prayer, ſhe took hold of my hand and ſaid, " See! ſee! This place is full of heaven!" And I believe, every one that was preſent, taſted of the ſame.

14. On the 22d, being aſked, how ſhe was? ſhe replied, " Full of God! full of God!" On the 24th, one aſking, Shall we pray? She anſwered, " Rather give thanks. O tell to all around what God has done for a poor ſinner! He does all things well; for my own good and for his own glory."

" My ſoul breaks out in ſtrong deſire
Thy perfect bliſs to prove:
My longing heart is all on fire
To be diſſolvèd in love."

Sunday 25. Two of her brothers coming to ſee her, ſhe ſpent herſelf in begging them to be ready whenever God ſhould call them. On the 27th, her huſband ſaid, " If God ſhould ſpare you a little longer, you will have cauſe to praiſe him." She anſwered, " If he take me to himſelf, I ſhall praiſe him for ever. But I have no choice: I leave all to him that cannot err."

15. On the 29th, while Mr. *Walker* was reading to her the thirty-ſeventh Pſalm, and the fifty-fourth chapter of Iſaiah, ſhe

rejoiced

rejoiced in a wonderful manner, and cried out, "I am filled with God! filled with God!" In a while she looked earneſtly at the bed's feet, and cried "O Satan, get thee behind me! Glory be to God, thou haſt no dominion over *me*: thou art for ever conquered." The next day, without either ſigh or groan, ſhe delivered up her ſpirit to God.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ſome Particular PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 194.]

THE proceſs of putrefaction may be learned from an eaſy experiment. Take the green, juicy parts of any freſh vegetable, throw them together in a large heap, in a warm air, and lay a weight upon them. The middle part of the heap will ſoon conceive a ſmall degree of heat. It will grow hotter and hotter, till it comes to a boiling heat, and is perfectly putrified.

In three days from the firſt putting them together, the heat will equal that of a human body in health. By the fifth day, the heat will be ſuch as the hand can hardly bear. By the ſeventh or eighth, all the juices are generally ready to boil. Sometimes the matter will even flame, (as does moiſt hay) till it burns away. But commonly it acquires a cadaverous taſte and ſmell, and turns into one ſoft, pulpy maſs, much reſembling human excrements in the ſcent, and putrified fleſh in the taſte.

If this be diſtilled, there will come from it, 1. An urinous ſpirit, perfectly like that obtained from animals, and ſeparable by freſh diſtillation into pure water, and a large quantity

tity of white, dry, volatile ſalt, not to be diſtinguiſhed from animal ſalts. 2. An oily ſalt, which ſhoots into globes. 3. A thick, fœtid oil, both which are entirely like thoſe of animals. 4. The remainder being calcined in an open fire, yields not the leaſt particle of fixed ſalt: juſt as if the ſubject had been of the animal, not the vegetable kingdom. And this proceſs holds equally in all kinds of vegetables, though of ever ſo different natures. Yea, in dry vegetables, ſo they be moiſtened by water, before they are thrown into heaps.

By this means the difference between one vegetable and another is entirely taken away. By this proceſs, they are all reduced to one common nature: ſo that wormwood for example, and ſage, become one and the ſame thing. Nay, by this means the difference between vegetables and animals is quite taken away: putrified vegetables being no way diſtinguiſhable from putrified fleſh. Thus is there an eaſy and reciprocal tranſition of animal into vegetable, and of vegetable into animal.

So true it is, that matter, as matter, has no concern, in the qualities of bodies. All depend on the arrangement of the particles, whereof each body conſiſts. Hence water, though taſteleſs, feeds aromatic mint, and the ſame earth gives nouriſhment to bread and poiſon.

As to this arrangement, the firſt view of a vegetable gives us an idea, of infinitely numerous and various parts: and ſo complex, that many have been diſcouraged from proſecuting the reſearch. But upon examination, the parts which appear ſo numerous, are reduced to a very ſmall account. For a careful maceration in ſoft water will ſhew, that the parts really diſtinct are only ſeven. Theſe are 1. An outer bark, 2. an inner rind, 3. a blea, 4. a fleſhy ſubſtance, 5. a pith. There is between the fleſh and the blea, 6. a vaſcular ſeries, and 7. cones of veſſels take their courſe within the fleſh.

Whatever

Whatever part of the plant we examine, we find theſe, be it a fibre, the root or the ſtem. We never find more: and tracing theſe, we ſee the other parts of the plants are only the productions of them. Thus the root, its deſcending fibre, and the aſcending ſtalk, we find are one, not three ſubſtances. The ſame ſeven parts are continued from one to the other, and what are ſuppoſed at its ſummit, to be many new and ſtrange parts, are found to be no more than the terminations of theſe ſeven. The external parts are alſo ſeven. 1. The cup, 2. The outer petals, 3. The inner petals, 4. The Nectaria, either diſtinct, or connected in one ring, 5. The filaments, 6. The receptacle of ſeeds, and 7. The ſeed-veſſels or ſeeds. And theſe are only the terminations of the ſeven conſtituent ſubſtances of the plant. The outward bark terminates in the cup, the inner rind in the outer petals: the bleа forms the inner petals, the vaſcular ſeries ends in the nectaria, and the fleſh in the filaments: the cones form the receptacle, the pith, the ſeed, and their capſules. Theſe are univerſal in plants, though their courſe be leſs plain in ſome, and their terminations leſs diſtinct in others.

Every piece therefore cut from a plant tranſverſely contains all the parts of the plant, ready to grow in length into a ſtalk upwards, and into a root downwards, and to ſeparate at a due height from the root, into the ſeveral parts of the flower.

Thus we ſee the arrangement of the common particles of matter into a vegetable body, although it be a work worthy of his hand who formed it, yet is not ſo complex a thing as it appears. And this arrangement being once made in one individual, the ſpecies is created for ever. For growth is the conſequence of the arrangement, when it has heat and moiſture.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD's *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 195.]

IF he was before reſolved to murder his wife, the preſent condition of Philatea hurried him on ſtill more. Therefore providing a ſtronger poiſon, and in a dark night, taking horſe, he rode towards Sprear. He had not got above a mile out of the city, when, at the common place of execution, his horſe fell under him right againſt the gallows, and very much hurt him. What a warning was this, if he had had but grace enough to have taken it! but nothing could ſtop his career, till he arrived at his houſe at Sprear, where, contrary to his expectation, he found his daughter Emilia with her mother, who by this time was likewiſe married to a poor countryman of Sprear; and her preſence for this time, put a ſtop to his deſign. But becauſe he would not quite loſe his labour, he again quarrelled with his wife, and beat and bruiſed her in a moſt inhuman manner, in the preſence of their daughter Emilia.

Returning to Breſcia, it was not long before Philatea again importuned him to provide for the concealment of her ſhame. Alibius, at this ſecond ſummons, took horſe a little before the gates of the city were ſhut, and, having his former poiſon in his pocket, rode away to Sprear; then tying his horſe to a tree in the meadow, knocked at the door. Merilla, was in bed with a little girl, named Pomerea, her grandchild, being the daughter of Emilia, whom ſhe ſent down, without a candle, to open the door, aſſuring herſelf, as indeed it proved too true, that it was her huſband Alibius. Pomerea opened the door, and let in one, but ſhe knew not whom, and then out of fear retired to the kitchen, and ſhut

herſelf in, while Alibius went to his wife's chamber, and after ſome words gave her a potion, which he forced her to take down. Then to make ſure work, he took a brand out of the chimney, and therewith knocked her on the head, without giving her time to recommend her poor ſoul to God.

Pomerea being recovered of her fright, and not hearing any noiſe, lighted a candle and went up to the chamber, where ſhe had no ſooner entered than ſhe ſaw the lamentable ſpectacle of her murdered grandmother, yet warm and reeking in her gore. Meantime Alibius galloped away to Breſcia, where he arrived by ſix in the morning, waited upon the Podeſta, and conducted him to the Domo, or Cathedral Church of the city.

Pomerea being ſomewhat recovered from her fright, ran to the neighbours, and gave an account of the murder of her grandmother. The Corrigidors of Sprear, ordered the ſurgeons to viſit the body, who reported that ſhe was both poiſoned and beaten to death: then they examined Pomerea, who related all ſhe knew, and afterwards ſent all round in ſearch of the murderer. By this time, the news reached Breſcia, where Alibius, like a falſe hypocrite, was all in tears, nay, pretended ſuch concern for his dead wife, that he ſent alſo to many places in queſt of the murderer; but at the ſame time was under the greateſt apprehenſions that his daughter Emilia, comparing what was acted now, with what was attempted before, might draw ſuch concluſions as might turn to his deſtruction, and eſpecially as the Corrigidors of Sprear, ſuſpecting her, had taken ſureties for her appearance; therefore he, to inſinuate with her, uſed her with more kindneſs and civility than ever, imagining, that if he could ſtop her mouth, he need fear no other.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.

[*Continued from page* 197.]

Of other things contrary to the inclinations and desires of men.

BEWARE of detracting from any one behind his back; but when you are required to give a character of another, be sure it be made up of his most laudable properties. It is a known maxim in heraldry, that all animals born in arms or ensigns are to be interpreted according to their most innocent and noble qualities; as if a lion be the charge of an escutchion, we must imagine the things represented to be valour and watchfulness, not cruelty and rapine; and if a serpent, not venom and malice, but wisdom and subtilty; much more is this to be observed in the blazoning of our neighbours name. It is a sneaking and cowardly trick to accuse one that is not present to answer for himself, and an instance of no small indiscretion; if we cannot commend others, prudence enjoins us to be silent, for we create jealousy in those who hear us, that we deal after the same rigid manner in other places with them too; and it usually falls out that it is revealed, and then a quarrel is commenced, which begins in bitter reproachful words, and proceeds in rough usuages, and downright blows, and too often dips its feet in blood. And to this may be added (what we find true by daily experience) That he who sells his brother's credit at a low rate, makes the market for another to buy his at the same price.

When we are among our colleagues whom we desire to please, we do nothing that savours of a domineering spirit, but study to be kind and sociable. Our actions and gestures ought to carry along with them manifest tokens of respect and kindness: And hence it comes to pass that some things, which if

they were done in their proper ſeaſon could not be blamed, yet in regard of the place and the perſons preſent, deſerve to be ſharply reprehended. As to chide, and much more to chaſtiſe ſervants, for this is to exerciſe authority and juriſdiction, which muſt not be before them we are bound to honour. I might add, that it moleſts all the company, and interrupts the diſcourſe, eſpecially if it be at the table, a place of joy, not of wrangling. Therefore I ſay, it is not at all handſome, whatſoever unlucky accident happens, to be angry there. And by all means you are to have a care of this, when you make a feaſt for ſtrangers and perſons of quality, for you invite them to be happy. And as four things eaten by another, if you chance to ſee what a face he makes, do preſently ſet your teeth on edge; ſo if one be diſcompoſed, all are prone to be affected with it. He is refractory in the moſt genuine notion of the word, who ſets himſelf to oppoſe the inclinations of every one. Now how unlikely this ſtubbornneſs is to procure the favour and friendſhip of others, I leave you to judge, ſince it conſiſts in croſſing their humours and delights, a practice which unavoidably creates hatred and diſdain. We ſhould rather comply with their deſires, and advance their content, and ſuck ſatisfaction from their pleaſures, and ſuit our talk to their ſenſe and notions of things, ſo far forth as not to violate the laws of modeſty and juſtice; but when courtſhip and truth come in competition, it is an eaſy matter to determine our choice, for it is better, no doubt, to be rudely honeſt, than to be civilly falſe and injurious.

It does not become us, in our behaviour to be either clownish or reſerved; but to demean ourſelves with an open and unreſtrained familiarity, as though we belonged to the ſame houſe. What cauſeth the different reliſh and wholeſomeneſs betwixt wild and other plants, but only this? the former grow neglectedly in the wood, and the latter are orderly ſet and nurſed up in the garden. I do not approve of that ſullen privacy which ſome affect, that makes them look like foreigners and gueſts, rather than companions; but give me the ſweet and

pleaſant

pleaſant perſon who uſes the ſame degree of freedom and affability as they do, that are bound faſt together in the firmeſt bonds of a virtuous and inviolable amity. Of this ſort were Lælius and Scipio, Cicero and Atticus, Cyrus the younger and Artapates, Titus Volumnius and Lucullus Terentius and Brutus, and (to name no more) the Cimbri and the Celtiberians. To this purpoſe it is convenient, that every one accuſtom himſelf to ſalute others in an ingenuous and friendly manner, to talk kindly, and return civil anſwers, and that he frame his whole carriage, after the moſt popular and eaſy meaſures. And therefore they are mightily to blame, that frown upon and browbeat all that approach them, and never vouchſafe them one gracious ſmile; that flatly contradict whatever others upon certain knowledge affirm for truth, and entertain the nobleſt and moſt affectionate offices of reſpect and love, with a ſtrange careleſſneſs, and inhuman ſtupidity; that grumble when they are reſpectfully accoſted; that hate being careſſed, and reject all addreſſes (be they made with never ſo much obſervance and ſenſe of duty) with a barbarous indignation, and ſcornful language. As biles and ulcers ſmart and become angry, even at the very miſtruſt of the lighteſt touch: ſo a diſtempered ſick mind will be greatly offended with little things, inſomuch that a complement or a letter, a queſtion or a word, ſhall preſently provoke ſome to give a challenge. But ſuch moroſe waſpiſh fellows may expect to be hiſſed at and exploded, rather than courted and beloved.

[*To be continued.*]

The French and Dutch manner of preſerving their BEES.

[*Concluded from page* 198.]

WINTER always deſtroys a great number of Bees, if not guarded againſt, and that either by being too cold or too warm. When the weather, at this ſeaſon, is moderately cold,

cold, the Bees always fare beſt; for they are then chilled into a ſtate of inſenſibility, and remain aſleep without any occaſion for food. If the winter be warm they are kept awake; and find themſelves under a neceſſity of eating, they ſoon devour all their ſtore, and then periſh of hunger if not ſupplied, as the fields now afford them no ſupport. But if the winter be very ſevere, they are frozen to death, and periſh that way. The means they uſe to guard againſt ſuch accidents are theſe: when the winter approaches they examine their hives; thoſe which they find well peopled they only ſupply with a pot of honey, to ſerve them in caſe of hunger: well knowing their numbers will keep them ſufficiently warm. But for theſe hives which are ſo poorly peopled, that they would be deſtroyed by the froſts, they provide warm and ſecure receptacles.

They take as many large tubs as they have hives, and each of theſe they prepare for the lodgment of one of them; they firſt take out the head, then ſetting the other end to the ground, they lay a bed of dry earth or chopped hay in it, of ſix inches deep, and over this they place the looſe head which they ſtruck out; they then make a wooden trough of thin boards, a foot and half long, two inches wide and half an inch deep; they cut a hole in the ſide of the tub, capable of letting in this trough, and at ſuch a height that it may lay on the falſe bottom when put in. they then place a pot of honey covered with paper on the middle of the falſe bottom, and thruſting in the ſquare trough, ſo that its end ſticks three or four inches out at the ſide of the tub; they place over all the hive, in ſuch a manner that it covers the pot of honey, and its mouth anſwers to the end of the trough: when this is placed, they fill up the tub with more dry earth or chopped hay, and raiſe it up in a heap above the top; covering it with a ſtraw cover to keep out the rain; thus it ſtands ſecurely all winter. The Bees within are defended from the cold, and have honey enough to eat if they have occaſion; and out of a row of ſome hundred tubs it is a rarity to ſee one fail: but after ſtanding the whole winter, as ſoon as

warm

warm weather and flowers appear, the Bees are ſeen coming out of the trough and returning loaded into the hive by the ſame way; thus the whole ſwarms are preſerved in health, and are vigorous for feeding and working. And as to the other hives, if any of the Bees become frozen, which they know by their falling to the bottom of the hives, they warm them on a plate before the fire, which brings them to life again, and they return them to the hive, covering it with a little ſtraw, to prevent the cold from affecting it ſo ſeverely for the future. Thus our neighbours preſerve and have the increaſe of all their ſwarms, and the vaſt quantity of honey they yearly obtain is nothing to what it will increaſe to in a few years more, if they continue this method of preſerving their Bees; which it will be very eaſy for our farmers to put in practice as well as theirs.

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of Dr. Prieſtley's Argument for Neceſſity, from the Divine Preſcience.

[*Continued from page* 203.]

DR. Prieſtley attempts to prove the doctrine of neceſſity from the univerſal preſcience of God. But here, as uſual, he begs the queſtion, taking for granted, what he has not proved. I am ſenſible if it be admitted, that God certainly foreknows every action and paſſion of every man, that is yet to come, there needs no other argument to ſupport an abſolute and uncontrolable neceſſity; becauſe if certainly foreknown, they muſt all inevitably come to paſs. I ſhall therefore produce my reaſons, why I believe that God certainly foreknows every thing Dr. Prieſtley aſſerts. He ſays, (page 21ſt) "If man be poſſeſſed of a power of ſelf-determination, the Deity himſelf cannot

cannot control it, and if he does not control it, he cannot foresee." This appears to me very inconsistent reasoning. If man (at all times under the control of his maker, if he pleases) be possessed of a power of self-determination, God cannot control it. He surely can. An Almighty God can undoubtedly control man's power of self-determination; but because God can always do this, if he pleases, is it fair to conclude, that he always will so do? If so, man is not under the control of God; but of necessity. I may with as much propriety assert, that if man be possessed of a power to wash his own hands, the Deity himself cannot control it. We should never limit Almighty power by asserting it unable to effect any thing, unless it be what implies a contradiction in its own nature. But the Doctor adds, "If he [God] does not control it, he cannot foresee it. Equally inconsistent! Another limitation of Almighty power! The argument may be reduced to this. Either God does control every thing, or he does not. If he does, then things come to pass in spite of his control. If he does not control all or any of them, then according to Dr. Priestley, he cannot foresee all or any of them, and consequently in such a case all things come to pass, without a possibility of God's foreseeing them, because he does not control them. In opposition to all this, I maintain that Almighty God can, if he pleases, foreknow and foresee every thing that is yet to come, and can necessarily influence every creature, visible or invisible, corporeal or mental, to act as he pleases in every thing, and at all times, according to what he determines so to foreknow. Yet, we must not argue, because the thing is possible, that it is so in fact. On the contrary, it is equally possible to an Almighty power to create a set of creatures with power to choose or refuse, to act or not to act in many things at pleasure, without that choice or refusal, that action or non-action, being foreknown by any being whatever; and also without being necessitated by any definite motives whatever, to a certain definite, or certainly foreknown mode of action, thus creating them in his

his own likeneſs, with full liberty, in many caſes, to act as they pleaſe. I ſuppoſe no man will deny that God could make ſuch creatures, ſince this implies no contradiction. The queſtion is, whether men are, or are not creatures endewed with this liberty. Our conſciouſneſs, our daily experience and conſtant practice in life, all conſpire to inform us that we are ſuch creatures. If then the revelation of Almighty God confirms the ſame, we can have no doubt remaining. Let us examine it with this view. Dr. Prieſtley ſays, (page 21) "The whole hiſtory of revelation ſhews, that every determination of the mind of man is certainly foreknown by the Divine Being." I confeſs I can find no ſuch expreſſion, nor any thing equivalent to it. One would from hence be induced to think, that Dr. Prieſtley's Bible and mine are not the ſame. The Doctor finds this ſhewn in the whole hiſtory of revelation, and I cannot find it at all. However, when the matter comes out, ſo far from every determination of the mind of man being foreknown, it proves only to be ſome that are ſo: one inſtance of which he gives in the death of our Saviour. He ſays, "This event was certainly foreſeen, for it entered into the plan of Divine Providence." This I allow (with many more particular inſtances in ſcripture) to have been predetermined and foreſeen after Adam's tranſgreſſion. But from one particular inſtance, or even a number of particulars, we cannot infer a general concluſion, or an abſolute certainty that it is, and always will be ſo. All the places in which God's foreknowledge is mentioned in the New Teſtament, that I know, are Acts ii. 23. Romans viii. 29. 1 Peter i. 2. and again, 1 Peter i. 20. For though in this laſt place it ſtands in our tranſlation fore-ordained; yet in the original it is προεγνωσμενου. But in none of theſe places is God's foreknowledge ſaid to extend to every action and paſſion of every man. They only repreſent ſome particular thing ſpoken of to be foreknown by God. I remember no aſſertion of

God's univerſal foreknowledge in all the ſcriptures. In the firſt mentioned text, Acts ii. 23, "Him being delivered by the determined counſel and foreknowledge of God ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and ſlain." But becauſe he foreknew this, can we infer that he muſt and does foreknow every action and paſſion of every man? In the ſecond text, (Romans viii. 29.) "For whom he did foreknow, he alſo did predeſtinate, &c." If one cou'd infer from this, an abſolute general foreknowledge in God; then he muſt equally foreknow all, and the conſequence would be that all would be equally predeſtinated. He predeſtinated *all whom he did foreknow*. A ſtill further conſequence evidently follows in the next verſe, viz. that all would be equally *called, juſtified*, and *glorified*. For he glorified *all that he juſtified*, and juſtified *all that he called*, and called *all that he predeſtinated*, and predeſtinated *all that he did foreknow*. If then God foreknows all, he glorifies all; which is, I think, what no perſon will allow. Hence, no general foreknowledge can be proved from this text, but the contrary. To know in ſcripture language frequently means to have an eſteem for, to approve or favour. And therefore whom he did foreknow, may ſignify, thoſe whom he before or already approved of, upon the account of what they had done, thoſe he did predeſtinate or determine to be conformed to the image of his Son, by the aſſiſtance of his Holy Spirit; or it may ſignify that he foreknew ſome particular perſons, whom in conſequence of ſuch foreknowledge he was determined to predeſtinate and glorify, without foreknowing and predeſtinating any one to irreſiſtible deſtruction.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The ſureſt and ſhorteſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 205.]

THUS you ſee there are ſo many promiſes, both in the Old and New Teſtament, of temporal, as well as of ſpiritual and eternal bleſſings to the merciful, that there can be no queſtion made of the truth of the doctrine. And to uſe the expreſſion of Dr. Hammond, By all thoſe teſtimonies from the word of God, both in the New and Old Teſtament, I conceive this doctrine as clear as any in the ſcripture, viz. That the promiſe of temporal plenty to the liberal is ſo diſtinct and infallible, that it can be no leſs than,

1. A groſs ignorance of plain ſcripture, not to obſerve it, and

2. An act of arrant infidelity, not to believe it.

Though theſe proofs of ſcripture are ſufficient to convince any Chriſtian of the truth of the doctrine, yet for your farther ſatisfaction, I ſhall briefly give you the judgment both of ſome ancient Fathers and modern Divines concerning the ſame.

Non qui habet & ſervat, ſed qui impertit eſt Dives, & impartitio, non autem poſſeſſio divites facit. Clemens Alexand. Paedag. lib. 3. Not he that poſſeſſeth wealth, and keeps it by him; but he that diſtributeth it, is rich: neither is it the having, but the laying out of riches, that makes men rich.

Terrena omnia Servando amittimus, largiendo ſervamus. Iſidorus. We loſe all earthly things by keeping them, and by giving them away we keep them.

Lucrum eſt egenis dare, ſaith St. *Baſil.* It is the beſt way of thriving to give to them that are in want.

Fœcundus eſt ager pauperum, cito reddit donantibus fructum, Aug. Serm. de Divite. The field of the poor is very fruitful, and quickly yieldeth an increaſe to the charitable.

The ſame Father in his 25th ſermon, *de verbis Domini*, brings in Chriſt ſpeaking thus, *Da mihi id quod dedi tibi, habuiſti me largitorem, fac me debitorem, &c.* Give to me of that which I have given to thee. I have been thy benefactor, make mé thy debtor, become an uſurer to me, and I will pay thee with advantage. And in one of his Epiſtles, *Da modicum ut recipias centuplum.* Give a little, and thou ſhalt receive a hundred-fold.

Da pauperi ut detur tibi, quicquid pauperi dederis tu habeas, quod non dederis, habebit alter. Give to the poor, and it ſhall be given to thee. Whatſoever thou giveſt to the poor, thou ſecureſt to thyſelf; what thou withholdeſt, another ſhall poſſeſs. *Pet. Raven.*

Deus bis ſolvit hoc fœnus, ſcilicet ſemel in terra, Secundo in cœlo. In terra enim eleemoſynariis multiplicat opes, in cœlo autem longe plura, & majora rependit. God twice pays what is lent to him, once in this world, by multiplying the wealth of alms-givers; and then in heaven he pays it over and over. *Cornelius a Lapid.* Prov. xix. 17. Dr. Hammond, in his ſermon on Deut. xxvi. 12, 13, layeth down this propoſition, "That almsgiving, was never the waſting or leſſening of any man's eſtate, to himſelf or his poſterity; but rather the encreaſing of it."

Dr. Jeremy Taylor in his Rules of Holy Living, treating of alms, Sect. 8. among other motives hath this: "That portion of our eſtate out of which a tenth or fifth, or ſome offering to God, and the poor goes forth, certainly returns with a great bleſſing upon all the reſt." It is like the infuſion of oil by the Sidonian woman, as long as ſhe poured into empty veſſels, it could never ceaſe running: or like the widow's barrel of meal, it conſumed not as long as ſhe fed the Prophet.

Dr.

Dr. Thomas Jacomb, in his ſermon on Matt v. 7, preached at the Spittle, 1657, ſaith, "God will return to the merciful man what he gives to the poor; he will reward him in kind: that look whatever it is that he beſtows, ſhall in the very kind be made up to him again; many have found this to be true: in the morning they have given, may be, five ſhillings, and before night God hath brought them in unexpectedly twenty for it. The beſt way for a man to increaſe his eſtate is charity: money, here like the widow's oil, the more it is poured out, the more it doth increaſe, &c. And page 26, No man ſhall be the poorer at the year's end for what he lays out upon the poor; you ſhall have your money again, and improvement for it too."

The author of the Whole Duty of Man, treating of alms in partition, p. 17, ſaith, "There is but one objection to be made againſt a cheerful giver of alms, and that is, The danger of impoveriſhing one's ſelf by what one gives." To which he anſwers in theſe words; "that this is ſure a vain ſuppoſition; God having particularly promiſed the contrary to the charitable: *That it ſhall bring bleſſings on them, even in theſe outward things. The liberal ſoul ſhall be made fat, and he that watereth, ſhall be watered alſo himſelf*, Prov. xi. 25. *He that giveth to the poor ſhall not lack*, Prov. xxviii. 27. And many the like texts there are, ſo that one may truly ſay, This objection is grounded in direct unbelief. The ſhort of it is, we dare not truſt God; for this giving to the poor, is directly the putting our wealth into his hands: *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord*, Prov. xix. 17. and that too on ſolemn promiſe of repayment, as it follows in that verſe, *That which he hath given will he pay him again.* It is amongſt men thought a great diſparagement, when we refuſe to truſt them; it ſhews we either think them not ſufficient, or not honeſt. How vile an affront is it then to God thus to diſtruſt him? Nay indeed, how horrid blaſphemy, to doubt the ſecurity of that for which he thus expreſsly paſt his word,

who

who is the Lord of all, and therefore cannot be infufficient: and who is the God of truth, and therefore will not fail to make good his promife? Let not then that infidel fear of future-want contract and fhut up thy bowels from thy poor brother; for though he be never like to pay, yet God becomes his furety, and enters bond with him, and will moft aflfuredly pay thee with increafe.

"Therefore it is fo far from being damage to thee thus to give, that it is thy great advantage. Any man would rather chufe to put his money into fome fure hand, where he may both improve, and be certain of it at his need, than to let it lie unprofitable by him, efpecially if he be in danger of thieves or other accidents, by which he may probably lofe it: now alas! all that we poffefs is in imminent danger of being loft: innumerable accidents there are, which may in an inftant bring a rich man to beggary; he that doubts this, let him but read the ftory of Job, and he will there find an example of it. And therefore what fo prudent a courfe can we take for our wealth, as to put it out of the reach of thofe accidents, by thus lending it to God, where we may be fure to find it ready at our greateft need, and that too with improvement and increafe? In which refpect it is, that the Apoftle compares alms to feed, 2 Cor. ix. 10. We know it is the nature of feed that is fown, to multiply and increafe; and fo do all our acts of mercy, they return not fingle, and naked to us, but bring in their fheaves with them, a moft plenteous and bountiful harveft. God deals not with our alms, as we too often do with his graces, wrap them up in a napkin, fo that they fhall never bring in any advantage to us, but makes us moft rich returns. And therefore we have all reafon, moft cheerfully, yea, joyfully, to fet to this duty, which we have fuch invitations to, as well in refpect of our own intereffs, as our neighbours needs." Thus have you the truth of the point proved both by divine and human teftimonies.

[*To be continued.*]

On

On the SLAVE-TRADE.

To ——,

Manchester, January 1, 1788.

Sir,

AT the instance of the Subscribers in this place, for the relief of the oppressed Africans, I request your attention to the enormity and impolicy of the African Slave-Trade, as they have been lately held out to the public.

We apprehend that the forcible seizure of the Africans in their native country, (encouraged by the support afforded the traffic by this and other European nations) the miseries attending their transportation to our settlements, the excessive labours and disproportionate punishments to which they are subjected there, and the annual condemnation of so many thousands of innocent persons to unlimited slavery, are evils which demand a full and speedy redress from a free people.

And when we add to these Considerations, this undeniable fact, that the *principle* of the Trade cannot be defended on the ground of *common honesty*, we think ourselves entitled to assert that it is the duty of every man, as a Citizen, and as a Christian, to signify his detestation of this long-continued abuse.

It is the opinion, not only of the Manchester Subscribers, but of the London Committee, who stand first in this cause, that applications to Parliament, from different parts of the kingdom, representing the nature of the grievance, and praying redress, will prove most effectual in tending to remove the causes of offence.

The intention of the present Address, is to invite you to join with them and us in this measure, which is proposed by the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Manchester, and which we are assured will be adopted by several of the most considerable places in the kingdom.

We

We are alſo deſirous that the petitions to Parliament ſhould be accompanied with inſtructions to the Members, individually; and in this particular likewiſe, we requeſt the aſſiſtance of your city and neighbourhood.

We truſt that the preſſure of the occaſion, which calls for the immediate and active interference of the juſt and humane, will excuſe the freedom of this Addreſs, as we make no doubt of obtaining the concurrence of all good men, in promoting ſo deſirable an object as the relief of the Africans from their preſent oppreſſion.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

THOMAS WALKER, Chairman.

An ANSWER *to an* IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Armagh, June 18, 1787.

Dear Sir,

YOU aſk, "Why do not the Clergy, whether in *England* or *Ireland*, avail themſelves of the Methodiſt Preachers?" You ſay, "You wonder they do not thankfully accept of their aſſiſtance, who deſire no pay for their ſervice, in repreſſing error and wickedneſs of every kind, and propagating Truth and Religion?" You inquire "upon what rational principles can this be accounted for?"

To give a complete anſwer to this queſtion, would require a whole treatiſe. I have not leiſure for this: but I will give as full an anſwer as my time will permit.

Only before I anſwer, I muſt obſerve, that many both of the *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Clergy, are intirely out of the queſtion. They are not only learned, but truly religious men, and as ſuch are an honour to their profeſſion. I ſpeak only of thoſe

that

that are of a different character, be they many or few. Let them wear the cap whom it fits. That is no concern of mine.

This premiſed, I think it eaſy to be accounted for, even upon heathen principles. *Horace* obſerved long ago,

Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtemq; jocoſi,
Vinoſi porrecta nequantem pocula —

Accordingly, grave and ſolemn men (though too few are guilty of this fault) diſlike many of the Methodiſt-Preachers, for having nothing of *that* gravity or ſolemnity about them. Jocoſe Clergymen on the other hand, cannot but diſlike thoſe, who are ſtedily ſerious. And thoſe that love to take a cheerful glaſs, are not fond of ſuch as are ſtrictly temperate. You need go no farther than this conſideration to have a clear anſwer to the queſtion, "Why do many of the Clergy refuſe to receive any aſſiſtance from the Methodiſt Preachers?"

But this may be more fully accounted for upon Chriſtian Principles. What ſays our Lord, to the firſt Preachers of the Goſpel, and in them to all their ſucceſſors? (John xv. 18, and ſeq.) *If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me, before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but becauſe ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Theſe things will they do unto you, becauſe they know not him that ſent me.*

Does not this give us ſufficient reaſon to expect, that if we are *not of the world*, all *the world*, all who *know not God*, whether Clergy or Laity, will be ſo far from accepting our aſſiſtance, that they will ſincerely hate us, and openly or privately, perſecute us, ſo far as God permits? We have therefore reaſon to wonder, not that they do not deſire any union or coalition with us, but that they bear with, yea, and on many occaſions treat us with courteſy and civility. This is a peculiar inſtance of the providence of God, cauſing in ſome meaſure the ſcandal of the croſs to ceaſe.

"But do not many Clergymen, who are not pious men, acknowledge that the Methodists do good, and encourage them to perfevere therein?" They do: but observe how far they would have them go. They wish them to repress outward sin: to reclaim the people from cursing, and swearing, and drunkenness, and sabbath-breaking (unless the Squire gains by it.) They are well pleased, that their parishioners grow more diligent and honest, and are constant attendants on the Church and Sacrament. Nay, they are glad that they are brought to practise both justice and mercy; in a word, to be *moral men*.

But the truth is, the Methodists know and teach, that all this is nothing before God: that whoever goes thus far and no farther, is *building upon the sand*: that he who would worship God to any purpose, must worship him *in spirit and in truth*: that true religion is *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*: even giving God our heart: the seeking and finding happiness in him. Here then they divide from the Methodists, whom they judge to be going too far. They would have their parishioners *moral men*; that is in plain terms, honest heathens: but they would not have them *pious* men, men devoted to God, *Bible Christians*. If therefore the Methodist Preachers would stop here, would preach outward religion and no more, many Clergymen would not only encourage them therein, but likewise cordially join them. But when they persuade men, *not* to be *almost, but altogether Christians*, to maintain a constant *fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ*: to be *transformed* into that *image of God, wherein they were created*, and thenceforth to live that *life which is hid with Christ in God*: let them not expect, that any will give them the right hand of fellowship, but those God hath *chosen out of the world*.

I am, yours, &c.

J. W.

ADMONITION

ADMONITION *againſt* SABBATH-BREAKING.

THE profanation of the Lord's-day, or Chriſtian Sabbath, is become ſo ſhamefully common among all ranks and orders of men, that it is the duty of every one who wiſhes well to his fellow chriſtians, to the riſing generation, and to our country, to do all in his power, to awaken and reform thoſe who are chargeable with it.—Let me therefore remind you, that at the creation God appointed one day in ſeven to be kept holy for religious purpoſes. This he required in the Law of Moſes, particularly in the fourth Commandment. It is alſo in effect required by Jeſus Chriſt: and the Lord's-day, ſo called in remembrance of his reſurrection on that day, was kept holy by the Apoſtles and firſt chriſtian nations ever ſince. It is therefore moſt evidently the duty of every chriſtian to obſerve it, as a day of reſt from work, buying, ſelling, travelling, (except in caſes of great and unavoidable neceſſity) and from all kinds of ſport and diverſions: and he is to employ this day in attending at church both morning and afternoon—in reading the Bible and good books at home—in inſtructing the family—in ſerious reflections on his paſt temper and conduct, and in pious reſolutions concerning his future conduct, and preparation for eternity—and in earneſt prayers to God for pardon, aſſiſtance, ſtrength, and eternal life, through the merits and mediation of Jeſus Chriſt. To ſpend the ſacred time in amuſement, idleneſs, and frequenting coffee-houſes, taverns, or ale-houſes, and to neglect the public and private duties of the day, is a high affront to the authority of God, a baſe, ungrateful return for the love and grace of our Saviour, an unſpeakable injury to yourſelf, to your family, and to the nation. It expoſes you to the penalties which our law inflicts on Sabbath Breakers, and tends to bring the judgments of God on our country. It leads you to bad company, to a habit of idleneſs, drunkenneſs, extravagance, and ſo on to ruin; as many have acknowledged,

who have ſuffered at the place of execution. It finally tends to deſtroy all ſerious thought and religious concern, to harden the heart; and ſo expoſes you to everlaſting deſtruction. You are therefore, by all theſe arguments, earneſtly intreated, to conſider your duty and intereſt; immediately to leave off this pernicious practice of Sabbath-breaking, and apply yourſelves vigorouſly to the proper duties of that holy day. It is particularly deſired that, the next time you go to church you would conſider the reſponce which you make after the Miniſter hath read the fourth commandment, and that it will be baſe hypocriſy, and a horrid inſult on the heart-ſearching God, to "beſeech him to incline your hearts to keep that law," unleſs you are ſincerely and fully reſolved to keep it. The Sabbath (comfortable reflection!) was deſigned as a day of bleſſing; may you never more by your idleneſs, profaneneſs, or any other cauſe, turn that bleſſing into a curſe. For death will ſoon cloſe (for ever cloſe) the day of grace and mercy. And if you neglect eſpecially after this faithful warning, "The things which make for your peace, they will then be hid from your eyes;" and you will then find no place for repentance.

ENTHUSIASM *leſs pernicious to the Mind than Coldneſs and Indifference in Religion.*

BUT whatever abſurdities may ariſe from the fancied ardours of Enthuſiaſm, they are much leſs pernicious than the contrary extreme of coldneſs and indifference in religion. The ſpirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheleſs favourable to true courage, as it excited and nouriſhed magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though ſometimes waſted in abſurd undertakings, were of the greateſt uſe on real and proper occaſions. The nobleſt energies of which we are capable, can ſcarcely be called out without

without ſome degree of Enthuſiaſm, in whatever cauſe we are engaged; and thoſe ſentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our ſtopping ſhort of them, and loſing by careleſs indolence and ſelf-deſertion, the greateſt part of that ſtrength with which we are really endued. How common is it for thoſe who profeſs (and perhaps ſincerely) to believe with entire perſuaſion the truth of the goſpel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope, ſay they, I am guilty of no great crimes; but the cuſtoms of the world in theſe times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reaſon or revelation. I know that I am engroſſed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be ſuch. But I know not how it is—I do not find that I can alter my way of living." Thus they coolly and contentedly give themſelves up to a conſtant courſe of diſſipation, and a general worthleſneſs of character, which, I fear, as the occaſional commiſſion of crimes at which they would ſtart and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is moſt valuable and important, of children, friends, ſervants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they conſider as an excuſable levity, and ſatisfy themſelves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of faſhion was to be called to account for the diſpoſition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this ſtyle:——"I cannot, you know, be out of the world nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—conſequently I riſe late. I have ſcarce breakfaſted before morning viſits begin, or it is time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exerciſe for my health. Dreſſing my hair is a long operation, but one cannot appear with a head unlike every body elſe. One muſt ſometimes go to a play or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then, what

what with neceſſary viſits,—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houſes—and attendance on public aſſemblies, to which all people of faſhion ſubſcribe, the evenings, you ſee, are fully diſpoſed of. What time then can I poſſibly have for what you call domeſtic duties?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendſhip—Alas I have no hours left for friends! I muſt ſee them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendſhip of my huſband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to ſpend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governeſs, and proper maſters—I can do no more for them. You tell me I ſhould inſtruct my ſervants—but I have not time to inform myſelf, much leſs can I undertake any thing of that ſort for them, or even be able to gueſs what they do with themſelves the greateſt part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if poſſible, once on a Sunday, and then ſome of my ſervants attend me; if they will not mind what the Preacher ſays, how can I help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I muſt leave to the ſteward and houſe-keeper; for I find I can barely ſnatch a quarter of an hour juſt to look over the bill-of fare when I am to have company, that I may not ſend up any thing frightful or old-faſhioned."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The PUNISHMENT *of* HOMICIDE.

A Diſſertation from the French, on Gen. chap. iv.

CAIN killed Abel, which was the firſt homicide in the world; it was alſo the firſt example of all the homicides, which ſhould be committed in the courſe of time. It ſeems that the puniſhment which was inflicted on it, ought in conſequence to ſerve for a model to all who ſhould be puniſhed for the like crime. The natural puniſhment due to this crime was death, according to the words that God ſays to the family of Noah:

Noah: "Whoſo ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed;" a ſentence which the depravation of the human heart forced from him, and made him pronounce againſt his firſt intentions, to ſerve for a reſtraint to the brutality of bloody men.

In effect, it is proper to remark, that God, far from condemning Cain to the puniſhment of retaliation, and to confirm him in the fear he had of being deſtroyed, eſtabliſhed a puniſhment ſeven times greater than that of Cain, for him who dared to ſhed his blood, and reduced his puniſhment to three heads: to a curſe; to be a vagabond; and to have no benefit from the land that he cultivated.

This ſentence was a rule to all the former ages of the world, both before and after the flood; it was executed exactly; no other was known; and this was the only one by which they were governed. "It is with the greateſt prudence (ſays Euripides) that the ancients have appointed, not to condemn him to death who has committed a murder; but make him expiate his crime, by a perpetual baniſhment, without permitting any one to ſpeak to him, nor letting him appear after that in his country." We find in Homer, Apollodorus, &c. that in ancient times exile, or a fine, was the only puniſhment of murder; exile, however, was the moſt eſtabliſhed. Oreſtes violated ſo great a law, which was always in force; he thought he was in the right to do it. Agamemnon, his father, had been unworthily maſſacred; Clytemneſtra, his wife, was the author of it. Oreſtes, without reflecting on the quality of his mother, and only conſidering her as the author of the crime, avenged ſo unheard of a death, and in a word killed Clytemneſtra. Tindarus, the father of this perfidious wife, could not refrain from proſecuting the murderer of his daughter: "Who ever carried his raſhneſs farther? ſaid he, What! without any regard, either to the laws, or to the force of the laws, to dare to ſhed the blood of his own mother! I confeſs, added he, that my daughter was blameable in the utmoſt, to have embrued her hands in the blood of her huſband, and that Oreſtes did right in

in punishing her, but all the punishment should have been confined to driving away and banishing her; which, if he had done, he would have had the approbation of every body." Tindarus then gives a reason, why banishment only was inflicted on homicides: "Otherwise, said he, murders would infinitely increase, without any remedy; and that, which is still worse, there would always in the last place be some one who might be charged with a homicide."

To understand these last words, we must remember that, because the ancients had reduced the punishment of homicide to banishment, there was a custom which permitted the parents and friends of the deceased to pursue the murderer and kill him. This toleration held a place every where, even among the Israelites: God put no bounds to it, but in regard of involuntary homicides; he was willing that the authors of the last should be under a protection from all violence, when they gained a city of refuse and asylum. When therefore this custom was in its full vigour, it is certain that the parent or friend who avenged the death of any one, only added murder to murder, without which he would have been less charged with the impurity attached to the crime which he had committed.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A STRANGE BIRTH.

WHEN Spinola besieged the city of Bergenofizoom, a woman who was near her time, going to draw water, was taken off in the middle by a cannon bullet, so that the lower part of her fell into the water. Those who were by, ran to her, and saw there a child moving itself in the bowels of the mother: they drew it forth and carried it into the tents of Don Cordua, and kept it with great care; being afterwards brought to Antwerp, the Infanta Isabella caused it to be baptized, and gave it the name of Albertus Ambrosius, one of her father's Captains.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLVI.

[From Mr. C. to the Rev. J. Wefley.]

Doncaſter, July 3, 1777.

Honoured Sir,

ON two or three prayer-meetings being eſtabliſhed in the town where I was ſome time ago, the inhabitants were exceedingly alarmed; and Methodiſm which was almoſt dwindled to nothing, was talked of every where; inſomuch that ſeveral of our friends avowed their diſapprobation of our proceedings. But being in nothing terrified by friends or enemies, God owned and proſpered our weak endeavours. Very many came to our little meetings, but more to hear the word than the room could contain. From that time I frequently aſſured the Methodiſts, I ſhould ſoon go out of the land: they were unwilling to believe me, and expoſtulated with me on the unreaſonableneſs of ſuch a procedure.

Some time after Mr. C. who had been at a country village, about ten days before my departure, promiſed to viſit them again the following Sunday. But they agreed to put me up in his ſtead; and when the people were aſſembled, two of the oldeſt Methodiſts forced me to ſtand up. Having gone through the ſervice, nothing could exceed the ſatisfaction of the people. At night, after preaching, I deſired the ſociety to return; they did ſo. On hearing the occaſion, they ſorrowed for me, as if they were going to loſe their firſt-born. Their mourning was ſo loud, that I could not hear myſelf ſpeak: this held about an hour and half.

When the morning came that I was to depart, the people flocked together, as if by tears and careſſes, they thought to

ſtop me. Whilſt at prayer they wept aloud; and when I was called to go on board, two young men of my acquaintance preſent, were kind enough to help to diſengage me from their embraces. Perhaps, Sir, you will believe me if I ſay, that in all this time I was free from all inward emotion, and did not accompany their ten thouſand tears with a ſingle one.

After we had weighed anchor, we ran foul of a man of war. The Captain and all the men were ready to conclude me the Jonah who had occaſioned this misfortune. After a good deal of labour, they got looſe again, and in a quarter of an hour ran foul of the dock-yard. Now their notions were confirmed that I was the occaſion of their danger; but I promiſed them a fair wind, if they once got clear of the harbour. In the afternoon we reached the Sound, when the wind ſprung fair. I never having been at ſea before, was very ſick, and could only get up to call the ſhip's company to prayer. I continued ſick till Friday night, and then went upon deck. Finding them afraid of getting into the Downs before day-light, and that the top-gallant wanted to be taken in, and finding my whole body as if new-nerved, I was on the top of the maſt nearly as ſoon as the ſeamen, to their very great aſtoniſhment! While I was there I remember to have ſung ſeveral hallelujahs, and ardently longed for an entrance into the celeſtial reſt to which I was going. When we came to the Downs the wind ſhifted about as we would have it. After this the ſhip's company came and aſked me to pray with them twice a day.

When we came to Yarmouth roads, the wind again ſhifted according to our wiſhes, and on Sunday evening brought us into Robinhood's Bay in Yorkſhire. On our landing, it is remarkable that one of the ſeamen who uſed to beat his wife for hearing the Methodiſts, charged her to get up and hear me every morning at five. At Whitby, there was a room full of the people, and we prayed till I thought it impoſſible to pray any more, as the Lord was ſo preſent in the midſt of us!

us! I rose and left them on their knees. On my return in about half an hour, I found them in the same posture. We began again, and in a few minutes, a woman who had been seeking full salvation, cried out, He is come, and fell down senseless! For several days she ate very little, and being so overwhelmed with the love of God, her strength failed, and for awhile, became unable to do her business.

I know not how the Methodists in their warmth represented the affair of Mr. Woodcock, but all of them since, considering my youth, and how they treated me, wonder that I stood it, and are heartily sorry for it. Notwithstanding all I have gone through, and though I have left one of the best of mothers, and some of the most loving friends, I have never once wished myself home since. I know I love God with my whole soul, and am willing to serve him any where, and in every thing; but yet I pant for immortality. I see a world of spirits bright, and long to mingle with them! I see rivers of divine life, and pant to bathe in them! Come Lord Jesus! come quickly! This, Sir, is the language of your Friend and Servant in the Gospel.

R. C.

LETTER CCCCLVII.

[From Miss A. C. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bristol, July 10, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in intruding upon your precious time; as I am at present burthened for our friend Miss M. You know, Sir, she has long borne a weak and sickly body, though she has had a healthy countenance. She has been subject to feverish disorders for some time. Lately she has had violent vomitings,

&c. of blood, and her companion has alſo been in a very dangerous way.

While you were here, both of them were ill, and it was no ſmall croſs to them that they could not hear you. Miſs M. I think heard you but once, and that was with much difficulty; it was the Thurſday night that you preached from, "Every man ſhall receive his own reward, according to his own labour:" which ſhe took as deſigned for her, on which ſhe was greatly diſtreſſed; her mind affecting her body ſhe grew worſe again, and afterwards the additional diſappointment of not ſeeing you, have ſo ſunk her ſpirits, that I fear grief will prevent her uſefulneſs if not ſoon removed.

Now dear Sir, I need not tell you what a loſs it will be to many, if dejection ſhould incapacitate her for the work ſhe has long been happily engaged in. You know her much better than I do (though I have been lately favoured with her intimacy) and therefore I doubt not but you will write a line of ſeaſonable comfort to her. How liable we are to miſtakes, and how ready our great adverſary is to take the advantage, is much to be lamented; but glory be to our Redeemer who pities our weakneſs, and even cauſes it to work for our good.

I hope, dear Sir, you will not think me officious. I am concerned when there is the leaſt ſhyneſs between old friends, and if I might be an inſtrument of removing the miſtake (that does not, I am perſuaded proceed from want of love on either ſide) I ſhall be happy.

I ſhould eſteem a line from you a great favour; but will not deſire it if you are too much engaged. I have the comfort to thank you for ſparing us your new Curate. He is indeed every thing we can wiſh for in ſo young a man, and I hope will be to us an infinite bleſſing. Be pleaſed to accept of my beſt wiſhes, and believe that I remain, very dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Follower,

A. C.

POETRY.

POETRY.

An ODE *ſung at the* ANNIVERSARY MEETING *of an ancient* FRATERNITY.

I.

TO endleſs rounds of hopes and fears,
Our glory we betray;
And toils on toils, and cares on cares,
Conſume our lives away.

The fond deſire, and flattering view,
But lead us to deſpair;
With pain we all our ends purſue;
And all our ends are air.

CHORUS.

Then loſe we care, and baulk we toil,
Our ſorrow well deceiving;
And wiſely now, a little while,
Devote we life to living!

II.

Our better part, the human mind,
('Tis reaſon's cheerful voice)
Allyed to angels, was deſigned
Like them for ſocial joys.

CHORUS.

'Tis thus we live, and thus we'll riſe
Above all worldly meaſure;
Aſſert our kindred to the ſkies,
And graſp immortal pleaſure.

The

III.

The good and brave the virtues own,
To genérous converſe due;
And they're the good and brave alone
That can, and dare be true.

They're ſuch who feel the ſteady rays
Of friendſhip's pureſt flame;
And, clear or cloudy be their days,
For ever love the ſame.

CHORUS.

So friend and friend we'll nobly cloſe,
While all around us wonder,
There ſhould be formed in nature thoſe
Whom fortune cannot ſunder.

IV.

What though the many wholly bend
To things beneath our ſtate,
Some poorly to be rich contend,
And others meanly great.

There livèd a few through every ſpace,
Since firſt our kind began,
Who ſtill maintainèd, with better grace,
The dignity of man.

CHORUS.

For this, as met our ſires, meet we,
With brother join we brother:
And ſouls, from pride and avarice free,
Were formèd for one another.

The DAY *of* JUDGMENT.

Attempted in the Manner of Dr. WATTS.

AT that great day when Chriſt appears,
Enrobéd with ſhining light,
To judge the facts of many years,
And ſet the injuréd right.

The trump celeſtial loudly ſound,
"Impriſon'd duſt ariſe!
Awake ye nations under ground,
Unſeal your long cloſéd eyes!"

Then earth and ſeas ſhall open wide,
The dead to view appear;
Both friends and foes ſtand ſide by ſide,
Oérwhelméd with guilty fear.

The juſt in precious words like theſe,
Obtain their promiſéd due,
"Repair my ſons to endleſs eaſe,
That was preparéd for you."

The wicked then oppreſſéd with grief,
Receive their horrid doom;
Deſtruction vaſt beyond relief,
Caſt in eternal gloom.

"Depart ye curſéd where flame meets flame,
And fires eternal roll,
Where loud and piercing ſhrieks proclaim
The torments of the ſoul."

Then fiery oceans burſt with powér,
And ſwallow up this world;
Whole ages in that fatal hour,
Shall be in chaos hurléd.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

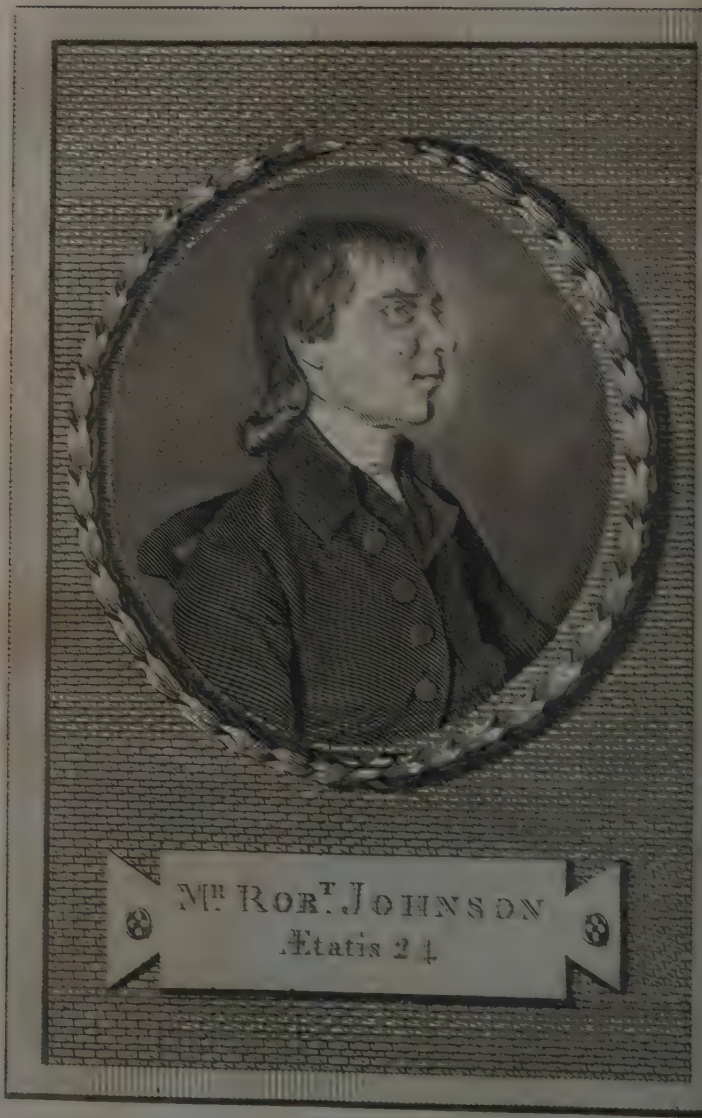
A Pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resignèd;
Honour unchangèd; a principle profest,
Fixt to one side, but modèrate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too,
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true;
Fillèd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth removèd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lovèd.

EPIGRAM: *from the Greek.*

ON *Stygian* banks, *Diogenes* the wise
Bursts into laughter when he *Crœsus* spies;
And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare cloak and old,
The Monarch famous for his gatherèd gold:
I, nothing leave, I all to *Charon* bear,
Thou, *Crœsus*, rich on earth, hast nothing here.

On the foregoing EPIGRAM.

THE *Lydian* Prince is blamed for wealth alone,
Though greater in his virtues than his throne.
The cynick churl is prailèd, of fame secure,
Though void of every grace but being poor.
No wonder whence this partial judgments springs,
Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.


Mr Robt. Johnson
Ætatis 24

THE Arminian Magazine, For JUNE 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 228.]

Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will, as well from Neceſſity, as from Co-action.

CHAP. II.

1ſt. IN the general the Scriptures every where aſſert, and give plain teſtimonies of, the liberty of the will of man to chuſe the good and refuſe the evil. Thus Juſtin Martyr having told us that man would not be worthy of praiſe or recompence, *did he not chuſe good of himſelf, nor worthy of puniſhment for doing evil, if he did not this of himſelf*; ſaith, *this the holy and prophetic Spirit hath taught us by Moſes in theſe words, See I have ſet before thee good and evil, chuſe the good,* &c. and alſo by Iſaiah the prophet, ſpeaking thus in the name of God, *If ye be willing and obedient ye ſhall eat the good of the land; but if ye will not hear, ye ſhall be devoured by the ſword,*

for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it. The prophecy of Iſaiah, ſaith Clemens of Alexandria, ſaith, *If you be willing*, &c. *demonſtrating that both the choice and the refuſal* (viz. of faith and obedience, of which he here ſpeaketh) *are in our power.* Tertullian pronounces them *unſound in faith, and corrupters of the chriſtian diſcipline, and excuſers of all ſin, who ſo refer all things to the will of God,* Dicendo nihil fieri ſine ejus nutu, ut non intelligamus aliquid eſſe in nobis ipſis, by ſaying nothing is done without his appointment, as that we cannot underſtand that any thing is left to ourſelves to do; whereas though we learn from his precepts both what he would, and would not have done, tamen nobis eſt voluntas, & arbitrium eligondi alterum, ſicut ſcriptum eſt. Ecce poſui ante te bonum & malum, *yet is there in us a liberty of chuſing either, according as it is written, Behold I have ſet before thee good and evil.* St. Cyprian proves, *that to believe or not, was left to our own free choice.* From the ſame texts, Deut. xxx. 19. Iſaiah i. 19. Epiphanius againſt the phariſaical fate, cites thoſe words of Iſaiah, *If ye be willing and obedient*; *whence*, ſaith he, *it is plainly manifeſt and indubitable, that God hath granted to man free-will*; *ſo that it is in his power to do the good, or to chuſe the evil.* Theodoret having cited thoſe words of Chriſt, *If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink*, adds, *Ten thouſand things of this nature may be found both in the goſpels and other writings of the apoſtles, clearly manifeſting the liberty, or ſelf-election of the nature of man.* St. Chryſoſtom ſpeaks thus, *God ſaith, if you will, and if you will not, giving us power, and putting it in our own option to be virtuous, or vicious*; the devil ſaith, *Thou canſt not avoid thy fate.* God ſaith, *I have put before thee fire and water, life and death, ſtretch forth thy hand to whether of them thou wilt*; *the* Devil ſaith, *It is not in thee to ſtretch forth thy hand to them:* and St. Cyril eſtabliſheth this doctrine from the ſame texts of Scripture. And St. Auſtin proves from thoſe words of Chriſt, *Either make the tree good and the fruit will be good, or make the tree evil and*

the

the fruit will be evil, in noſtra poteſtate ſitum eſſe mutare voluntatem, *that it is put in our own power to change the will.* It would be endleſs to tranſcribe all that the Fathers ſay upon this head.

2dly, To the ſame effect they ſpeak, when they ſay the Scripture teſtifies that God hath left man in a capacity of doing good or evil. Thus Irenæus having laid down this as a rule, *That it is in the power of man to work and retain what is good; and again, not to do, or to loſe the good he hath done*: for *this cauſe*, ſaith he, *do the prophets exhort men to work righteouſneſs, and to do good, as having it in their power ſo to do, as we have ſhewed by many teſtimonies, and our Lord doth the ſame in many places*, viz. Matt. v. 16, 24. 48—51. Luke vi. 46, 12, 35, 36, 47, 21, 34, *all which words demonſtrate the free-will of man. And the apoſtle exhorts men in many places to do good works, which he could have no reaſon to do*, ſi in nobis non eſſet facere hæc, aut non facere, *if it were not in our power to do, or not to do what our Lord and his apoſtles do exhort us to do.* Then he goes on to prove that God hath preſerved to man, non tantum in operibus, ſed etiam in fide liberum eſſe & ſuæ poteſtatis arbitrium, that man hath free-will, or hath it in his power not only to do, but alſo to believe, from Matt. viii. 13. Matt. ix. 23. And he concludes, that all theſe texts ſhew man to be ſuæ poteſtatis ſecundum fidem, free as to his faith; for as Clemens Alexandria ſaith, it is in our power to believe and obey. Tertullion is as expreſs in this, ſaying, That God made man at firſt after his own image, arbitrii ſui libertate & poteſtate, with liberty of, and power over his own will, and that this appears from the law that he gave him, non enim poneretur lex ei qui non haberet obſequium debitum legi in ſua poteſtate, nec rurſus comminatio tranſgreſſori adſcriberetur ſi non & contemptus legis in arbitrii libertatem homini deputaretur, for neither would God have given a law to him who had not freedom to obey it, or have threatned death to the tranſgreſſor, if he had not a freedom to contemn it; ſic & in poſteris legibus

Creatoris invenias, and ſo was it alſo in the laws given by God after the fall, in which he ſets before man good and evil, life and death; nor would the order of diſcipline be diſpoſed by precepts in which God calls us from, and exhorts us to things, and threatens our diſobedience, niſi & ad obſequium, & ad contemptum libero, & voluntario homine, did not man freely and voluntarily obey, or contemn them. Origen is alſo copious in this aſſertion, for having cited thoſe words, and now Iſrael what doth the Lord thy God require of thee? he adds, Let them bluſh at theſe words, who deny that man hath free-will; for, quomodo poſceret ab homine Deus, niſi haberet homo in ſua poteſtate quod poſcenti Deo deberet offerre, How could God require that of man which he had not in his power to offer to him? And again, The ſoul, ſaith he, doth not incline to either part out of neceſſity; for then neither vice nor virtue could be aſcribed to it, nor would its choice of virtue deſerve reward, nor its declination to vice puniſhment, ſed ſervatur ei in omnibus libertas arbitrii, ut in quodcunq; voluerit ipſa declinat, but the liberty of its will is preſerved in all things that it may incline to what it will, as it is written, Behold I have ſet before thee life and death. St. Auſtin alſo, from many paſſages in which the Scripture ſaith, Do not ſo, or ſo; or do this, or that, lays down this general rule, ubi dicitur noli hoc, aut noli illud, & ubi ad aliquid faciendum, vel non faciendum in divinis monitis opus voluntatis exigitur, Satis Liberum Demonſtratur Arbitrium, that all ſuch places ſufficiently demonſtrate the liberty of the will; and this he ſaith againſt them, Qui ſic gratiam Dei defendunt, ut negent liberum arbitrium, who ſo aſſerted the grace of God, as to deny the liberty of the will, or thought it was ſo defended by him, and his partners, as to deſtroy it.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON XLV.

On PSALM viii. 3, 4.

[*Concluded from page* 232.]

4. IF then we add to the littleneſs of man, the inexpreſſible ſhortneſs of his Duration, is it any wonder that a man of reflection, ſhould ſometimes feel a kind of fear, leſt the great, eternal, infinite Governor of the Univerſe, ſhould diſregard ſo diminutive a creature as man! A creature ſo every way inconſiderable, when compared either with Immenſity or Eternity! Did not both theſe reflections glance through, if not dwell upon the mind of the royal Pſalmiſt? Thus, in contemplation of the former, he breaks out into the ſtrong words of the text, *When I conſider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained, What is man, that thou ſhouldſt be mindful of him? Or the ſon of man, that thou ſhouldſt regard him?* He is indeed, (to uſe St. *Auguſtine's* words (*Aliqua portio creaturæ tuæ.* Some portion of thy creation. But *quantula portio!* How amazingly ſmall a portion! How utterly beneath thy notice! It ſeems to be in contemplation of the latter, that he cries out in the hundred and forty-fourth Pſalm, *Lord, what is man, that thou haſt ſuch reſpect unto him; or the ſon of man, that thou ſhouldſt ſo regard him? Man is like a thing of nought. Why? His time paſſeth away like a ſhadow.* In this (although in a very few places) the new tranſlation of the Pſalms, that bound up in our Bibles, is perhaps more proper than the old, that which we have in the Common Prayer Book. It runs thus, *Lord, what is man, that thou takeſt knowledge of him? or the ſon of man; that thou makeſt account of him?* According to the former tranſlation, *David* ſeems to be amazed that the eternal God, conſidering the littleneſs of man, ſhould have ſo much reſpect unto him, and ſhould ſo much regard him! But in the latter, he ſeems to wonder, ſeeing

ſeeing the life of man *paſſeth away like a ſhadow*, that God ſhould take any knowledge of him at all, or make any account of him!

5. And it is natural for us to make the ſame reflection, and to entertain the ſame fear. But how may we prevent this uneaſy reflection, and effectually cure this fear? Firſt, By conſidering what *David* does not appear to have taken at all into his account, namely, That the body is not the man: that man is not only a houſe of clay, but an immortal ſpirit; a ſpirit made in the image of God, an incorruptible picture of the God of glory; a ſpirit that is of infinitely more value than the whole earth! Of more value than the ſun, moon and ſtars put together; yea, than the whole material creation. Conſider, that the ſpirit of man is not only of a higher order, of a more excellent nature than any part of the viſible world, but alſo more durable, not liable either to diſſolution or decay. We know all the things *which are ſeen are temporal*, of a changing, tranſient nature: but *the things which are not ſeen*, (ſuch as is the ſoul of man in particular) *are eternal. They ſhall periſh*, but the ſoul remaineth. They all ſhall *wax old as a garment*. But when heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, the ſoul ſhall not paſs away.

6. Conſider, ſecondly, That declaration which the Father of Spirits hath made to us by the Prophet *Hoſea*, *I am God and not man: therefore my compaſſions fail not*. As if he had ſaid, If I were only a man, or an angel, or any finite being, my knowledge might admit of bounds, and my mercy might be limited. But *my thoughts are not as your thoughts, and my mercy is not as your mercy. As the heavens are higher than the earth, ſo are my thoughts higher than your thoughts*, and my mercy, my compaſſion, my ways of ſhewing it, higher than your ways.

7. That no ſhadow of fear might remain, no poſſibility of doubting: to ſhew what manner of regard the great, eternal God

God bears to little, ſhort-lived man, but eſpecially to his immortal part, God gave his Son, *his only Son, to the end that whoſoever believeth in Him, ſhould not periſh but have everlaſting life.* See how God loved the world! The Son of God, that was God of God, light of light, very God of very God: in glory equal with the Father, in majeſty co-eternal, *emptied himſelf, took upon him the form of a ſervant, and being found in faſhion as a* man, *was obedient unto death, even the death of the croſs.* And all this he ſuffered not for himſelf, but for us men and for our ſalvation. *He bore all our ſins in his own body upon the tree, that by his ſtripes we might be healed.* After this demonſtration of his love, is it poſſible to doubt any longer, of God's tender regard for man, even though he was *dead in treſpaſſes and ſins?* Even when he ſaw us in our ſins and in our blood, he ſaid unto us, Live! Let us then fear no more! Let us doubt no more. He that *ſpared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, ſhall he not with him freely give us all things?*

8. "Nay, ſays the Philoſopher, if God ſo loved the world, did he not love a thouſand other worlds, as well as he did this? It is now allowed, that there are thouſands, if not millions of worlds, beſides this in which we live. And can any reaſonable man believe, that the Creator of all theſe, many of which are probably as large, yea, far larger than ours, would ſhew ſuch aſtoniſhingly greater regard, to one than to all the reſt?" I anſwer, Suppoſe there were millions of worlds, yet God may ſee in the abyſs of his infinite wiſdom, reaſons that do not appear to us, why he ſaw good to ſhew this mercy to ours, in preference to thouſands or millions of other worlds.

9. I ſpeak this even upon the common ſuppoſition of the plurality of worlds: a very favourite notion with all thoſe who deny the Chriſtian Revelation: and for this reaſon; becauſe it affords them a foundation for ſo plauſible an objection

jection to it. But the more I consider that supposition, the more I doubt of it. Insomuch that if it were allowed by all the Philosophers in *Europe*, still I could not allow it, without stronger proof than any I have met with yet.

10. "Nay, but is not the argument of the great *Huygens*, sufficient to put it beyond all doubt? When we view, says that able Astronomer, the Moon through a good telescope, we clearly discover

"Rivers and mountains on her spotted globe."

Now where rivers are there are doubtless plants and vegetables of various kinds. And where vegetables are, there are undoubtedly animals, yea, rational ones, as on earth. It follows then that the Moon has its inhabitants, and probably near akin to ours. But if our Moon is inhabited, we may easily suppose, so are all the Secondary Planets; and in particular, all the Setellits or Moons of Jupiter and Saturn. And if the Secondary Planets are inhabited why not the Primary? Why should we doubt it of Jupiter and Saturn themselves, as well as Mars, Venus and Mercury."

11. But do not you know, that Mr. *Huygens* himself before he died, doubted of this whole hypothesis? For upon farther observation, he found reason to believe, that the Moon has no atmosphere. He observed, that in a total eclipse of the Sun, on the removal of the shade from any part of the earth, the Sun immediately shines bright upon it; whereas if the Moon had an atmosphere, the Solar light while it shone through that atmosphere, would appear dim and dusky. Thus after an eclipse of the Moon, first a dusky light appears, on that part of it, from which the shadow of the earth removes, while that light passes through the atmosphere of the earth. Hence it appears, that the Moon has no atmosphere. Consequently it has no clouds, no rain, no springs, no rivers; and therefore no plants or animals. But there is no proof

or

or probability that the Moon is inhabited, neither have we any proof, that the other Planets are. Conſequently, the foundation being removed, the whole fabric falls to the ground.

12. "But, you will ſay, ſuppoſe this argument fails, we may infer the ſame concluſion, The plurality of worlds, from the unbounded wiſdom, and power, and goodneſs of the Creator. It was full as eaſy to Him, to create thouſands or millions of worlds as one. Can any one then believe, that he would exert all his power and wiſdom, in creating a ſingle world? What proportion is there between this ſpeck of Creation, and the great God that filleth Heaven and Earth! While

> We know the power of his Almighty hand
> Could form another world from every ſand!"

13. To this boaſted proof, this Argumentum palmarium of the learned infidels, I anſwer, Do you expect to find any proportion between finite and infinite? Suppoſe God had created a thouſand more worlds than there are grains of ſand in the univerſe, what proportion would all theſe together bear, to the infinite Creator? Still, in compariſon of Him, they would be, not a thouſand times, but infinitely leſs than a mite compared to the Univerſe. Have done then with this childiſh prattle, about the proportion of creatures to their Creator: and leave it to the all-wiſe God, to create what and when he pleaſes! For *who*, beſides himſelf, *hath known the mind of the Lord?* Or *who hath been his counſellor?*

13. Suffice it then for us to know this plain and comfortable truth, That the Almighty Creator hath ſhewn that regard to this poor little creature of a day, which he hath not ſhewn even to the inhabitants of heaven, *who kept not their firſt eſtate.* He hath given us his Son, his only Son, both to live and to die for us! O let us live unto him, that we may die unto him, and live with him for ever!

Mancheſter, July 23, 1787.

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 234.]

I Shall next ſpeak of what I heard and knew of Mary Edmonſon, who was executed at Kennington-Common, on ſuppoſition of her murdering her aunt at Rotherhithe. This unfortunate young woman was under confinement a great length of time. When the day of her removal arrived, ſhe was conveyed to Kingſton, there to take her trial before Judge Denniſon. Though there was no poſitive evidence againſt her, yet ſhe was condemned upon mere circumſtances, but I have every reaſon to believe ſhe was innocent of the charge.

As I was prevented from viſiting her while in confinement, I entertained no ideas of ſeeing her ſuffer; but as I was occaſionally paſſing through the Borough, I called on one Mr. Skinner, a Cheeſemonger in that ſtreet, who earneſtly intreated me to attend her: that being the morning appointed for her execution. Accordingly I complied with his intreaties, although I was extremely fatigued by my long journey; and immediately ſet out for Kennington-Common; yet with very ſlight hopes of coming to the ſpeech of her. Some minutes, previous to my arrival at the Peacock, near the Common whereon ſhe was to ſuffer, Thomas Tollis, the executioner, eſpied me in the midſt of the croud, and, filled with joy and tears, hurried through the croud, and ſaid, "Mr. Told, I thank God you are come; pray follow me, and I will lead you to the room where ſhe will ſhortly be confined; and, for God's ſake ſpeak as cloſely to her as you can." I followed him into the room, and, after having tarried about the ſpace of half an hour, I heard a violent ſhout of,

"Here

"Here ſhe comes!" I then went to the window which looked into the road, and perceived that the mob were giving her a ſhocking reception; throwing out the moſt terrible curſes againſt her. When ſhe was brought into the room, ſhe ſtood with her back againſt the wainſcot: but appeared perfectly reſigned to the will of God. I then addreſſed myſelf to her, ſaying, "My dear, for God's ſake, for Chriſt's ſake, and for the ſake of your own precious ſoul, do not die with a lie in your mouth! You are, in a few moments, to appear in the preſence of a holy God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. O conſider what an eternity of miſery muſt be; and this will be the certain portion of all who die in their ſins. Therefore, if you are guilty, openly confeſs it; if you were in any wiſe concerned in the murder, you are not clear before God, if you do not publicly acknowledge your guilt." She heard me with much meekneſs and ſimplicity; but anſwered, That ſhe had already advanced the truth, and hoped ſhe ſhould perſevere in the ſame ſpirit to her laſt moment. Mr. Hammet, who was then chief keeper of the New-Priſon, by order of the ſheriff, diſmiſſed every perſon out of the room; and ſaid to me, "Mr. Told, I am ſenſible of the buſineſs upon which you came hither; but muſt beg you will quit the room, as no perſon is permitted to attend her without obtaining the ſheriff's conſent;" but upon Mr. Hammet's following me out, he intimated that the ſheriff would grant me permiſſion to attend her to the place of execution, if I deemed it prudent to aſk him.

The time of her departure being arrived, I deſired the ſheriff to let me viſit her as ſoon as poſſible. He aſked me, If I was a Clergyman? I replied, "No, Sir." "Are you a Diſſenting-Miniſter?" I anſwered, "No." "What are you then?" I informed him, that I was one who preached the goſpel, and could wiſh to be the means of bringing the priſoner to a confeſſion. He then bid me lay hold of

his horſe's bridle, and told me I ſhould accompany her to the place of execution; yet he did not urge me to ruſh into that dangerous attempt, ſeeing the rioters were ſo fiercely exaſperated againſt her. As we were proceeding on the road, the ſheriff's horſe being cloſe to the cart, I looked at her from under the horſe's bridle, and ſaid, "My dear, look to Jeſus." This ſalutary advice quickened her ſpirit, inſomuch, that although ſhe did not look about her before, yet ſhe then turned herſelf round to me, and joyfully anſwered, "Sir, I bleſs God, I can look to Jeſus to my comfort!" This produced a pleaſant ſmile in her countenance, which when the ſons of violence perceived, they d——d her in a ſhameful manner; this was accompanied with a vengeful ſhout, "See how bold ſhe is! See how the b—h laughs!" At length we came to the gallows, where many officers were ſtationed on horſeback, beſides numbers more on foot furniſhed with conſtables ſtaves. When the cart was backed under the gallows, a very corpulent man trod on my left foot with ſuch weight, that I really thought he had taken it quite off: however the ſheriff ſoon cleared the way, and formed an arrangement of conſtables round the cart, then directed ſome of them to put me into it, in order that I might be of all the ſervice to the malefactor which laid in my power: the ſheriff himſelf ſtanding behind the cart, the better to avail himſelf of my diſcourſe with her. When ſhe was tied up, I began to addreſs her nearly in the ſame words I did at the Peacock: preſſing upon her an acknowledgment of the murder in the moſt ſolemn manner; but ſhe declared her innocence in the preſence of the ſheriff. I then interrogated her, "Did you not commit the fact? Had you no concern therein? Were you not intereſted in the murder?" She anſwered, "I am as clear of the whole affair, as I was the day my mother brought me into the world." The ſheriff, on hearing theſe words, ſhed plenty of tears and ſaid, "Good God! it is a ſecond Coleman's caſe!" This circumſtance

likewiſe

likewiſe brought tears from many perſons who heard her. When I was getting out of the cart, the executioner put the handkerchief over her eyes; but ſhe quickly moved it away, and, addreſſing herſelf to the multitude, begged them to pray that God would bring to light, when ſhe was departed, the cauſe of the aſſaſſination; ſaying, that ſhe had no doubt but the prayers of ſuch perſons would be heard: but repeated her innocence, ſolemnly declaring that ſhe was as ignorant of the crime for which ſhe was going to ſuffer, as at the day of her birth; and added alſo, "I do not lay any thing to the charge of my Maker, he has an undoubted right to take me out of this world as ſeemeth him good; and, although I am clear of this murder, yet I have ſinned againſt him in many grievous inſtances; but, I bleſs God, he hath forgiven me all my ſins." Her kinſman then came up into the cart, and would fain have ſaluted her; but ſhe mildly turned her face aſide, ſtrongly ſuſpecting him to be the aſſaſſin.

After her kinſman was gone out of the cart, the executioner, a ſecond time, was putting the handkerchief over her face, which ſhe again turned aſide, looking at the ſheriff, and ſaying, "I think it cruel, that none is ſuffered to pray by me." The ſheriff then deſired me for God's ſake, to go a ſecond time into the cart, and renew my prayers with her, which, when finiſhed, ſhe began to pray extempore, and in a moſt excellent manner; when ſhe had concluded her prayer, the executioner performed his part, and, being turned off, her body dropt againſt my right ſhoulder; nor did ſhe once ſtruggle or move, but was as ſtill as if ſhe had hung three hours.

Upon her trial it was repreſented, that ſhe cut all her fingers acroſs on both hands for a deception, in order to lay the murder upon ſome other perſon; but, in her defence upon trial, ſhe declared that her fingers were not cut by a knife; but, being alarmed, when ſhe entered the houſe, at

ſeeing

ſeeing four men, one of whom was in a white frock, and alſo ſeeing her aunt weltering in her own blood, ſhe ſtarted, which, when the murderers perceived, they all ran out of doors. Mary following them cloſe, caught the door with both her hands, and called out, "Murder;" but, by their pulling the door very hard, her eight fingers were thereby jammed almoſt off. When ſhe was executed, I noticed her fingers, went immediately and took a door, with which I jammed my fingers, and found them to be marked exactly like hers.

I now return to the kinſman of Mary Edmonſon, who, upon the death of his aunt (as Mary and he were couſins) was intitled to one hundred pounds left him by way of legacy, and likewiſe to Mary two hundred pounds. The kinſman having received his, bought himſelf out of the army. Some time after the execution, he, with another man, hired a poſt-chaiſe in the Borough, to go on a party of pleaſure to Croyden-Fair: upon their return in the evening, Mary Edmonſon's kinſman ſaid to his friend in the chaiſe, as paſſing Kennington gallows, "There is the place where my kinſwoman was hung wrongfully!" The other (ſtruck by the aſſertion) ſaid, "Wrongfully! How do you know ſhe was hung wrongfully?" "Becauſe, replied the kinſman, I ſhould have gone in her room." His companion, after a ſhort converſation, aſked him where was the place of his abode? He anſwered, "In Hedge-Lane, Charing-Croſs." When they had put up the chaiſe, the ſuppoſed friend of Mary's kinſman, went to Juſtice Hammond, in the Borough, who, being informed of what had paſſed, granted a warrant to apprehend him. He was accordingly apprehended, and committed to Newgate, where, at his requeſt, I viſited him. He then deſired me to render him all the ſpiritual aſſiſtance I was able; but my inſtructions were loſt in the inſtructions which he received at Newgate from his fellow-criminals, who taught him to deny the confeſſion he had made. Notwithſtanding this he was

removed

removed to Kingſton, and tried before Judge Denniſon; but, as he denied the charge, the Judge acquitted him: however, he ſoon went on the highway, and committed a robbery, for which he was tried, caſt, and condemned; but, I have been informed, Judge Denniſon, to prevent clamours, got him a reprieve for tranſportation.

[*To be continued.*]

The EXPERIENCE *of J. B. of St.* HELLIER'S *in the Iſle of* JERSEY.

[*Concluded from page* 237.]

21. TUESDAY, 16. I was ſtrongly aſſaulted by the enemy of my ſoul: but my faith, inſtead of being weakened, was much confirmed by the conflict. Thurſday, 18. He endeavoured to make me doubt. I retired to my cloſet, and prayed with uncommon ardour: I did not aſk to be delivered from the conflict, but that I might not be overcome by it. While I prayed, I found great power to reſiſt the enemy; and when the Lord gave the victory, the joy was inexpreſſible.

22. Friday, June 16. I was greatly tempted to doubt whether the Lord had really purified my heart. At length the merciful God was pleaſed to ſtrengthen my faith to ſuch a degree, that I cried out, "Though all the world ſhould doubt of the work of God, yet will not I." The ſame evening the Lord drew me to prayer: and while I was proſtrate before him, and was thinking of the things he had done for my ſoul, and the afflicted ſtate of his Church in this iſland; the thought made ſuch an impreſſion upon my body, that my countenance was changed, my eyes overflowed with tears, and all my limbs trembled: nor do I remember to have been

been ever ſo affected before. But I have withal infinite cauſe to bleſs the Lord. And this I will do as long as I live.

23. Tueſday 23. The Lord's ſervant came to ſee me: he ſpoke to me of humility, and alſo adviſed me to guard againſt imaginary thoughts, which were only to divert the attention from God. Indeed I have often found uſeleſs thoughts in my imagination, perhaps without rejecting them ſo ſoon as I ought. When he was gone, I caſt myſelf down before the Lord, imploring that I might be every day more humbled before him. And while I was yet praying I found an anſwer; feeling a greater meaſure of ſelf-abaſement. Ah who can expreſs the redoubled joy which I then experienced! Before this time I had many conflicts: but in this happy moment, the Lord himſelf put all my enemies under my feet: and I found myſelf ſwallowed up in God, who is my true center. O the glorious and inexpreſſible joy which was given me in that hour! I plainly ſee, there is no ſtate here below more happy, than that of ſelf-denial and ſelf-abaſement. However, notwithſtanding the glorious victory which the Lord gave me over my enemies, I dare not yet flatter myſelf, that my conflicts are all over. But it is enough, that the God of peace will ſhortly bruiſe Satan under my feet.

24. Wedneſday 21. I abundantly taſted of the love of God, and found myſelf like the duſt in his holy preſence. But immediately a doubt was injected into my mind, Whether I had not deceived myſelf! At that inſtant the Lord ſpoke theſe words into my heart, "Fear not, for thy Protector is the Holy One of Iſrael." O what an abyſs of love does the Lord continually ſhew me! Therefore does my ſoul praiſe him, and all that is within me bleſſes his holy name! I cannot tell, to what degree his love to me is carried. He often puts it into my mind, to aſk ſome favour of him for his dear people; and no ſooner have I done it, than he gives me

to

to know, that he has granted my requeſt. Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul!

25. Friday 23. I was ſo taken up with the glory of the heavenly city, and at the ſame time ſo largely taſted of the goodneſs and love of God, that I was conſtrained to caſt myſelf down at his feet. My ſoul was ſo raviſhed, that it ſeemed to me, to be the very moment that I was to go and take poſſeſſion of his glory. But I was not raviſhed ſo much with the glory of the place, as with the tenderneſs of my faithful Spouſe! O how cloſely is my ſoul united to Him! But as the imperfection ſtill remaining in my ſoul, while it inhabits the houſe of clay, does not ſuffer me to love him here below ſo much as I would; it reaches forth in ſtrong deſires after that world above, where it ſhall love him without any imperfection, and adore him without end. It is not poſſible for me, during my preſent ſtate of weakneſs and imperfection, to expreſs what God hath given me to know of that delightful place where he eminently dwells: although even while I am on earth, the Spirit of the Lord often tranſports me to thoſe happy manſions, to which my Beloved is gone before, to prepare a place for me. Fain would my ſoul, which taſtes ſo largely of his ſweetneſs, be conſtantly employed in giving him glory here, till it is permitted to do it perfectly in eternity.

A ſhort Account of JOSEPH SYMES.

JOSEPH SYMES had been a member of our Society at Paulton about thirteen years, and in that time had adorned the Goſpel in all things.

The laſt eight years of his life was one ſcene of heavy and ſore afflictions. His laſt illneſs came by a violent cold he caught in a coal-pit, which threw him into a conſumption.

About a fortnight before he died, I visited him, and found him very uncomfortable in soul and body, and exceeding low in his circumstances: and to increase his poverty, his wife was just brought to bed of her fifth child.

For a short time he had half a crown a week allowed him from the parish, and about as much more from a club to which he belonged. The miserable hut he lived in cost him half a guinea per year, for which he was something in debt to his landlord; who threatened to take away the bed on which he was dying, which was his only bit of furniture of any value!

The day after I visited him, I mentioned his case at Bath, and got him some pounds, which was as seasonable a relief as ever came to a poor family.

Soon after this, God set his soul at perfect liberty! On which his happiness became exceeding great; for his soul was all love, all joy, all extasy! Death, formerly so dreadful, now lost all its terrors. While heaven was continually in his view, he had large foretastes of the glory to which he was going, and expressed himself in very strong and moving language.

As to those about him, he exhorted them to taste of that heaven which he enjoyed, and also to assist him in praising God for all his goodness to him. And thus he went on for some time, and at last died in full triumph, Nov. 17, 1787, and in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

BENJAMIN RHODES.

Bath, Nov. 26, 1787.

Some Account of ——. ——.

I WAS born at *Ashton*, of parents who had much of the form of religion, and brought me up in the fear of God. My father was a Dissenter, my mother of the Church. I could

I could read the Bible when I was five years old: and the threatenings therein made such an impression upon me, as to deter me from outward sin: yet many times I was afraid of the devil's fetching me away. This drove me to read the scripture more carefully, as well as other good books. Hereby many times I was sorely distrest in my mind; and sometimes found a degree of comfort. But all this I kept to myself, scarce opening my mouth about it.

2. When I was about fourteen, my father died. I then grew more careless, though I had often strong convictions: but I put them away, and thought myself good enough. I was about nineteen when it pleased God to take my mother from me. At this I was sore troubled. And I had need: for though I was a child of affliction from my infancy, yet my main troubles were but beginning. For now those who had been my greatest friends became my greatest enemies. I could get no work whereby I could earn my living. Then I went to live with a relation, where I got work; but I was used so ill, that I could not stay. Thence I went to *Wigan*, where I heard the Methodists twice: but it made no impression upon me. Getting nothing to do here, I went back to *Ashton*, where I learnt the Cotton business. Here I had a fall which nearly killed me. This drove me to prayer; for I was afraid to die. But when I recovered, I forgot it all again, and was as careless as before.

3. After this, I went to *Warrington* to work, where I heard Mr. *Johnson* preach. I thought it was right, and longed to have some talk with the people; but none of them spoke to me. I went three summers to work at *Warrington*, and heard him constantly. The last time I was there, one night there was an eclipse of the moon. In the middle of it, I thought, "the world is at an end! What then will become of *me?*" I retired into a place by myself, in one corner of a garden. All my sins were set in array before me. I thought I must be sent to hell directly. I expected the Lord would

quickly appear as a juſt Judge, and earneſtly cried for mercy. After a while the moon ſhone again, and my fears abated. So much of them however remained, that I ſlept little that night.

4. From this time I made many good reſolutions: but they could not ſtand; for I made them in my own ſtrength. A little after this, I removed to *Park-Lane*, near *Wigan*; where I was many times aſſaulted by wicked men: out of whoſe hands I narrowly eſcaped twice. I was now ſurrounded with trials. I was almoſt naked. I had no work. I had no friend. So I reſolved to give myſelf up to the Lord. But I knew not how to do it; and having no one near that could inſtruct me, I gave myſelf much to reading and prayer. God then raiſed me up a friend, who put me to teach a ſchool; and I had ſoon plenty both of ſcholars and work. Out of ſchool I read much, and made many reſolutions: but I broke them again and again. The more I read, the more ſenſible I was of my wants. But could find no help. I read, and prayed, and ſhed many a tear: but it ſeemed to be all in vain.

5. Thus it was till it pleaſed God to make a way for me to hear Mr. *Brettel* preach. Then I found what I wanted. The next time he came he talked with me, and ordered one of the Leaders to take me into his Claſs. The night after, I heard an exhortation, every word of which came home to my conſcience. I found myſelf a guilty, loſt ſinner, and was afraid God would ſend me ſtrait to hell. The next night the Claſs met. When I came in, ſuch a power met me at the door, that I was a ſinner ſtript of all. And when the Leader told me, "Jeſus Chriſt came to ſave loſt ſinners," I knew not how to bear it. I went home, though I ſcarce knew how I got thither; but I durſt not go to bed. I cried to God. I pleaded his promiſes. I wreſtled with him in mighty prayer. In a moment all my burden was gone, and all my ſoul was peace. As I was muſing on this the next morning; thoſe

thoſe words were impreſt on my mind, *Thy ſins are forgiven thee.* I believed they were, and my heart was filled with love and joy unutterable. I rejoiced, in a manner not to be expreſſed, in the God of my ſalvation.

6. But now Satan raiſed up all his hoſts to devour my new born ſoul. Some of my neighbours tried me with fair words; ſome with ſharp and bitter ones. But I kept cloſe to the Lord, and was not hurt, either by one or the other. Others came to diſpute; but the Lord ſo filled my mouth with arguments that they could not withſtand. It was on the 26th of June, 1782, that my ſoul was thus ſet at liberty. Towards the latter end of ſummer I got the preaching at my own houſe. Then the people took every one of their children and their work from me, ſo that moſt part of that winter I had little to do, and but little to eat. Many times I wanted neceſſary food: but the Lord ſupported me. When I was hungry and had nothing to eat, I went to prayer. And the Lord ſo bleſt me, that I have been as happy and as well ſatisfied, as if I had had a houſeful of food: many a time when I have been almoſt two days without meat, I would not have changed ſtate with any Lady in the land. And though the Lord permitted me to be deprived of bodily food, none could deprive me of that bread, wherewith the Lord fed my ſoul daily.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ſome Particular PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 248.]

UPON the whole: if we conſider every part of a plant, we ſhall find none without its uſe. The roots draw nouriſhment from the earth: the fibres convey the ſap: the larger veſſels

veſſels contain the ſpecific juice of the plant: others carry air for ſuch a reſpiration as it needs. The outer and inner bark in trees, defend them from heat and cold drought, and convey that ſap which is required for the annual increaſe of the tree. And in truth every tree may in ſome ſenſe be ſaid to be an annual plant. For both leaf, flower and fruit proceed from the coat that was ſuper-induced over the wood the laſt year. And this never bears more, but together with the old wood ſerves as a block to ſuſtain the ſucceeding annual coat. The leaves ſerve, before the bud unfolds, to defend the flower and fruit, which is even then formed; and afterward to preſerve them and the branches from the injuries of the ſummer ſun. They ſerve alſo to hinder the too haſty evaporation of the moiſture about the root. But their chief uſe is to concoct the ſap, for the nouriſhment of the whole plant: both that which they receive from the root, and that they take in from the dew, the rain, and the moiſt air. Add to this, that they are as lungs, which ſupply the plant with the neceſſary quantity of air, and as excrementory ducts, which throw off ſuperfluities by inſenſible perſpiration. And ſo neceſſary is their ſervice, that moſt trees, if quite ſtript of their leaves, will die. And if in ſummer you ſtrip a vine-branch of its leaves, the grapes will never come to maturity. Not that they are hurt by the ſun: expoſe them to this as you pleaſe, ſo the leaves remain, and they will ripen well.

Another point worthy our conſideration is, the immenſe ſmallneſs of the ſeeds of ſome plants. Some are ſo extremely minute, as not at all to be diſcovered by the naked eye. Hence the number of ſeeds produced by ſome plants, is beyond imagination. A plant of Redmace, for inſtance, and many ſorts of Fern, produce above a million: a convincing argument of the infinite underſtanding of the former of them.

And it is remarkable, that ſuch Moſſes as grow upon walls, the roofs of houſes and other high places, have ſeeds ſo exceſſively ſmall, that when ſhaken out of their veſſels they appear like

like ſmoke or vapour. Theſe therefore may either aſcend of themſelves, or by an eaſy impulſe of the wind be raiſed to the tops of walls, houſes, or rocks. And we need not wonder how the Moſſes got thither, or imagine they ſprung up ſpontaneouſly.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 230.]

BY little and little, time began to wear away the rumour of this murder; and ſo Alibius, thinking himſelf ſecure, before three months were fully expired, took Philatea for his ſecond wife.

Having now the command of money, and living in a better condition than ever, his vanity induced him to ſend to one Bernardo, a former debauched companion of his, at Sprear, to come over to him at Breſcia, that they might play ſome of their old pranks together. But this Bernardo being likewiſe intimate with the huſband of Emilia, whom he had heard mention ſome of their ſuſpicions of Alibius, and wine being but an ill keeper of ſecrets, one night as he was tippling, having more liquor than wit in his head, told ſome of the company, "That although he was a poor countryman, yet he had been formerly intimate with Alibius, as high as he now carried himſelf, and that he could not ſtrut about ſo, if he had not murdered his poor wife in the country, to get a rich one in the city."

Theſe words fell not to the ground, but ſome of the drunken companions took notice of them; and one well acquainted with Alibius, privately told him of them, on which account he ſent for Bernardo, and perſuaded him to leave Breſcia. And now, believing all ſuſpicion was huſhed,

he began not only to ſlacken his kindneſs to his daughter Emilia, but to withhold the ſmall matter, which he had for ſome time allowed her towards her ſupport: which threw the poor woman into ſuch a perplexity, and knowing him to have been her mother's murderer, that ſhe ſorely apprehended he might uſe her in the ſame manner. She therefore went to the Corrigidor, and revealed to him, that her father Alibius was the murderer of her mother, Merilla.

The Corrigidor detained Emilia in his houſe, and ſent an account of this diſcovery to the Podeſta at Breſcia, which he received on a Saturday night, and the next morning being Sunday, the Prefect and Senators being come to his houſe, according to cuſtom, he acquainted them with it. The circumſtances were ſo ſtrong againſt Alibius, that they all concluded to impriſon him. He was now at the door, ruſtling in his gown and velvet cap, with his ſilver ſtaff in his hand. He little dreamed how near he was to danger, when a ſerjeant called him in to ſpeak to the Podeſta: and although his conſcience inwardly pricked him, yet he put on a good face. At his entrance they ordered his velvet cap and ſilver ſtaff to be taken from him, and then examined him. He made ſeveral ſmooth ſpeeches, proteſting his innocence; but they had too many proofs againſt him, and ſo he was committed to priſon.

The next day the Corrigidors of Sprear ſent Emilia to Breſcia, where ſhe was examined by the Podeſta, the Prefect, and Senators; who firſt exhorted her to conſider, that ſhe ſpoke before God; and ſeeing ſhe was but a ſimple woman, they informed her of the nature of an oath; when Emilia falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and looking ſtedfaſtly towards heaven, with eyes full of tears, had not power for ſome time to utter a word. But the Prefect, with mild exhortations, encouraged her to ſpeak, which ſhe did at laſt, and related to them, "That her father uſed often to beat her mother ſo, that he left her like one dead; that at other

other times he had given her poiſon; and that it was he, and no other, who had murdered her."

Alibius in the mean time was viſited in priſon by ſeveral of his acquaintance, even ſome of the chief ſenators themſelves, who endeavoured to bring him to make a full confeſſion, but all in vain. When the Doge and ſeignory of Venice ſent forth their criminal Judges, through the provinces of their territories, to ſit on offenders, and paſs ſentence upon them. Theſe venerable Magiſtrates having gone through their buſineſs in Padua, Vicenſa, Verona, and Bergamo, were now arrived at Breſcia, and Alibius was now called upon his trial before them; vaſt multitudes flocking to the caſtle on the occaſion, and he himſelf appearing in a moſt ſpruce dreſs, and with ſo pleaſant a countenance and ſo confident a demeanor, as if he were rather to receive ſome honour than the ſentence of death.

But now ſeeing all hopes of eſcaping gone, and having ſome worthy divines ſent to him, to prepare him for his approaching end, he made a full confeſſion of his guilt, thanking them for the good advice they had given him, and begging them, on his knees, to pray to God to forgive him.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Of other things contrary to the inclinations and deſires of men.

[*Continued from page* 253.]

IT is not fit when you are in company, to ſit muſing with folded arms, regardleſs of any thing propounded to you, as if you were transformed into a ſtock or a ſtone. This

indeed is ſomewhat tolerable in thoſe who have ſpent many years in contemplation; but in others it is not to be allowed. Nay, ſcholars, and perſons immerſed in buſineſs, would do wiſely (when they deſign to give themſelves up to meditation) to withdraw from places of reſort into ſome convenient ſolitude. It is ſtoried of Aquinas, that being at ſupper with the King of France, he dropped into ſuch a profound diſcourſe with himſelf, that he ſeemed to be turned into an inſenſible ſtatue, without moving hand or foot, or ſo much as once ſtirring his eye, till at length having conquered the difficulty, he ſtruck his hand earneſtly upon the table, and cried out, "Now it was ſurely concluded againſt the Manichees. The King was amazed at it, and aſked him what he meant? To whom Aquinas replied, "That juſt at that time there came an argument into his head, which utterly overthrew the doctrine of the Manichees." And they tell of St. Bernard, that when he had journeyed along the bank of the Lemane Lake a whole day together, and his fellow-travellers at night were talking of it, he enquired where that Lake was, and proteſted he never ſaw it.

It is an unbecoming thing, to be prone to take exceptions upon every frivolous occaſion. You will meet with ſome that muſt be handled with as much caution and gentleneſs as if they were ſo many curious Venice glaſſes. If you do not readily ſalute them with all the punctilio's of reverence, you quite loſe their favour for ever. They love and eſteem themſelves above meaſure, and whilſt they ſpend ſo much of their care and time about their own concerns they have but little left to beſtow upon any beſides. It is hugely deſirable that the converſation be ſweet and pleaſant; but to aſſociate with critical peeviſh people, whoſe friendſhip is as weak as a ſingle thread, and as brittle as glaſs, and who are apt to reckon every ſmall omiſſion (even the miſplacing of a word) for a heinous offence, it is to be in perpetual bondage

bondage. And therefore we are not to be delighted with this effeminate humour, but upon all occafions to declare our diflike of it, and leave it to women, and pitiful men.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philofophical Neceffity.*

Of Dr. Prieftley's Argument for Neceffity, from the Divine Prefcience.

[*Continued from page* 258.]

THE next text is, (1 Peter i. 2.) "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God." The word elect is ufed in Ifaiah lxv. 9. and other places of the Old Teftament, to fignify the Jews, as being God's chofen people feparated from other nations; and therefore the Apoftles might properly apply it to Chriftians, as being God's elect feparated to himfelf, a peculiar people zealous of good works. The word elect might in this fenfe be more properly applied to Chriftians than to Jews. If fo, the meaning is elect (or Chriftians) according to the foreknowledge of God, that is, according to what God did foreknow, and did foretel by his prophets of old, concerning his fon coming into the world, to call finners to repentance. So, like Acts ii. 23. it only proves that God did foreknow the fending of his fon into the world, and that there would be a fet of men called Chriftians; but in confequence it proves nothing at all like an abfolute univerfal foreknowledge. The fame holds good of 1 Peter i. 20. "Who verily was foreknown before the foundation of the world." This, like the firft and third texts before mentioned, plainly refers to Chrift, who was certainly foreknown to God, and predetermined to come into the world. Hence we fee, that three of the texts out of the four,

wherein knowledge is mentioned, have a plain reference to the incarnation and death of Chriſt, the very example which Dr. Prieſtley has brought to prove the divine univerſal preſcience. I have alſo heard Acts xv. 18. quoted to prove the abſolute and general foreknowledge of God "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." But as it is only known, and not foreknown, in the original γνωστα and not προγνωσα, it is plain, a general foreknowledge cannot be proved from hence. The ſignification appears ſtill to be, that God's works are all known to him from everlaſting; but this does not ſignify or imply that they are all now known, which he will do to everlaſting. And even if this was ſaid, it only implies that God foreknows all his own works, and not ſuch works of free and ſelf-determining agents, as he interferes not at all with, any further than by creating the agents, whilſt he intermeddles not with their works. If God had abſolutely foreknown every future action and event without any exception, this would probably have been as clearly revealed, as his knowledge of all things paſt and preſent is, even the very thoughts long before they are brought forth into action. Had the words been, "Known unto God are all his works to the end of the world," it would have proved an abſolute univerſal foreknowledge. But it is only "known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." This only can ſignify *an ex poſt facto* knowledge, or a knowledge of works done from the beginning of the world. This knowledge of works done from the beginning of the world, I readily admit. Infinite knowledge of all things paſt and preſent, are certainly attributes of the Deity; but we cannot hence infer that he muſt neceſſarily foreknow every individual action of thoſe creatures, on whom at creation, he has been pleaſed to beſtow a power of free agency and ſelf determination. This would degrade us from being reaſonable creatures, and reduce us to mere machines, under the abſolute compulſion of ſome foreign principle or exiſtence, without any more liberty than a ſtone has in itſelf not

to

to fall, or water not to defcend by the influence of gravity, as Dr. Prieftley contends we are (page 3d and 18th). We may obferve from what has been faid, that they are all particular inftances, which God is faid to foreknow in fcripture, and which as foreknown muft certainly come to pafs. That Almighty God can abfolutely foreknow all actions and events that ever fhall be done or come to pafs, I deny not; becaufe he can fore-ordain any action and event that fhall come to pafs. But fuppofe, God created man a free-agent, and gave him a power to act or not to act, in many things at pleafure: in this cafe God has not fore-ordained all actions and events, but frequently leaves man to chooſe and act at pleafure; and conſequently does not certainly, and abſolutely foreknow, what man, a free-agent, will in all cafes do.

[*To be continued.*]

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 246.]

I Should now proceed to give you ſome inſtances for the farther confirmation thereof. But I muſt beſeech you firſt to take theſe two cautions.

1. "Not to aſcribe the reward to any merit of your good works, but only to the free-grace, and rich mercy of God." It is his rich mercy, that we have wherewithal to give, and his free-grace, that we have a heart to give, and his abundant goodneſs, that he accepteth our works of charity, and rewardeth them with all ſorts of bleſſings, temporal, ſpiritual and eternal; but we cannot merit any thing at his hands by giving him that which is his own.

2. "Though

2. "Though our alms-deeds are ſacrifices pleaſing unto God through Chriſt;" and though he hath bound himſelf by many gracious promiſes to reward them both here and hereafter: yet far be it from us to perform them merely out of hope of reward, but rather for conſcience ſake, in obedience to the command of God and in teſtimony of our thankfulneſs unto him, for what he hath graciouſly promiſed.

I deny not but Chriſtians in their well-doing may for their encouragement have reſpect to the recompenſe of reward, but not only, and chiefly. The chief ends we ſhould aim at in all our good works, are, The glory of God, and obedience to his command. Our reſpect to the recompenſe of reward ought to be ſubordinate to theſe. The truth is, this temporal reward ſhould not ſo much be looked on, as an argument to perſuade us to give; but as an anſwer of an objection againſt giving. Thou wilt be ready to ſay, I may want it myſelf; or mine may want it: whereas do but believe, that God will repay thee, and with overplus, and then that doubt will be taken out of the way.

Theſe two cautions premiſed, I ſhall proceed in the confirmation of the point from the examples of many charitable perſons, who have in temporal mercies been abundantly recompenſed for the kindneſs they have ſhewed to the miniſters and members of Chriſt.

The widow of *Sarepta* nouriſhed the Prophet *Elijah* in her houſe during the whole time of famine; and how did the Lord abundantly recompenſe this her charity, by his miraculous preſerving and encreaſing her meal and oil, whereby her family was nouriſhed? as alſo by reſtoring her ſon to life again, after his ſoul was departed? 1 Kings xvii. 22.

How abundantly was the *Shunamite's* kindneſs to the Prophet *Eliſha* recompenſed?

1. By the gift of a ſon after long barrenneſs.

2. By reſtoring her ſon to life again when he was dead, 2 Kings vi.

3. "By

3. By forewarning her of a famine approaching, 2 Kings viii. 1, 2.

4. By the reſtoring of her houſe and land, loſt in her long abſence; by reaſon of the famine, 2 Kings viii. 5, 6.

Notable is the inſtance of *Job*. What a merciful man he was, we may read, chap xxix. 12, 13. 15. "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him. The bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh came upon me, and I cauſed the widow's heart to ſing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet I was to the lame, I was a father to the poor." And chap. xxxi. 16. 23. "If I have with-held the poor from their deſire, or have cauſed the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morſel alone, and the fatherleſs hath not eaten thereof; if I have ſeen any periſh for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: if his loins have not bleſſed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my ſheep: then let mine arms fall from my ſhoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone." I have tranſcribed his own words at large, that I might lay this worthy pattern before the reader's eyes.

But you will ſay, what became of the merciful man? Did he proſper? Did he flouriſh and grow great? Who ſo poor as *Job* after all theſe acts of mercy? Yea, but what became of *Job* after Satan had done his worſt? You may read, chap. xlii. 10, &c. "The Lord turned the captivity of *Job*, and gave him twice ſo much as he had before, and bleſſed his latter end more than his beginning, for he had fourteen thouſand ſheep, and ſix thouſand camels; a thouſand yoke of oxen, and a thouſand ſhe aſſes; he had alſo ſeven ſons and three daughters."

[*To be continued.*]

ENTHUSIASM

ENTHUSIASM *leſs pernicious to the Mind than Coldneſs and Indifference in Religion.*

[*Concluded from page* 270.]

AS to the Chriſtian duty of Charity, I am not ill-natured; and (conſidering that the great expence of being always dreſt for company, with loſſes at cards, ſubſcriptions, and public ſpectacles, leave me very little to diſpoſe of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miſerable object. You ſay, I ſhould enquire out ſuch, inform myſelf thoroughly of their caſes, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the beſt methods of relieving the unfortunate, and aſſiſting the induſtrious. But this ſuppoſes much more time, and much more money than I have to beſtow——I have had hopes indeed that my Summers would have afforded me more leiſure; but we ſtay pretty late in town; then we generally paſs ſeveral weeks at one or other of the water-drinking-places, where every moment is ſpent in public; and, for the few months in which we reſide at our own ſeat, our houſe is always full, with a ſucceſſion of company, to whoſe amuſement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourſelf for eternity!——Yet you believe the immortality of the ſoul, and future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. Aſk your own heart what rewards you deſerve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy? ——Which of thoſe faculties or affections, which heaven can be ſuppoſed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?——If, in that eternal world, the ſtores of knowledge ſhould be laid open before you, have you preſerved that thirſt

thirſt for knowledge, or that taſte for truth, which is now to be indulged with endleſs information?——If, in the ſociety of ſaints and angels, the pureſt benevolence, and moſt cordial love, is to conſtitute your happineſs, where is the heart that ſhould enjoy this delightful intercourſe of affection?——Has yours been exerciſed and refined to a proper capacity of it during your ſtate of diſcipline, by the energies of generous friendſhip, by the meltings of parental fondneſs, or by that union of heart and ſoul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendſhip and ineffable tenderneſs, which approaches neareſt to the full ſatisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?——Alas! you ſcarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it ſwell with pride, or flutter with vanity:——Has your piety and gratitude, to the Source of all Good, been exerciſed and ſtrengthened by conſtant acts of praiſe and thankſgiving? Was it nouriſhed by frequent meditation, and ſilent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burſted forth in fervent prayer? I fear it was rather decency than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worſhip——and, for the reſt of the week, your thoughts and time were ſo very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the univerſe could occur but ſeldom, and then, rather as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then ſhall a ſoul ſo dead to divine love, ſo loſt to all but the moſt childiſh purſuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itſelf to a capacity of that bliſs which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine preſence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?——What kind of training is the life you have paſſed through for ſuch an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on thoſe whom ſtrong temptation from natural paſſions, or a train of unfortunate circumſtances, have ſunk into the commiſſion of what you call great crimes? Dare you ſpeak peace to your own

heart, becauſe by different circumſtances you have been preſerved from them?——Far be it from me to wiſh to leſſen the horror of crimes: but yet, as the temptations to theſe occur but ſeldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever ſurround us, it may be neceſſary to awake ourſelves to ſome calculation of the proportions between ſuch habitual omiſſion of all that is good, and the commiſſion of more heinous acts of ſin; between waſting our whole life in what is falſely called innocent amuſement, and diſgracing it by faults which would alarm ſociety more, though poſſibly they might injure it leſs.

The PUNISHMENT *of* HOMICIDE.

A Diſſertation from the French, on Gen. chap. iv.

[*Concluded from page* 272.]

THIS toleration however was againſt the firſt intentions, not only of God, but alſo of the Patriarchs and Legiſlators: they would have abrogated it: but the barbarity and fierceneſs of the times, concurring with the deſire of revenge, which was more availing than reaſon, obliged them to ſhut their eyes upon ſo deteſtable an abuſe. It was only by little and little, and when men were in a condition to civilize themſelves, and to take opinions conformable to their nature, that they re-eſtabliſhed the law upon the footing on which God made it: in a word, we perceive that exile, which was the puniſhment of murder, was a civil death, which conſiſted of every ſort of death that the murderer deſerved, without having the inhumanity of it.

Therefore an exile of this ſort was always wandering about, and ſo miſerable, that, to ſpeak of a man who was at the height

of

of misery, he was called a *vagabond*. He was admitted into no house. He could receive neither fire nor water from any one. Nobody spoke to him, neither could he speak to any one. They did not permit him to tell the nature of his crime without a cover on his head. He passed as execrable to God, and a prey to terror and fury. He was excluded from the right of an asylum, which was joined to all the temples and all the altars. He was at a charge wherever he went, and exposed to be treated with the most abusive raillery, and the most manifest contempt. He never thought himself safe: he dared not to open his mouth. His infamy was so great, that he was not permitted to do the least duties, even to those whom he had put to death. No one would be joined in alliance with him, and he could not hope that any woman would have him. He was so struck with the enormity and heinousness of his crime, that he proved and perceived that all nature was dead to him, and he was reciprocally dead to all nature. The blood that he had shed was always present before his eyes, and he thought that all the elements rose up against him, and that in reproaching him with his crime, they forbad him all the assistances that he could have from the earth, the sea, and the rivers. In a word, his life was so deplorable, and so full of terror, that he would rather have chosen to die, than to suffer an exile of such a kind. This truth is clearly marked out in the scripture; for, according to the best interpreters, Cain does not say to God, "My crime is so great, that I cannot obtain pardon for it;" but "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

An ADMONITION *against* DRUNKENNESS.

Neighbour,

DRUNKENNESS is a vice which destroys your health, wastes your time and money, and so injures your family. It likewise robs you of your good name, brings a

reproach on that holy Religion which you profeſs, and is not conſiſtent with a due uſe of your reaſon: nay, (which is far more dreadful) it will infallibly exclude you from the kingdom of heaven. This you will ſee in ſcripture by the following texts, "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abuſers of themſelves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, ſhall inherit the kingdom of God, (1 Cor. vi. 9, 20.)—and be not drunk with wine, wherein is exceſs; but be filled with the Spirit, (Eph. v. 18.)—Let us walk honeſtly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenneſs, not in chambering and wantonneſs, not in ſtrife and envying, (Rom. xiii. 13.)—Envyings, murders, drunkenneſs, revellings, and ſuch like.—They that do ſuch things ſhall not inherit the kingdom of God, (Gal. v. 21.)—Woe unto them that riſe up early in the morning, that they may follow ſtrong drink, that continue until night, till wine enflame them, (Iſaiah v. 11.)—Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine; and men of ſtrength, to mingle ſtrong drink, (Iſaiah v. 22.)—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken alſo, that he may look on his nakedneſs:" (Hab. ii. 15.) that is, get out the ſecrets of his heart, to expoſe him to ridicule. You are juſt reminded of the ſinfulneſs of it, and warned to forbear, as ever you hope to eſcape eternal miſery; for St. Paul expreſsly affirms, that drunkards "ſhall not inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. vi. 10.)

By all theſe conſiderations you are moſt earneſtly intreated to examine into the ſtate of your ſoul; and, for the time to come, conſcientiouſly to avoid the drink, the company, and the occaſion, which would tempt, or lead you to this vice: for, aſſure yourſelf, if you either deſpiſe, or will not make a timely and proper uſe of what has been ſaid to preſerve you from this vice, praying and ſtriving againſt it, and avoid all temptations to it, this very admonition, which you now

now read, will both accuſe and condemn you at the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt. As therefore you value your immortal ſoul, apply to this Judge now; make him your friend, by believing in him and obeying him, which is the only way to be ſaved. Repent of your ſins; hearken for God's ſake, for your family's ſake, and as you would be glad to be well received at the laſt day, kindly hearken to this admonition, and let it have its due effect on your life and practice for the future.

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jeſus Chriſt.

THE Apoſtle in the fifth chapter to the Romans draws a parallel betwixt Adam and Chriſt, and repreſents the advantages we receive by the obedience of the latter, as equalling the diſadvantages mankind ſuffered by the diſobedience of the former. He begins the compariſon at verſe the 12th, and continues it to the 20th: but finding by the way that the benefits we reap by the righteouſneſs of the ſecond Adam, are more extenſive than the evils derived to us by the ſin of the firſt, he is forced to digreſs almoſt as ſoon as he begins, into ſeveral particulars, to ſhew this inequality: which having done he reſumes his method at the 18th verſe, and concludes in general in theſe words, *That as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even ſo by the righteouſneſs of one, the free gift came upon all men unto juſtification of life. For as by one man's diſobedience many were made ſinners, ſo by the obedience of one ſhall many be made righteous,*

Which

Which diſcourſe of St. Paul leads us to conſider mankind under two different conditions; one of ſin and miſery, under a ſtate of corrupt nature; the other of pardon and happineſs in a ſtate of grace: one as the conſequence of Adam's rebellion, the other as the purchaſe of Chriſt's obedience. Which two ſtates give light and evidence to each other: *For if ſin entered into the world, and death by ſin, how neceſſary is it to be delivered from this body of death, by the grace of God through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord?* And if Chriſt in due time died for the ungodly, then was there a ſtate of corruption, which man by his own ſtrength could not deliver himſelf from.

This neceſſary connexion being acknowledged betwixt the depravation and re-eſtabliſhment of our natures, nothing will contribute more to the building us up in the true faith of Jeſus Chriſt, as our Reſtorer and Redeemer, than the right ſtating that miſerable condition of lapſed mankind, which ſo much wanted a redemption. What error has the want of this occaſioned on one hand? and what impiety on the other? They who will not conſider this offence of one, take upon them to deny the righteouſneſs of the other, diſowning the juſtification in Chriſt, becauſe they will not acknowledge any condemnation in Adam: and they who dare not abſolutely deny the degeneracy of human nature, have yet, from the partial notions they have entertained of it, framed to themſelves ſuch a deliverer, as could, in effect, neither pardon the offence nor juſtify the offender.

Let us enter then into the conſideration of theſe two ſtates, 1. That of Nature in the ſin of Adam, and 2. That of Grace in the righteouſneſs of Chriſt; from which, we ſhall diſcover ſuch aſtoniſhing inſtances of the adorable wiſdom and goodneſs of God, as will abundantly juſtify him from all exceptions as to the method of our redemption, and challenge all thoſe expreſſions of worſhip and obedience to our Redeemer, which are due to him as he is God and man.

1. Then

1. Then to consider the state of Nature in the sin of the first man:

The corruption of human nature is a truth, that as it cannot but be sensibly experienced, so it has been ever owned by the generality of mankind: how this happened, or when; who was the author, or what the occasion; has been the subject of various opinions widely distant from the true: it being impossible that reason should discover, what is the proper matter of revelation: and if it could not assign the causes of the distemper, it was not likely to find out a remedy for it.

It is the peculiar happiness of those with whom God has vouchsafed to converse by revelation, to know whence this disorder sprang, and whither to apply themselves for a redress of it. Revelation has assured us that God created man upright; that he made not sin nor death: *For God made not death*, (says the wise man) *neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living. For he created all things that they might have their being, and the generations of the world were healthful, and there was no poison of destruction in them. Nor was the kingdom of death upon the earth, for righteousness is immortal; but ungodly men with their works and words called it to them.* So chap. ii. ver. 23, 24, *For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity, nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the world, and they that hold of his side do find it*: which is but a comment upon the history of Moses concerning the ruin of our first parents, and of their posterity in them.

[*To be continued.*]

An EXAMPLE *of* HISTORICAL NARRATION, *from Salluſt.*

THE Trojans (if we may believe tradition) were the firſt founders of the Roman Commonwealth; who under the conduct of Æneus, having made their eſcape from their own ruined country, got to *Italy*, and there for ſome time lived a rambling and unſettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule and reſtraint. This mixed multitude, however, crouding together into one city: though originally different in extraction, language and cuſtoms, united into one body, in a ſurpriſingly ſhort ſpace of time. And as their little ſtate came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and ſeemed likely to make a figure among the nations; according to the common courſe of things, the appearance of proſperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring States; ſo that the Princes and people who bordered upon them, begun to ſeek occaſions of quarrelling with them. The alliances they could form were but few; for moſt of the neighbouring States avoided embroiling themſelves on their account. The Romans, ſeeing that they had nothing to truſt to but their own conduct, found it neceſſary to beſtir themſelves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when by their valour, they repulſed the enemy, they gave aſſiſtance to their allies, and gained friendſhips by often giving, and ſeldom demanding, favours of that ſort. They had, by this time, eſtabliſhed a regular form of government, to wit, the Monarchial. And a ſenate, conſiſting of men advanced in years,

and

and grown wife by experience, though infirm of body, conſulted with their Kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called Fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally eſtabliſhed for the preſervation of liberty, and the advantage of the State, came to degenerate into lawleſs tyranny, they found it neceſſary to alter the form of government, and to put the ſupreme power into the hands of two chief Magiſtrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance to prevent the bad effects naturally ariſing from the exorbitant licentiouſneſs of Princes, and the indefeſible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their ſovereignty, &c.

The REAL CHARACTER *of* EPICURUS.

EPICURUS was the ſon of Neſcles an Athenian: he is charged by Timocrates as a man of pleaſure, and a glutton; but the honours he had in his country, the number of his friends, the continuance of his diſcipline, when that of others was extinct: his piety to his parents, love and bounty to his brethren, and mildneſs to his ſervants, are ſtrong teſtimonies of an excellent perſon: he lived moſtly upon bread and water, and when he fared ſumptuouſly he required a little cheeſe. He ordained by his will, the annual celebration of his birth-day, and that on the 20th day of every month, all his ſcholars ſhould be feaſted at his charges. He lived ſeventy-two years.

Dr. BEATIE's *Account of an extraordinary* DELIVERANCE.

AS a Gentleman was walking acroſs the river Dee when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he ſunk; but kept himſelf from being car-

ried away in the current, by grafping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening.

A dog who attended him, after many fruitleſs attempts to reſcue his maſter, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the firſt perſon he met. The man was alarmed, and would have diſengaged himſelf. But the dog regarded him with a look ſo kind and ſo ſignificant, and endeavoured to pull him along with ſuch a gentle violence, that he began to think there might be ſomething extraordinary in the caſe, and ſuffered himſelf to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his maſter in time to ſave his life.

This the Doctor, who was never yet ſuſpected of Enthuſiaſm, aſcribes to a ſupernatural impulſe.

PRESAGES *of* DEATH.

THE Duke of Buckingham being to take his leave of his Grace of Canterbury, "My Lord, ſays the Duke, I know your Lordſhip has great influence over the King our Sovereign. Let me pray you to put his Majeſty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." At which words his Grace being troubled, he took the liberty to aſk him, if he had any ſecret foreboding in his mind? No, replied the Duke; but I think ſome adventure may kill me, as well as another man.

The very day before he was ſlain, feeling ſome indiſpoſition of body, the King was pleaſed to honour him with a viſit. The Duke, at his Majeſty's departure, embraced him in a very unuſual and paſſionate manner, and likewiſe his friend the Earl of Holland, as if he had known he ſhould ſee them no more.

On the day of his death, the Counteſs of Denbigh (his ſiſter) received a letter from him: who, while ſhe was writing her anſwer, bedewed the paper with her tears; and after a bitter paſſion of ſorrow, (whereof ſhe could yield no reaſon) fell down in a ſwoon. Her letter ended thus: "I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment; but I hope the great God of heaven will bleſs you!"

The day following, the Biſhop of Ely, came to viſit her; but hearing ſhe was at reſt, waited till ſhe awoke, which ſhe did in a great fright; for ſhe had dreamt that her brother paſſed through a field with her in the coach, where hearing a ſudden ſhout, and aſking the reaſon, it was anſwered, that the Duke of Buckingham was ſick: which ſhe had ſcarce related to her Gentlewoman, before the Biſhop entered into her bedchamber with an account of his death.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLVIII.

[Extract of a Letter from Miſs J. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

St. Helliers, Jerſey, July 11, 1777.

Rev. and dear Sir,

THE ſubſequent lines contains a ſhort Account of my preſent feelings.

On Chriſtmas-day, the Lord Jeſus manifeſted himſelf more particularly to my heart; giving me ſuch a view of himſelf as I never had before: whereupon my ſoul adored him, in humble proſtration at his feet. What has paſſed ſince, ſurpaſſes all deſcription. All I can ſay is, that I have loved

him ſupremely ſince that bleſſed day. All the croſſes I now meet with, and the various changes of the creatures in reſpect to me, make no more impreſſion on me than if I were dead. Thus do I know that the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. My Jeſus reigns the ſovereign of my whole heart, and cauſes every power, both of body and ſoul, to obey him.

Glory be to his holy name, his reign is a reign of peace and love. There is nothing in me but what would grieve to offend him. I have indeed, no longer any thing but Jeſus and heaven in my ſoul. The Lord has richly endued my ſpirit with that love which is without partiality, inſomuch that I can no longer find any preference for relations or friends, beyond the reſt of mankind: all the creatures being loved equally by me for the ſake of Him who is their Creator and mine. I can no longer find any difference between honour and diſhonour, eſteem or contempt, health or ſickneſs, life or death; for all things are mine, and I am Chriſt's. I know God as my Father, and Jeſus as my Saviour and Spouſe; who has written me on his heart, and graven me on the palms of his hands. I have as full an aſſurance that my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, as if I had ſeen it there with my eyes. The divine light often ſhines into my ſoul, with ſuch brightneſs as overwhelms me in wonder and admiration. It ſhews me how beautiful and glorious God is; how good; how powerful; how pure and holy! In a word, this ſacred light diſcovers to me his amiableneſs and benevolence in ſuch a manner as to conſtrain me to love him with all my heart, and my neighbour as myſelf: notwithſtanding all the oppoſitions I meet with from without. For as to my interior, it is in abſolute ſubjection to the will of God. By my outward enemies I do not mean my body. My body and ſoul being both united to glorify God; and directed by Jeſus who is the living Stone that quickens and actuates this maſs of clay, and makes it move

from

from place to place according to his will, without any more reſiſtance than if it exiſted no longer. By my outward enemies then I mean, the world, which diſplays its vanities, to every advantage, in order to captivate the followers of the Lamb; but my ſoul cannot reliſh its charms. Satan alſo uſes every means to ſeduce me, and in my opinion he will ſtrive more than ever to effect his purpoſe; becauſe he knows his time is ſhort. He will therefore ſtir up all hell (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) in order to deſtroy the kingdom of Chriſt in my ſoul; but in ſpight of him, that kingdom ſhall be eſtabliſhed, and Jeſus be more abundantly glorified in me and all his ſaints. Amen! even ſo Lord Jeſus!

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your moſt unworthy Friend and Servant,

J. B.

LETTER CCCCLIX.

[From Miſs E. A. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

July 12, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind anſwer to my laſt. At preſent I can ſay, that God is indeed the deſire of my eyes and the joy of my heart. If you knew all his goodneſs to me your heart would burn with love and gratitude to Him who is my Life, my Love, my All! O what inexpreſſible mercy! He condeſcends to abide in my heart, and to reign without a rival, the Lord of every motion there.

I often lean, as it were, on his dear breaſt; which is all my happineſs, and all I want.

My preſent ſituation would not be joyous, but grievous, were it not for the ſmiles of Jeſus. But while I am a partaker

taker of these I can say, Though my outward afflictions abound, my inward consolation aboundeth much more abundantly. But still I want to glorify him more and more, and to be lost in his immensity. I have, but still I ask a larger measure.

I often look at my infirmities, instead of simply believing and praising God; and by reasoning with the adversary I have been frequently ready to let go my confidence. But I am determined, for the future, so to live by faith in the Son of God, as to quench all the fiery darts of the devil: for he is continually injecting temptation, and bringing ten thousand accusations to weaken my faith; and was it not that my dear Lord shewed me undoubted proofs of his love, my feeble heart would join with the tempter: for I know that I am nothing, and that I can do nothing without his help. But as I have him in my heart, strengthening me continually, I believe in opposition to earth and hell, that I shall be enabled to do all things.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your unworthy Friend and Servant in Christ,

E. A.

LETTER CCCCLX.

[From Mrs. M. W. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Corke, Jan. 17, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

I Received your favour of the 23d of last November, and shall simply answer the questions you put to me.

You almost wonder, you tell me, that I never got acquainted with you when you were in Ireland. I assure you I had no opportunity, nor freedom to tell you all that is in my mind.

At

At preſent I feel that my heart is dead to thoſe deſires which torment and bewilder mankind. My ſoul has made choice of Jeſus for her all in all, and knows no happineſs but that of loving him, and of being made more and more like unto him. I feel my deſires centre in him, while my will and affections are given up to him. I know I love him with all my heart and mind and ſoul and ſtrength, and can ſay to him, Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I deſire beſides thee. Yet, though I am fully convinced of the truth of this, I am confounded before him. When I view his infinite perfections, I ſink into nothing. I feel myſelf ſo faulty, ſo ignorant, ſo wavering, ſo frail, ſo helpleſs, ſo unfaithful; that if I was not continually prevented, upheld, ſtrengthened and purified, by free unmerited grace, I ſhould become barren, dead, and guilty. Therefore I am conſtrained to fly to the fountain open for ſin and uncleanneſs.

When firſt I began my preſent employment, a train of providential events obliged me to it; they are remarkable, but too tedious to be inſerted here. Though I ſaw, and dreaded the dangers of my ſituation, I obeyed, truſting in God for grace and protection. The company to which I was expoſed, and my being denied almoſt all the means of grace, and the fellowſhip of the children of God, joined with other grievous temptations, often brought me into deep diſtreſs. But my merciful Lord knowing my infirmity, bleſſed me with a faithful friend (Mrs. M.) To her I would ſteal, and pour my complaint into her boſom. I have reaped great advantage from her friendſhip; for when I have been ready to give up all for loſt, I have been encouraged by her words, and comforted by the ſympathizing manner in which ſhe aſſiſted me: and often when I could hardly find any thing to reſt my ſoul upon, ſhe ſo pointed out the promiſe, that my heart felt a degree of comfort.

I continue

I continue a member of the Society, meet my chriſtian friends as regularly as I can, and go ſometimes to hear the word: but the nature of my buſineſs does not permit me to be ſo conſtant as I could wiſh.

Except the portion of time that I allot for the public and private worſhip of God, I give up myſelf entirely to the children committed to me. I call them daily to family prayer, and endeavour, by word and example, reading, and explaining the ſcriptures, and otherwiſe inſtructing them in the duties and principles of our holy Religion, to ſet the fear of God before their eyes; and ſtir them up to ſeek for thoſe things that make for their peace.

Thus, dear Sir, I have anſwered all your queſtions, and am aſhamed of your expreſſions of eſteem for a wretched ſinner. If you knew me half as well as I know myſelf, you would not have ſo good an opinion of me. For truly I feel that in me dwelleth no good thing: and that it is the Lord that worketh in me both to will and to do of his own good pleaſure. To him therefore be all the glory for ever and ever!

I am, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate though unworthy Friend,

M. A.

POETRY.

The PROGRESS *of* ERROR.

SING muſe (if ſuch a theme ſo dark, ſo long,
May find a muſe to grace it with a ſong)
By what unſeen and unſuſpected arts
The ſerpent Error twines round human hearts,
Tell where ſhe lurks, beneath what flowery ſhades,
That not a glimpſe of genuine light pervades,

Not

Not all whoſe eloquence the fancy fills,
Muſical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her mazy windings to their end,
Diſcern the fraud beneath the ſpecious lure,
Prevent the danger, or preſcribe the cure.
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls ſoporific on the liſtleſs ear,
Like quickſilver, the rhet'ric they diſplay,
Shines as it runs, but graſpéd at ſlips away.
Placéd for his trial on this buſtling ſtage,
From thoughtleſs youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to chuſe or to refuſe,
Man may improve the iris or abuſe.
Elſe, on the fataliſt's unrighteous plan,
Say, to what bar amenable were man?
With nought in charge, he could betray no truſt,
And if he fell, would fall becauſe he muſt;
If love reward him, or if vengeance ſtrike,
His recompence in both, unjuſt alike.
Divine authority within his breaſt
Brings every thought, word, action to the teſt,
Warns him or prompts, approves him or reſtrains,
As reaſon, or as paſſion, takes the reins.
Heaven from above, and conſcience from within,
Cry in his ſtartled ear, abſtain from ſin.
The world around ſolicits his deſire,
And kindles in his ſoul a treachérous fire,
While all his purpoſes and ſteps to guard
Peace follows virtue as its ſure reward,
And pleaſure brings as ſurely in her train,
Remorſe and ſorrow, and vindictive pain.
Man thus endué with an elective voice,
Muſt be ſuppliéd with objects of his choice.

Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or preſent, or in proſpect, meet his ſight;
Theſe open on the ſpot their honeyéd ſtore,
Thoſe call him loudly to purſuit of more.
His unexhauſted mind, the ſorded vice,
Avarice ſhews, and virtue is the price.
Here various motives his ambition raiſe,
Powér, pomp, and ſplendor, and the thirſt of praiſe;
There beauty woes him with expanded arms,
E'en Bacchanalian madneſs has its charms.
Grey dawn appears, the ſportſman and his train
Speckle the boſom of the diſtant plain,
'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighbouring lairs,
Save that his ſcent is leſs acute than theirs,
For perſevering chaſe, and headlong leaps,
True beagle as the ſtaunchéſt hound he keeps,
Changéd with the folly of his life's mad ſcene,
He takes offence, and wonders what you mean;
The joy, the danger, and the toil o'erpays,
'Tis exerciſe and health and length of days,
Again impetuous to the field he flies,
Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies;
Like a ſlain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,
Unmiſſéd but by his dogs, and by his groom.
Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
Lights of the world, and ſtars of human race—
But if eccentric ye forſake your ſphere,
Prodigious ominous, and viewéd with fear.
The comet's baneful influence is a dream,
Your's real, and pernicious in thé extreme.
What then—are appetites and luſts laid down,
With the ſame eaſe a man puts on his gown.
Will av'rice and concupiſcence give place,
Charméd by the ſounds, your revérence, or your grace?
No

No. But his own engagement binds him faſt,
Or if it does not, brands him to the laſt,
What atheiſts call him, a deſigning knave,
A mere church juggler, hypocrite and ſlave.
Oh laugh, or mourn with me, the rueful jeſt,
A caſſocked huntſman, and a fiddling prieſt;
He from Italian ſongſters takes his hue,
Set Paul to muſic, he ſhall quote him too.
He takes the field, the maſter of the pack
Cries well done Saint—and claps him on the back.
Is this the path of ſanctity? is this
To ſtand a way-mark in the road to bliſs?
Himſelf a wanderer from the narrow way,
His ſilly ſheep, what wonder if they ſtray?
Go, caſt your orders at your Biſhop's feet,
Send your diſhonoured gown to Monmouth-Street
The ſacred functions, in your hands is made,
Sad ſacrilege! No function, but a trade.
Of manners rough, and coarſe athletic caſt,
The rank debauch ſuits Clodio's filthy taſte.
Ruſillus, exquiſitely formed by rule,
Not of the moral, but the dancing-ſchool,
Wonders at Clodio's follies in a tone
As tragical, as others in his own.
He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the ſcore,
Then kill a conſtable, and drink five more;
But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,
And has the ladies etiquette by heart.
Go fool, and arm in arm with Clodio, plead
Your cauſe, before a bar you little dread;
But know, the law that bids the drunkard die
Is far too juſt to paſs the trifle by.
Pleaſure admitted in undue degree,
Enſlaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

'Tis not alone the grapes enticing juice,
Unnerves their moral powers, and mars their uſe,
Ambition, av'rice, and the luſt of fame,
And women, lovely women, do the ſame.
The heart ſurrendered to the reeling power
Of ſome ungoverned paſſion every hour,
Finds by degrees, the truth, that once bore ſway,
And all their deep impreſſions wear away.
So coin grown ſmooth in traffic current paſsed,
Till Cæſar's image is effaced at laſt.
Ye writers of what none with ſafety reads,
Footing it in the dance that fancy leads,
Ye noveliſts who marr what ye would mend,
Snivéling and drivéling folly without end,
Whoſe correſponding miſſes fill the ream
With ſentimental frippery and dream,
Caught in a delicate ſoft ſilken net
By ſome lewd Earl, or rake-hell Baronet;
Ye pimps, who under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the cloſet of young innocence,
And teach her unexperienced yet and green,
To ſcribble as you ſcribbled at fifteen;
Oh that a verſe had power and could command
Far, far away, theſe fleſh-flies of the land,
Who faſten without mercy on the fair,
And ſuck, and leave a craving maggot there.
But the muſe eagle pinioned has in view
A quarry more important ſtill than you,
Down, down the wind ſhe ſwims and ſails away,
Now ſtoops upon it, and now graſps the prey.
Petronius! all the muſes weep for thee,
But every tear ſhall ſcald thy memory.
The graces too, while virtue at their ſhrine
Lay bleeding under that ſoft hand of thine,

Felt

Felt each a mortal ſtab in his own breaſt
Abhorrèd the ſacrifice and curſèd the prieſt.
Thou poliſhèd and high finiſhèd foe to truth,
Grey beard corrupter of our liſtèning youth,
To purge away and ſkim the filth of vice,
That ſo refinèd it might the more entice,
Then pour it on the morals of thy ſon
To taint his heart was worthy of *thine own.*
Now while the poiſon all high life pervades,
Write if thou canſt one letter from the ſhades,
One; and one only, chargèd with deep regret,
That thy worſt part, thy principles live yet;
One ſad epiſtle thence may cure mankind,
Of the plague ſpread by bundles left behind.
'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our moſt important are our earlieſt years,
The mind impreſſible and ſoft, with eaſe
Imbibes and copies what ſhe hears and ſees,
And through life's labyrinth hold faſt the clue
That education gives her, falſe or true.
Plants raiſèd with tenderneſs are ſeldom ſtrong,
Man's cottiſh diſpoſition aſks the throng,
And without diſcipline the fav'rite child,
Like a neglected foreſter runs wild.
But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to ſow,
We give ſome Latin and a ſmatch of Greek,
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week,
And having done we think, the beſt we can,
Praiſe his proficiency, and dub him man
From ſchool to Cam or Iſis, and thence home,
And thence with all convenient ſpeed to Rome,
With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,
To teaze for caſh and quarrel with all day,

With

With memorandum-book for every town,
And every poſt, and where the chaiſe broke down,
His ſtock a few French phraſes got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart,
The youth obedient to his ſire's commands,
Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands:
Surprized at all they meet the goſling pair
With aukward gait, ſtretched neck, and ſilly ſtare,
Diſcover huge cathedrals built with ſtone,
And ſteeples towering high much like our own.
But ſhow peculiar light by many a grin
At Popiſh practices obſerved within.
Accompliſhments have taken virtue's place,
And wiſdom falls before exterior grace;
We ſlight the precious kernel of the ſtone,
And toil to poliſh its rough coat alone.
A juſt deportment, manners graced with eaſe,
Elegant phraſe, and figure formed to pleaſe,
Are qualities that ſeem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, ſchools intend;
Hence an unfurniſhed and a liſtleſs mind,
Though buſy, trifling; empty, though refined;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to claſh
With indolence and luxury, is traſh;
While learning, once the man's excluſive pride,
Seems verging far towards the female ſide.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The BELIEVER'S PORTION.

COME, ye aſpiring mortals, ſee
What glories wait for you and me!
Though you enjoy and graſp at all,
To me no leſs a ſhare will fall,

Are

Are you for pleaſures? Here they flow,
Pure and unmixéd from every woe;
In ample rivers here they glide,
Iſſuing from a Saviour's ſide.

If 'tis a pleaſure to be free
From guilt, and pain, and miſery;
Freedom from theſe are but a part
Of thoſe that flow from Jeſus' heart.

Joys overflowing, ever new,
Riſe here to our tranſported view;
Pleaſures of pardon, love, and peace,
Run freely with a large increaſe.

Talk ye of wealth—To what is here
Ten thouſand Indies can't compare;
Such riches we may here enjoy,
As will endure eternally.

Treaſures of grace we here unfold,
Of which a thouſandth part's not told;
Theſe, Chriſt our Saviour doth impart,
With genérous hands and open heart.

See in the ſmiles of Jeſu's face,
Riches of wiſdom, love, and grace;
Though poor and naked, he'll beſtow
Theſe heavénly gifts on worms below.

Doth honour tempt!——Here ſuch are ſhown,
As ne'er in earthly courts were known;
Though earthly monarchs paſs you by,
Each here a kingdom doth enjoy.

But ſuch poor realms as theſe below,
Jeſus will not on us beſtow;
Theſe fading crowns are paltry toys,
Compared with everlaſting joys.

A crown

A crown unfading and ſecure,
A kingdom that's for ever ſure,
Jeſus, our God, will freely give,
To all who here his grace receive.

The MONUMENT.

A Monſter, in a courſe of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir, his ill-gained gold:
Streight breathes his buſt, ſtreight are his virtues ſhown,
Their date commencing with the ſculpteréd ſtone.
If on his ſpecious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his ſhould ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him ſhould ever live!

DOGGEREL: *or a good* STORY *badly told.*

The following is an Inſcription on a Tomb, in the Church-Yard of St. Giles's, in the Fields, London.

Here lies RICHARD PENDRELL:

Preſerver and Conductor of his Majeſty, King Charles the Second, after his eſcape from Worceſter Fight, in the year 1651, who died, Feb. 8. 1671.

HOLD paſſenger, here's ſhrouded in this hearſe,
Unparalleléd *Pendrell* through the univerſe.
Like when the eaſtern ſtar, from heaven gave light,
To three loſt Kings, ſo he in ſuch dark night,
To Briton's Monarch loſt, by adverſe war,
On earth appearéd a ſecond eaſtern ſtar,
A pole aſtern in her rebellion main,
A pilot to her royal Sovéreign came:
Now to triumph in heaven's eternal ſphere,
He is advancéd, for his juſt ſteerage here,
Whilſt Albion's Chronicle with matchleſs fame,
Embalms the ſtory of great *Pendrell's* name.

THE Arminian Magazine, For JULY 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 284.]

CHAP. II.

Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will, as well from Neceſſity, as from Co-action.

3dly, THEY add, That all God's commands and prohibitions, exhortations and dehortations, all his threats and reprehenſions, all his encouragements and promiſes would be vain and unreaſonable, and all his puniſhments unjuſt, and his rewards groundleſs; if man after the fall had not ſtill the liberty to do what is commanded, and forbear what is forbidden. For 1ſt, ſaith St. *Auſtin*, Ipſa divina præcepta homini non prodeſſent, niſi haberet liberum voluntatis Arbitrium quo ea faciens, ad promiſſa præmia perveniret, *the*

divine precepts would profit none, if they had not free-will, by which they doing them, might obtain the promised rewards assigned to the doers of them. These precepts, saith he, *cut off men's excuse from ignorance, or saying I did not this because I did not know it was my duty:* but then, *because others*, saith he, *accuse God of being wanting in giving them power to do good, or inducing them to sin.* Against these men he cites that known passage of the son of *Sirach*, [*God left man in the hands of his counsel*, si volueris, servabis mandata, *if he would, to keep the commandments. He had set before him, fire and water, and to which of them he pleased he might stretch forth his hand; he had placed life and death before him, and which he pleased should be given him.*] and then cries out, Ecce apertissime videmus expressum liberum humanæ voluntatis Arbitrium, *Behold here a very plain proof of the liberty of human will*, or an express in what it consists; and this, saith he, is also evident from all God's injunctions to do and keep his commandments, for quomodo jubet si non est liberum Arbitrium, *for how* (or why) *doth he command, if man hath not free-will or power to obey.* This therefore, if St. *Austin* answers pertinently, must be the true import of these men's excuse, that they wanted free-will, or power to obey God's precepts; and therefore he enquires, *What do all God's commands shew but the free-will of man?* neq; enim præciperentur nisi homo haberet propriam voluntatem qua divinis præceptis obediret; *for they would not be commanded, if man had not that freedom of will by which he could obey them*: and therefore in his book *de fide* against the Manichees, who denied that man had free-will, or that it was, in potestate hominis facere bene, aut male, *in his power to do well or ill*: he makes this an indication of their blindness, quis enim non clamet stultum esse præcepta dare ei cui liberum non est quod præcipitur facere, et iniquum esse eum damnare cui non fuit potestas jussa complere, & has injustitias, & iniquitates miseri non intelligunt Deo se adscribere, *For who*, saith

ſaith he, *will not cry out that it is folly to command him who hath not liberty to do what is commanded, and that it is unjuſt to condemn him which hath it not in his power to do what is required; and yet theſe miſerable men underſtand not that they aſcribe this wickedneſs and injuſtice to God?* Whoſoever, ſaith *Euſebius*, doth induſtriouſly purſue, or command, or teach any thing, or exhort any man to obey, or not, to ſin, or not; or reproves any for ſin, or commends any for doing well, Is he not *thereby plainly convinced that he only retains the name of fate, but leaves the action to our liberty, and our own power? Clemens* of *Alexandria* declares, That *neither praiſes nor reprehenſions, rewards or puniſhments are juſt, if the ſoul hath not the power of chuſing, or abſtaining, but evil is involuntary*; yea, he makes this the very *foundation of ſalvation, without which there could be neither any reaſonable time, nor divine ordering of our natures, becauſe faith would not be in our own power.* Sui Arbitrii eſt anima, & in quam voluerit partem eſt ei liberum declinare. *The ſoul*, ſaith *Origen*, *acts by her own choice, and it is free for her to incline to whatever part ſhe will; and therefore God's judgment of her is juſt, becauſe of her own accord ſhe complies with good or bad monitors.* Upon this ſuppoſition, ſaith he, it is *that good men are praiſed, and that God ſaith reaſonably, Well done good and faithful ſervant*; and again, *O thou wicked and ſlothful ſervant; that he ſaith to them on the right hand, Come ye bleſſed, &c. and to them on the left hand, Depart from me ye curſed, &c. One of theſe two things are neceſſary*, ſaith *Epiphanius*, *either that a neceſſity ariſing from our being born, there ſhould be no judgment, becauſe men act not freely; or if laws be juſtly made by God, and puniſhments threatened to, and inflicted on the wicked, and God's judgments be according to truth, there is no fate; for therefore is one puniſhed for his ſins, and another praiſed for his good works, becauſe he hath it in his own power to ſin, or not. For how*, ſaith *Theodoret*, *can he juſtly puniſh*

a nature, which had no power to do good, but was bound in the bonds of wickedneſs. And again, *God having made the rational nature, with power over its own actions, averts men from evil things, and provokes them to what is good by laws and exhortations; but he doth not neceſſitate the unwilling to embrace what is better, that he may not overturn the bounds of nature.* Innumerable are the paſſages of this nature which might be cited from the Fathers; but theſe at preſent ſhall ſuffice, becauſe ſome of them may be mentioned hereafter.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLVI.

On 1 SAMUEL ii. 17.

The ſin of the young men was very great.

1. THE corruption not only of the Heathen world, but likewiſe of them that were called Chriſtians has been matter of ſorrow and lamentation to pious men, almoſt from the time of the Apoſtles. And hence as nearly as the ſecond century, within a hundred years of St. *John's* removal from the earth, men who were afraid of being partakers of other men's ſins, thought it their duty to ſeparate from them. Hence in every age many have retired from the world leſt they ſhould be ſtained with the pollutions of it. In the third century many carried this ſo far, as to run into deſerts and turn Hermits. But in the following age this took another turn. Inſtead of turning Hermits, they turned Monks. Religious Houſes now began to be built in every Chriſtian country. And Religious Communities were eſtabliſhed, both of men and women, who were entirely ſecluded from the reſt of

f mankind, having no intercourſe with their neareſt relations, or with any but ſuch as were confined, generally for life, ithin the ſame walls.

2. This ſpirit of literally renouncing the world, by retiring nto Religious Houſes, did not ſo generally prevail after ne Reformation. Nay in Proteſtant countries, houſes of his kind were totally ſuppreſſed. But ſtill too many ſerious erſons (chiefly incited thereto by thoſe that are commonly alled Myſtic Writers) were eager to ſeclude themſelves rom the world, and run into ſolitude: ſuppoſing this to be ne beſt, if not the only way, of eſcaping the pollution that s in the world.

3. One thing which powerfully inclined them to ſeparate rom the ſeveral Churches or religious Societies to which they ad belonged, even from their infancy, was the belief that o good was to be expected from the miniſtration of unholy nen. "What, ſaid they, can we think that a holy God vill bleſs the miniſtry of wicked men? Can we imagine hat they who are themſelves ſtrangers to the grace of God vill manifeſt that grace to others? Is it to be ſuppoſed, that God ever did, or ever will work, by the children of the evil? And if this cannot be ſuppoſed, ought we not to *ome out from among them and be ſeparate?*

4. For more than twenty years, this never entered into the nought of thoſe that were called Methodiſts. But as more nd more who had been brought up Diſſenters joined with hem, they brought in more and more prejudice againſt the Church. In proceſs of time various circumſtances concurred, o increaſe and confirm it. Many had forgotten, that we ere all at our firſt ſetting out determined members of the Eſtabliſhed Church. Yea, it was one of our original rules, hat every member of our Society, ſhould attend the Church nd Sacrament, unleſs he had been bred among Chriſtians f any other denomination.

5. In

5. In order therefore to prevent others from being puzzled and perplext, as ſo many have been already, it is neceſſary in the higheſt degree, to conſider this matter thoroughly: calmly to enquire, Whether God ever did bleſs the miniſtry of ungodly men? And whether he does ſo at this hour? Here is a plain matter of fact: if God never did bleſs it, we ought to ſeparate from the Church: at leaſt where we have reaſon to believe, that the Miniſter is an unholy man. If he ever did bleſs it, and does ſo ſtill, then we ought to continue therein.

6. Nineteen years ago we conſidered this queſtion, in our public Conference at Leeds, "Whether the Methodiſts ought to ſeparate from the Church?" And after a long and candid enquiry, it was determined, *nemine contradicente*, That it was not expedient for them to ſeparate. The reaſons were ſet down at large: and they ſtand equally good at this day.

7. In order to put this matter beyond all poſſible diſpute, I have choſen to ſpeak from theſe words, which give a fair occaſion of obſerving, what the dealings of God in his Church have been, even from ſo early a period: for it is generally allowed, that *Eli* lived at leaſt a thouſand years before our Lord came into the world. In the verſes preceding the text we read, (v. 12, &c.) *Now the ſons of Eli were ſons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.* They were wicked to an uncommon degree. Their profane violence with reſpect to the ſacrifices, is related with all its ſhocking circumſtances, in the following verſes. But (what was a greater abomination ſtill) *They lay with the women that aſſembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation!* v. 22. On both theſe accounts *the ſin of the young men was very great, and men abhorred the offering of the Lord.*

8. May I be permitted to make a little digreſſion, in order to correct a miſtranſlation in the twenty-fifth verſe? In our tranſlation it runs thus, *They hearkened not unto the voice of*

the

their father, because the Lord would slay them. Ought it not rather to be rendered, Therefore *the Lord was about to slay them.* As if he had said, The Lord would not suffer their horrid and stubborn wickedness to escape unpunished; but because of that wickedness, he slew them both in one day, by the hand of the Philistines. They did not sin (as might be imagined from the common translation) because God had determined to slay them: but God therefore determined to slay them, because they had thus sinned.

9. But to return. Their sin was the more inexcusable, because they could not be ignorant of that dreadful consequence thereof, that by reason of their enormous wickedness, *men abhorred the offering of the Lord.* Many of the people were so deeply offended, that if they did not wholly refrain from the public worship, yet they attended it with pain, abhorring the priests, while they honoured the sacrifice.

10. And have we any proof, that the priests who succeeded them, were more holy than them, than *Hophni* and *Phinehas*, not only till God permitted ten of the tribes to be separated from their brethren, and from the worship he had appointed: but even till *Judah* as well as *Israel*, for the wickedness of the priests as well as the people were carried into captivity?

11. What manner of men they were about the time of the *Babylonish* Captivity, we learn from various passages in the Prophecy of *Jeremiah.* From which it manifestly appears, that people and priests wallowed in all manner of vices. And how little they were amended, after they were brought back into their own land, we may gather from those terrible words in the Prophecy of *Malachi. And now, O ye Priests, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will send even a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings. Yea I have cursed them already, because ye would not lay it to heart. Behold I will curse your seed, and I will spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of*

of your ſolemn feaſts; and men ſhall take you away with it, Mal. ii. 1, 2.

12. Such were the prieſts of God in their ſeveral generations, till he brought the great High Prieſt into the world? And what manner of men were they during the time that he miniſtered upon earth? A large and particular account of their character we have in the twenty-third chapter of St. *Matthew*: and a worſe character it would be difficult to find, in all the Oracles of God. But may it not be ſaid, "Our Lord does not there direct his diſcourſe to the Prieſts, but to the Scribes and Phariſees?" He does; but this is the ſame thing. For the Scribes were what we now term Divines, the public teachers of the people. And many, if not moſt of the Prieſts, eſpecially all the ſtricteſt ſort of them were Phariſees: ſo that in giving the character of the Scribes and Phariſees, he gives that of the Prieſts alſo.

13. Soon after the pouring out of the Holy Ghoſt, on the day of Pentecoſt, in the infancy of the Chriſtian Church, there was indeed a glorious change. *Great grace was* then *upon them all:* Miniſters as well as people. *The multitude of them that believed, were of one heart and of one ſoul.* But how ſhort a time did this continue? How ſoon did *the fine gold become dim?* Long before even the Apoſtolic Age expired, St. *Paul* himſelf had ground to complain, that ſome of his fellow-labourers had *forſaken* him, *having loved this preſent world.* And not long after, St. *John* reproved divers of the angels, that is, the Miniſters of the Churches in *Aſia*, becauſe even in that early period, their *works were not found perfect before God.*

14. Thus did *the myſtery of iniquity* begin to *work*, in the Miniſters as well as the people, even before the end of the Apoſtolic Age. But how much more powerfully did it work as ſoon as thoſe maſter-builders, the Apoſtles were taken out of the way? Both Miniſters and people were then farther and farther removed from the hope of the Goſpel.

Inſomuch

Inſomuch that when St. *Cyprian*, about an hundred and fifty years after the death of St. *John*, deſcribes the ſpirit and behaviour both of the Laity and Clergy that were round about him, one would be ready to ſuppoſe he was giving us a deſcription of the preſent Clergy and Laity of *Europe*. But the corruption which had been creeping in, drop by drop, during the ſecond and third century, in the beginning of the fourth, when *Conſtantine* called himſelf a Chriſtian, poured in upon the Church with a full tide. And whoever reads the hiſtory of the Church, from the time of *Conſtantine* to the Reformation, will eaſily obſerve that all the abominations of the Heathen world, and in following ages of the Mahometans, overflowed every part of it. And in every nation and city, the Clergy were not a whit more innocent than the Laity.

15. "But was there not a very conſiderable change in the body of the Clergy, as well as the Laity, at the time of the glorious Reformation from popery?" Undoubtedly there was: and they were not only reformed from very many erroneous opinions, and from numberleſs ſuperſtitious and idolatrous modes of worſhip, till then prevailing over the Weſtern Church: but they were alſo exceedingly reformed, with reſpect to their lives and tempers. More of the ancient, ſcriptural Chriſtianity was to be found, almoſt in every part of *Europe*. Yet notwithſtanding this, all the works of the devil, all ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs, ſin of every kind, continued to prevail, both over Clergy and Laity in all parts of Chriſtendom. Even thoſe Clergymen who moſt warmly contended about the Externals of Religion, were very little concerned for the life and power of it, for Piety, Juſtice, Mercy and Truth.

16. However it muſt be allowed, that ever ſince the Reformation, and particularly in the preſent century, the behaviour of the Clergy in general is greatly altered for the better. And ſhould it be granted, that in many parts of the *Romiſh* Church, they are nearly the ſame as they were before,

it muſt be granted likewiſe, that moſt of the *Proteſtant* Clergy, are far different from what they were. They have not only more learning of the moſt valuable kind, but abundantly much more Religion. Inſomuch that the *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Clergy are generally allowed to be not inferior to any in *Europe*, for Piety as well as for Knowledge.

17. And all this being allowed what lack they yet? Can any thing be laid to their charge? I wiſh calmly and candidly to conſider this point, in the fear and in the preſence of God. I am far from deſiring to aggravate the defects of my Brethren, or to paint them in the ſtrongeſt colours. Far be it from me, to treat others as I have been treated myſelf; to return evil for evil, or railing for railing. But to ſpeak the naked truth, not with anger or contempt, as too many have done; I acknowledge, that many, if not moſt of thoſe that were appointed to miniſter in holy things, with whom it has been my lot to converſe, in almoſt every part of *England* or *Ireland*, for forty or fifty years laſt paſt, have not been eminent either for Knowledge or Piety. It has been loudly affirmed, That moſt of thoſe perſons now in connexion with *me*, who believe it their duty to call ſinners to repentance, having been taken immediately from low trades, Taylors, Shoemakers and the like, are a ſet of poor, ſtupid, illiterate men, that ſcarce know their right hand from their left: yet I cannot but ſay, that I would ſooner cut off my right hand, than ſuffer one of them to ſpeak a word in any of our Chapels, if I had not reaſonable proof, that he had more knowledge in the Holy Scriptures, more knowledge of himſelf, more knowledge of God and of the things of God; than nine in ten of the Clergymen I have converſed with, either at the Univerſities, or elſewhere.

18. In the meantime I gladly allow that this charge does not concern the whole body of the Clergy: undoubtedly there are many Clergymen in theſe kingdoms, that are not only free from outward ſin, but men of eminent learning, and

and what is infinitely more, deeply acquainted with God. But ſtill I am conſtrained to confeſs, that the far greater part of thoſe Miniſters I have converſed with for above half a century have not been holy men, not devoted to God, not deeply acquainted either with God or themſelves. It could not be ſaid, that they *ſet* their *affections on things above, not on things of the earth*; or that their deſire, and the buſineſs of their lives was, To ſave their own ſouls and thoſe that heard them.

19. I have taken this unpleaſing view of a melancholy ſcene, of the character of thoſe who have been appointed of God to be Shepherds of ſouls for ſo many ages, in order to determine this queſtion, Ought the Children of God to refrain from his Ordinances, becauſe they that adminiſter them are unholy men? A queſtion with which many ſerious perſons have been exceedingly perplexed. "Ought we not, ſay they, to refrain from the miniſtrations of ungodly men? For is it poſſible that we ſhould receive any good from the hands of thoſe that know not God? Can we ſuppoſe that the grace of God was ever conveyed to men by the ſervants of the devil?"

What ſaith the Scripture? Let us keep cloſe to this, and we ſhall not be miſled. We have ſeen there, what manner of men, moſt of theſe have been who have miniſtered in holy things for many ages. Two or three thouſand years ago, we read, *The ſons of Eli were ſons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.* But was this a ſufficient reaſon for the Iſraelites to refrain from their adminiſtrations? It is true, they *abhorred the offerings of the Lord* on their account. And yet they conſtantly attended them. And do you ſuppoſe that *Samuel*, holy as he was, ever adviſed them to do otherwiſe? Were not the Prieſts and public Teachers equally ſtrangers to God, from this time to that of the *Babyloniſh* captivity? Undoubtedly they were. But did *Iſaiah* or any of the Prophets exhort them for that cauſe to forſake the

ordinances of God? Were they not equally ungodly from the time of the *Babyloniſh* captivity, to the coming of Chriſt? How clearly does this appear, were there no other proof, from the Prophecies of *Jeremiah* and *Malachi?* Yet did either *Malachi* or *Jeremiah*, or any other of the Prophets exhort the people to ſeparate themſelves from theſe ungodly men?

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Continued from page* 295.]

THE next perſon, of whom I ſhall give an account is one Anderſon, a poor labouring man, whoſe character till now was unimpeachable, touching his induſtry, ſobriety and honeſty. He had a wife far gone with child, and a daughter about ſeven years old; but was totally deſtitute of money, clothes, and a place to live in, having been by one of their rigid creditors diſpoſſeſſed of the mean habitation they formerly held, and neceſſitated to lie on the ground wherever they could.

One morning having been long without employment, he ſaid to his wife, "My dear, I have a ſtrong inclination to go down upon the quays, it may be the Lord will provide for me a loaf of bread, or ſome employment, whereby we may ſuſtain ourſelves a little longer, or elſe we ſhall periſh with hunger." He accordingly went out, but finding all reſources fail, a temptation entered into his mind to commence robber. Accordingly he went into Hoxton-Fields, where meeting with two waſherwomen, who were bringing home their clean linen, he ſaid to one of them, "Miſtreſs, I want money." She replied, "I have only two-pence."

Then

Then ſaid he, "Give me that." He then addreſſed the other, ſaying, "You have got money, I know you have." The woman anſwered, "I have but four-pence." He took that likewiſe, and, ſcarce knowing what he did, walked before them into town. When they came into Old-Street, the two women called a conſtable, and both declared that he had robbed them. On this, he was committed to priſon, and ſoon after tried and caſt at the Old-Bailey, with ſeveral others, who lay a conſiderable time before the report was made to his Majeſty. In the interim poor Mrs. Anderſon, though big with her third child, made frequent viſits to him, and through the pity of ſome friends, was enabled to ſupply him with food. During the many years I attended the priſoners, I have not ſeen ſuch meek and loving ſpirits, as thoſe which appeared in the countenance and deportment of this poor man and his wife. Indeed, they were naturally inclined to few words; but the woman frequently ſeating herſelf by her huſband's ſide, and throwing her arms round his neck, they would ſhed floods of tears to mitigate the anguiſh which overwhelmed them.

Some time before the death warrant came down, Anderſon was both convinced of ſin, and made ſenſible of the remiſſion thereof. The morning of his execution having arrived, I attended him a little paſt ſix o'clock, and, upon his being let down from his cell, I found him exceedingly happy. He told me he had no doubt of his ſalvation, and that he ſhould ſhortly be with Jeſus, whom his ſoul loved; and added, "This is the happieſt day I ever ſaw in my life! Oh! who can expreſs the joy and peace I now feel? If I could have all the world, I would not wiſh to live another day!" The Miniſter, Churchwardens and Overſeers, with ſeveral others of St. Luke's pariſh, preſented various petitions to his Majeſty on his behalf, and he had an honourable character from the Captain of a man of war, from which he was regularly diſcharged: yet, when his caſe was under the conſideration of the

the Privy-Council, by a wrong information which they received, that he was the Anderſon who was an audacious highwayman at that time, he was included in the dead warrant.

As I was going in the cart with him to the place of execution, knowing the miſerable ſituation of his wife, I enquired of him where ſhe was to be found: to which he anſwered, "I can give you no intelligence, ſeeing ſhe has no place of abode; but lies on the floor in ſome poor perſon's houſe, moving from houſe to houſe, as ſhe is compelled by neceſſity." I then aſked him where there might be a probability of diſcovering her? He told me in Lamb-Alley, Biſhopſgate-Street. I therefore ſpent three days in grovelling through almoſt every dirty alley in that neighbourhood: and at laſt received information that ſhe dwelt in Holywell-Lane. I went there accordingly, and found her in a melancholy ſituation, ſitting with a poor old woman. When, looking into the room, I ſaw no other furniture than a piece of an old rug, whereon they both laid themſelves to ſleep. I then gave her directions to call at my houſe in Chriſtopher's-Alley. She came, but not without much fear, imagining I had ſomewhat againſt her. As I was engaged, and not at home, my wife put two ſhillings into her hand, and bade her come in and take a dinner. The next night I was appointed to preach in Old-Gravel-Lane, when I repreſented the unfortunate caſe of Mr. Anderſon, who died for ſix-pence, and which was his firſt crime! I alſo ſet forth the deplorable ſituation of his wife. And though the congregation was but ſmall, and thoſe chiefly poor people, yet they contributed ſix and twenty ſhillings; and, by laying her caſe before others, I got as much as clothed her decently. As ſhe grew near her time, I told her if ſhe could give me an account of her pariſh I would get a petition ſigned by Dr. Wathen, one of the Governors of the lying-in-hoſpital; but ſhe not knowing her huſband's

huſband's pariſh, I was obliged to apply to the pariſh of Shoreditch. But Dr. Wathen informing me ſhe could not be admitted into the London lying-in-hoſpital without a ſecurity from the pariſh, to receive the child in caſe of her death, I waited on the principal Church-warden; but he being abſent, I went to the other, who ridiculed and abuſed me in a moſt ſcandalous manner, although I had already repreſented to him the lamentable ſtate of Mrs. Anderſon. The ſavage replied, "I ſuppoſe it is ſome woman you have got with child, and you want to father it upon the pariſh." I told him, "I lived but a few doors from him, and that my character was well known." He then ſaid, in a ſurly manner, "Then I ſuppoſe it is ſome hanged man's widow or other." I quickly took my leave of him, and haſtened to a gentleman who maintained a cloſe acquaintance with the upper Church-warden, and informed him of the ungenteel behaviour of the other, with the diſtreſſed ſituation of Mrs. Anderſon. The upper Church-warden deſired my friend to ſend her to his houſe. She waited on him accordingly, when he ordered her in and gave her a good breakfaſt, while he ſigned her petition: and ordered her to carry it to the under Church-warden to ſign it. As ſoon as her petition was ſigned, ſhe was taken into the hoſpital in Alderſgate-Street, and was, in a few days, delivered of a fine girl. When her month was elapſed, my wife received her into our own houſe, with the child, and ſhe continued there for many months, performing her daily buſineſs induſtriouſly, with all ſobriety and cleanlineſs. Some time after her child died, and my wife procured a houſekeeper's place for her, where ſhe ſoon became a creditable woman. Some years after I bound her daughter apprentice to a weaver.

[*To be continued.*]

Some

Some Account of ——. ——.

[*Concluded from page* 301.]

7. WHEN I was in my greateſt ſtraits, a woman that was my neighbour, laboured to perſuade me to leave the Methodiſts; telling me, "You have diſobliged your beſt friends, and expoſed yourſelf to much want; but you may gain them again and want nothing: otherwiſe you will be worſe off than ever you were." I anſwered, "Nay, I am better off now than ever I was in my life. And if the Lord ſees fit, he can provide for me: but if it be his will I ſhould periſh, I am content. I know he will ſave my ſoul." She ſaid, "Then go your own way," and ſaid no more to me ever after.

8. Not long after I removed to *Wigan*. And now it was that God diſcovered to me the evil of my heart. While Mr. *Weſley* was preaching, ſuch a light came into my ſoul, that I ſaw my inward parts were very wickedneſs. I ſaw I muſt be wholly changed. On Saturday evening I went to the preaching, but found no comfort. I went home, wept ſore, and prayed till I could not ſpeak a word. I was ſurrounded with temptations, till on Wedneſday night while I was at prayer with two of my friends, they all vaniſhed away. The next night, when I was going to bed, Satan furiouſly attacked me again. I directly went to prayer. He threatened me, if I did pray, he would take me away body and ſoul. He ſeemed to be in the room in a bodily ſhape. But the more he ſtormed, the more earneſtly I prayed; till thoſe words were applied with power, *He ſhall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways*. In an inſtant he was gone, and I ſaw myſelf ſurrounded by angels, ſo that I was

I was raviſhed to behold them. They were gone in the twinkling of an eye, and left me ſo happy that I could not ſleep for ſome time.

9. After this a Predeſtinarian ſet upon me, and gave me one of their tracts. I read a little of it, but found it hurt me and would read no more. He then began to argue with me himſelf, and laboured to ſhew me that I could not fall from grace. But he could not get me to believe it. Yet I was grievouſly tempted about it for a week; till in a prayer-meeting it all vaniſhed away, and I have never been troubled concerning it ſince. But I had many other both inward and outward trials. The heavieſt of all was from an intimate friend. This cauſed me to weep before the Lord continually for almoſt three days. But glory be to my God, he turned this alſo to my good.

10. About this time I heard Mr. *Fowdell* preach, on *Bleſſed are the pure in heart.* He exactly deſcribed what I experienced, and what I wanted. This was the latter end of ſummer, 1783. All that winter I had ſore conflicts with the enemy and my own evil nature. Many times I could neither eat nor ſleep, though all the time I knew I was a child of God. But the love I had to him, and a ſenſe of his goodneſs to me, made it worſe than death not to love him with all my heart. All this while I was ſupported with many great and precious promiſes, or I could never have ſtood. Toward the end of the winter I was in continual expectation, that God would come and take poſſeſſion of my heart. But many times I put it from me by unbelief.

11. In the beginning of April 1784, I had ſome buſineſs at a friend's houſe in the country, who deſired me to ſtay all night, in order to have a prayer-meeting. I was ſorely tempted all the day, and at night when the meeting began, I found myſelf full of all evil, but had a ſtrong hope of deliverance. I ſaid, "Lord, I cannot ſave myſelf. Do thou

with me what thou wilt." That moment I was as if every bone in my body was pulling aſunder. I roared out, and the tears ran plentifully down my face, while my friends were praying for me. But in a moment my roaring ceaſed, my tears were dried, and my mind was quite calm: while thoſe words came with power to my ſoul, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." After they had joyfully praiſed God on my account, the ſervice was concluded. It was on the 3d of April, 1784, that God wrought this great change in my ſoul.

12. The week after I was ſorely tempted, feeling I was ſtill a very weak, ignorant creature. And indeed I found more need of Jeſus now, then ever in all my life. The Thurſday night was our monthly prayer-meeting. Having a great cold I thought I would not pray; for they could not hear me. I was then full of temptation: and many were much tempted againſt me, becauſe I did not pray. It was at laſt ſtrongly impreſt on my mind, "Pray, and I will bleſs thee." I anſwered, "I will, whether they can hear me or not." At once all my temptations fled away, and I was filled with joy unſpeakable: ſo that when I broke out, I could do nothing but praiſe God my Saviour. And all in the room were ſo bleſt, that I do not remember, we had ever ſuch a meeting before. The next day was Good-Friday. I ſpent it in faſting and in prayer and meditating on my Lord's ſufferings. In the evening, I thought, "I will pray again, before I light a candle for my work: when ſuch a glory was opened to my mind, as humbled me to the duſt. I was filled with love, and conſtrained to cry out,

"If all the world my Jeſus knew,
Then all the world would love him too."

But after this Satan ſtrove all he could to rob me of my confidence. I truly proved the depth of thoſe words, *Without*

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me ye can do nothing: but I proved likewiſe, *I can do all things through Chriſt ſtrengthening me.*"

13. April 16, Mr. *Weſley* came, and preached on 1 Cor. xiii. the firſt and following verſes. His word was bleſt to my ſoul: glory be to God, that ever he raiſed him up to preach the whole Goſpel. O may it prevail till the earth is filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord! May his ſervant ſee more and more fruit of his labour, till he has finiſhed the work which was given him to do! And then may he receive a ſtarry crown, and be for ever with the Lord!

A ſhort Account of Mrs. HANNAH KAY.

HANNAH KAY was born at *Butterly* in *Yorkſhire*, and brought up with her parents. Her mother being a holy woman took care that her daughter was made well acquainted with the Scriptures even in her youth. At the age of eight or nine years, the thoughts of death and eternity made ſuch deep impreſſions on her mind, that ſhe often retired into ſome ſecret place to pour out her ſoul in prayer. But the follies of youth at laſt ſtifling her convictions, ſhe gave way to the world, and lived in a carnal, thoughtleſs condition till the eighteenth year of her age.

About that time ſhe heard Mr. *William Moorhouſe*; and under the firſt ſermon was brought out of darkneſs into God's marvellous light. From that time ſhe ſaw herſelf in a poor, loſt, miſerable condition; and never reſted till God ſpoke peace to her ſoul. At this her fears and ſorrows vaniſhed away, and ſhe was filled with peace and joy in believing. In this comfortable ſtate ſhe lived many years, frequently going ſix or eight miles to hear the word; and in all

things found it to be her meat and drink to do the will of her Father which is in heaven.

About ſix years after her firſt converſion, it pleaſed God to ſhew her, that though ſhe was juſtified freely, yet there was a further work to be wrought in her. This made her cry mightily to God to give her a clean heart, and to renew a right ſpirit within her. At laſt the Lord heard her prayer, and witneſſed to her conſcience that he had cleanſed her from all unrighteouſneſs.

From that time ſhe had a full and conſtant communion with God in all things, and a full perſuaſion of her acceptance with God.

At the ſame time her zeal for God was ſuch, that hardly any difficulty or danger could daunt her: ſhe would go through all weathers to hear the word, and at ſuch ſeaſons as were enough to have hindered moſt perſons.

Her love to the holy Bible was ſuch, that ſhe counted it her only treaſure: and often by taking it up, and looking into it (which was her uſual cuſtom when ſhe was in any trouble) it ſeemed as if the Lord had ſent her a bleſſing according to her preſent want!

Her love to prayer was alſo very great. Hence ſhe counted it her higheſt privilege to continue inſtant therein: and whether ſhe was ſitting, ſtanding, or walking, it made no odds to her; as ſhe was always in the ſpirit of prayer.

As to what is called, the gift of prayer, ſhe was excellent for a perſon of her age and ſex; for her fervency therein, when praying for herſelf, her family, the church of God, and the whole world, aſtoniſhed all who heard her.

With regard to her natural diſpoſition, her courage and zeal were very remarkable. She was alſo very diligent in buſineſs; being always employed, and ever willing to be the ſervant of all, whether relations, friends or neighbours: in particular ſhe was a kind, tender and dutiful nurſe to her aged father.

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For about two years before her death, ſhe appeared to be in a decline. But though ſhe had no fear of death, yet, in the beginning, ſhe ſeemed rather deſirous of recovering, for the comfort of her old father, as well as that ſhe might be more uſeful in the Church of God. But when her expectations of life were cut off, ſhe was entirely reſigned to the will of God: being rather deſirous to die and leave this world, in hopes of a joyful reſurrection.

When her Chriſtian friends viſited her, they often found her triumphing exceedingly in the God of her ſalvation. Once when I viſited her, I aſked her what ſhe thought of the doctrine ſhe had believed for ſo many years? She ſaid, "I am immoveable in my belief thereof. And as to the doctrine of Chriſtian Perfection, I bleſs God that ever I heard it; for I have experienced the truth thereof for theſe laſt ten years: without which, perhaps the difficulties I have met with, might have overturned me." Preſently after this, ſhe ended her days in the full aſſurance of faith, and greatly triumphing over all her enemies.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the Propogation of PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 303.]

CONCERNING Vegetables in general we may farther remark, 1. That becauſe they are intended to be food for numberleſs ſpecies of animals, therefore nature has taken ſo extraordinary care, and made ſo abundant proviſion for their propagation and increaſe. So that they are propagated and multiplied, not only by the ſeed, but alſo by the root, producing

producing ſhoots or off-ſets in ſome, and by creeping underground in others. Some likewiſe are propagated by ſlips or cuttings, and ſome by ſeveral of theſe ways. Secondly, for the ſecurity of ſuch ſpecies as are only produced by ſeed, moſt ſeeds are endued with a laſting virtality: ſo that if by reaſon of exceſſive cold or drought, or any other accident, they happen not to ſpring up the firſt year, they may continue their fruitfulneſs, I do not ſay, ſix or ſeven only, but even twenty or thirty years. Nay, after this term, if the hindrance be removed, they will ſpring up, and bring forth fruit. Hence it is, that plants are ſometimes loſt for a conſiderable time, in places wherein they abounded before; but after ſome years appear anew. They are loſt, either becauſe of the unfavourable ſeaſons, becauſe the land was fallowed, or becauſe plenty of weeds, or other plants, prevented their coming up; but as ſoon as the impediments are removed, they ſpring up again. Thirdly, Many vegetables are armed with prickles or thorns, to keep them from the browzing of beaſts; as alſo to defend others who grow under their ſhelter. Hereby likewiſe they are made particularly uſeful to man, either for quick or dead fences. Fourthly, Such vegetables as are weak, and not able to ſupport themſelves, have a wonderful faculty of uſing the ſtrength of their neighbours; embracing and climbing up upon them, and uſing them as crutches to their feeble bodies. Some twiſt themſelves about others like a ſcrew: ſome lay faſt hold upon them, by their curious claſpers or tendrils, which herein are equivalent to hands. Some ſtrike in a kind of root: others by the emiſſion of a natural glue, firmly adhere to any thing which has ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport them. Claſpers are of a compound nature, between a root and a branch. Sometimes they ſerve for ſupport only; as in the claſpers of Vines, whoſe branches being long and ſlender, would otherwiſe ſink with their own weight: ſometimes, for a ſupply of nouriſhment alſo; as in the trunk-roots of ivy; which mounting

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very high, and being of a close and very compact nature, the sap would not be sufficiently supplied to the upper sprouts, unless these assisted the mother root. Fifthly, The best of all grain, and what affords the most wholesome and agreeable nourishment is Wheat And it is most patient in all climates, bearing the extremes both of heat and cold. It grows, and brings its seed to maturity, not only in the temperate countries, but also in the cold regions of Scotland, Denmark, Norway, and Muscovy, on the one hand; and on the other, in the sultry heat of Spain, Egypt, Barbary, Mauritania, and the East Indies. Nor is it less observable, that nothing is more fruitful. One bushel when properly sown in a proper soil, having been found to yield a hundred and fifty, and in some instances abundantly more.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge against* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 305.]

DURING the time that Leonardo Donato was Doge of Venice, there dwelt in that city a worthy gentleman, called Signor Jacomo Beraldi, who had one daughter, named Victorina, whose quality, wealth, and beauty, were sufficient attractions to draw a great number of humble admirers about her of the first distinction, among which no one was so agreeable to the young lady herself, as Signor Sypontus; but he having lately suffered great losses by the Turks, her father recommended Signor Souranza to her choice, who, though he was of far greater estate, yet was he now in his declining age. However her parents forced Victorina to submit to their will, and marry Souranza.

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As it is a duty in children to honour and obey their parents, so is it in parents, carefully to regard, and tenderly to love their children; and at the disposal of them in marriage, to proceed with judgment, and not with passion. They should endeavour to persuade, but never to force them; for can there be any hell upon earth like that of a discontented bed? And must it not be a great grief to parents to see, that, through their cruelty, their children live miserably? And this was the case of Victorina and Souranza. His best performance of the rites of matrimony were but mere desires; so that her sensuality getting the better of virtue she allowed those pleasures to Sypontus, as a mistress, which she could not as a wife; and she perfectly hated her husband, and wished him dead every day, which she often hinted to Sypontus, till at length it was concluded on: and three days after, Souranza, going to his house of pleasure near Padua, Sypontus hired two gondoliers, or watermen to assassinate him: who being sworn to secrecy, as Sourenza returned, after three days stay, in the close of the evening, Sypontus in disguise, entered his gondola, and stabbed him to the heart, then cut off his nose and beard, that he might not be known, and threw him into the sea; and, with the assistance of his own gondoliers, those of Sourenza, after their master, that they might tell no tales: then making haste home, sent notice of it to Victorina.

This news gave Victorina infinite joy, which, the better to cloak, she lamented greatly for some time, and complained to her father of her husband's long absence; and he mentioning it to some of Souranza's relations; they sent a nephew of his, named Andrew Souranza, up the Brenta, to his country seat, to know how he did; but he brought word that his uncle was gone from thence four days before, and that he could learn nothing of him, although he had made the strictest enquiry. Victorina appeared all in tears, when word was brought that a dead body was taken up by some fishermen,

and

and landed at St. Mark's ſtairs. Signor Souranza, the nephew, went preſently to the place where it was, and obſerving the body very curiouſly, at laſt ſpied a red ſpot in the neck, and a wart under the left eye, by which marks he was too well aſſured that it was the body of his uncle, Signor Baptiſta Souranza, and ordered it to be carried to an adjoining houſe, in which it was ſtripped naked, and had ſeveral wounds diſcovered about it, either by a ſword or poinard, which occaſioned much diſcourſe and enquiry, but at firſt to no purpoſe.

Andrew Souranza, who had formerly made ſome obſervations, on the behaviour of Victorina, vehemently ſuſpected her of this murder; and for the more effectual diſcovery, enquires of Felicia, Victorina's maid, what perſons moſt frequently viſited her lady. She told him, that Sypontus in particular had ſent her many letters, and that there was much love and familiarity between them; upon which Souranza deſired her to intercept one of their letters, which ſhe promiſed to do; and in a ſhort time after, being ſent to fetch her lady a pair of gloves from her dreſſing-room, ſhe opened an ivory-box, in which ſhe found the letter that Sypontus had ſent her. Souranza having read the letter, accuſed Sypontus and Victorina of this murder before the criminal judges. They were examined, but denied the fact, and diſowned the letter upon which they were ſeparately committed to priſon.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

[*Continued from page* 307.]

Of ſeveral Errors of the Tongue.

IN familiar diſcourſe men tranſgreſs many ways, both in the matter and manner of it. In the matter principally if it be either impertinent, profane or falſe. I would adviſe

you to keep *Euripides'* precept, Either be ſilent, or ſpeak ſomething that is better; that is, which may increaſe learning, or diſgrace vice, inſtruct the ignorant, or ſerve the ends of civility. Take care, ſays *Zeno*, that you dip your tongue in underſtanding, and miniſter to various purpoſes: otherwiſe you will be reputed a prating, inſignificant perſon.

But a multitude of words, though directed to no ill deſign, is to be avoided. Garrulity is a a great inſtance of a foolish mind, and betrays men to many huge inconveniencies. Not that we are to imitate the auſterity of thoſe Monks who abſtained altogether from ſpeech, *Romualdus* for ſeven years, and one in *Brabant* for ſixteen, *Theona* for no leſs than thirty, and *Johannes Silentarius* for forty-ſeven; for this is moroſity, if not madneſs. The tongue is an angel (as the Prieſt was wont to cry out, in the midſt of the rites performed to *Hippocrates*, the god of Silence) and is capable of ſheding a benign influence upon ſociety; but then it muſt not be permitted to be diſſolute, and to range abroad; but be kept under command, and within compaſs, and be always well employed.

You muſt carefully abſtain from mentioning thoſe things which are likely to put any out of countenance. It is not convenient to tell the ſtory of *Lucretia*, where there is one ſuſpected to have been unchaſte, nor to fall a diſpraiſing *Thraſo* to a vain-glorious ſoldier, nor to produce the character of *Therſites* or *Zoilus* in the preſence of a ſquinting or crooked-backed, or limping perſon, nor to talk of breeding and child-birth before young girls, nor to caſt dirt in any one's face, by revealing or intimating that which may reflect diſhonour upon him. It was a bitter taunt of *Epicharmus*, when *Hieron*, not long after he had unfortunately killed his friend, invited him to ſupper, to reply, I think I may ſafely come, for when you butchered your friend, you did not devour him. Such ſarcaſms bite ſharply, and ſavour of an uncharitable ſpirit, and ſtrangely confound him they are thrown at:

at: and therefore it is a good proverb, That you muſt never ſpeak of a halter in his houſe whoſe father was hanged.

Talk not filthily or obſcenely, though you may tickle the fancy, and get into the favour of great men. He that is good will ſeek to delight others only by good things; and he that miniſters to wantonneſs, is a perfidious and unworthy wretch. Laſcivious diſcourſe is a rudeneſs not to be admitted into civil converſation; for (beſides that it argues the fountain to be impure) it debauches men's minds, and pollutes their manners; and therefore *Seneca* did amiſs in deſcribing the looking-glaſs of *Hoſtius*; and I could wiſh that the *Epheſiaca* of *Xenophon* and the *Feſcennines* of *Auſonius*, and the ribaldry of martial, and all the foul adherencies of plays were quite expunged; that ſo they might profit and pleaſe, but not defile the ears of the hearers. Our very reproaches of luſt muſt be coy and wary, and wrapt up in a chaſte and modeſt dialect, according to that prudent ſaying, It is not good to come near the leproſy, though it be to cleanſe the leper's ſkin.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of Dr. Prieſtley's Argument for Neceſſity, from the Divine Preſcience.

[*Continued from page* 309.]

ABSOLUTE, unlimited, and certain fore-knowledge can never permit a man to act but in one certain line of conduct, without the leaſt poſſible deviation, or without any poſſibility of doing otherwiſe than he does. It appears from

Exodus xiii. 17, God did not at that time certainly foreknow what the Iſraelites would do. "And it came to paſs, when Pharoah had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philiſtines, although that was near, for God ſaid, leſt peradventure the people repent when they ſee war, and they return to Egypt." This plainly ſhews, that the people had full liberty and full power of determining to return or not return to Egypt, and that God did not certainly and abſolutely fore-know, whether they would do ſo or no, if they found inconveniencies in their journey. God therefore uſes this caution to induce them not to return: he led them with a pillar of fire by the moſt eaſy and convenient, though not by the neareſt way, leſt when they ſaw war, they ſhould be afraid, *repent and return to Egypt*. Now had he irreſiſtibly influenced their minds, or neceſſitated them to go, or had he certainly fore-known they would go, why did he uſe this precaution, "leſt they ſhould repent and return," if he knew they could not poſſibly return, nor do otherwiſe than they were neceſſitated to do? David enquiring of God, ſays, "Will the men of Keilah deliver me up into his hand? Will Saul come down as thy ſervant hath heard? O Lord God of Iſrael, I beſeech thee, tell thy ſervant. And the Lord ſaid, he will come down. Then ſaid David, will the men of Keilah deliver me and my men into the hand of Saul? And the Lord ſaid, they will deliver thee up." Notwithſtanding this, we find Saul neither went down, nor did the men of Keilah deliver David and his men up. We muſt not think that "God is a man that he ſhould lie." How then can this be reconciled? It may be done thus: the purport of the queſtion ſeems to be this; does Saul now will to come down to me at Keilah? and do the men of Keilah now will to deliver me up? That is, are their intentions ſuch at this preſent? This was a proper queſtion put by David to God, who knows the moſt ſecret thoughts, and intentions of men. But it does not follow that he always pleaſes to fore-know how they may change their

preſent

preſent intentions, when he leaves them at liberty ſo to do. Hence, though God poſitively ſaid, Saul will come down, and the men of Keilah will deliver thee up, that is, their intentions are now ſuch; yet afterwards Saul did not come down, neither did the men of Keilah deliver him up. They all changed their intentions according to the power of ſelf-determination God had given them, who ſeems neither to have fore-ordained nor to have certainly fore-known what they would in future do in this caſe.

If we examine all the ſcriptures we ſhall find that ſo far from every determination of man's mind being certainly fore-known, and conſequently under a neceſſity of coming to paſs, that full power of ſelf determination is implied to be in man, in almoſt every page; we find the whole tendency of the New Teſtament, both Goſpels and Epiſtles, is to perſuade men to turn from their wickedneſs and live, or to come unto Chriſt, that they may have life. They are called upon to believe, to repent, to be baptized, to watch, to pray, to give diligence, to ſtrive, to contend earneſtly, with innumerable other expreſſions, which all plainly ſignify man to have a power of ſelf-determination, and free-agency within himſelf, and not to be a mere machine wrought upon mechanically and irreſiſtibly by ſome foreign impulſe. The preaching and writings of our Saviour and his Apoſtles, as well as all other writings and exhortations are all vain and fruitleſs, upon any other plan. According to Dr. Prieſtley, no man could be otherwiſe than he has been, is, or is to be. Becauſe ſays he, (page 13,) "it is not poſſible for any determination to have been otherwiſe than it has been, is, or is to be," i. e. according to his ſyſtem. Conſequently what is to be, whether good or bad, is to be, in ſpite of all preaching, writing or exhorting to the contrary. But here I ſhall be blamed in the ſame manner as Dr. Beattie (pages 23, 24) that, "he heſitates not to deprive the ever bleſſed God of that very attribute, by which he diſtinguiſhes himſelf from all falſe gods, rather than relinquiſh his fond claim

claim to the fancied privilege of self-determination, a claim which appears to me just as absurd as that of self-existence." What Dr. Beattie has done, I do not know. As to myself, I am very far from depriving the ever blessed God, of the attribute of prescience, or being able to foreknow every thing which he pleases to foreknow, so that by this he is still distinguished from false gods; yet I dare not deny the same ever blessed God, who is Almighty, the power of suspending such prescience at pleasure, in other words I cannot deny him to be able to have created a set of creatures and to have given them a power of self-determination. But this power Dr. Priestley appears to deny to Almighty God as a thing impossible, (page 15) and deprives him of the ability (though Almighty) to create any creatures but what are and must be constantly, invariably and necessarily determined by some motives or cause, foreign to themselves (page 8.) Man can make many wonderful machines which will perform an amazing variety of regular mechanical motions, but they are all foreknown by man the maker, and so far as concerns the machines only, the motions are all necessarily made, yet they are still subject to the voluntary control of man the maker. To God alone belongs the power of making, not a mere machine, but a creature endowed with a power of self-determination in many things at pleasure, without these actions being foreknown, or necessarily determined by any other being. To say as (page 24) Dr. Priestley says, "that a power of self-determination appears as absurd as that of self-existence," seems very strange, because we find these so different, that the greatest part of men have generally believed themselves to have been possessed of a power of self-determination; whereas there scarce ever was a man so infatuated as to believe that he possessed a power of self-existence. I shall conclude this section with observing that man's power of self-determination, is in all cases wholly under the control of Almighty God when he pleases, and all his

future

future actions are capable of being foreknown by God if he pleaſes; but yet in many caſes they are left to the ſelf-determining power in man, without any interruption from any other being, or abſolute and certain foreknowledge by any other being whatſoever.

[*To be continued.*]

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page 313.*]

TO theſe examples, recorded in ſcripture, I ſhall add a few more out of ancient and modern writings.

St. *Alban* having received a poor perſecuted Miniſter into his houſe, was by his godly life and exhortations ſo wrought upon, that he turned from Heatheniſm to Chriſtianity, and at laſt ſuffered as a martyr for the truth of Jeſus Chriſt, as *Beda* and others write of him. His kindneſs to a poor perſecuted Miniſter was recompenſed, not only with his converſion to the true Religion, but likewiſe with the honour of martyrdom.

St. *Auſtin*, having ſet forth the mercifulneſs and liberality of *Conſtantine* the Great, ſaith, *Bonus Deus, Conſtantinum Magnum tantis terrenis implevit muneribus*, &c. God gave *Conſtantine*, that merciful Prince, more wealth than heart could wiſh, for his bounty to the poor, Aug. de Civitate Dei. l. 5.

" Dr. *Hammond* in his forementioned treatiſe mentions an ancient ſtory out of *Cedrenus*, of a Jew, who upon reading thoſe words of *Solomon*, Prov. xix. 17. *He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again*, reſolved to try, whether God would be as good as his word: thereupon gave all that he had,

but

but two pieces of ſilver, to the poor, and then waited and expected to ſee it come again. But being not preſently anſwered in that expectation, grew angry, and went up to *Jeruſalem* to expoſtulate with God for not performing his promiſe. And going on his way, he found two men engaged in a quarrel, about a ſtone, that both walking together had found in the way, and ſo had both equal right to it; but it being but one, and not capable of being divided, they could not both enjoy. And therefore to make them friends, he having two pieces of ſilver, doth upon contract divide them betwixt the contenders, and hath the ſtone in exchange for them. Having it, he goes on his journey, and coming to *Jeruſalem*, ſhews it to a Goldſmith, who tells him, that it was a jewel of great value, being a ſtone faln, and loſt out of the High-Prieſt's ephod, to whom if he carried it, he would certainly receive a great reward. He did ſo, and accordingly it proved. The High-Prieſt took it of him, gave him a great reward, and reproved him for queſtioning the truth of God's promiſes, bidding him truſt God the next time.

Tiberius the Second was very famous for his bounty to the poor, inſomuch that his wife was wont to blame him for it; and ſpeaking to him once, how he waſted his treaſure that way, he told her, He ſhould never want money ſo long as in obedience to Chriſt's command he ſupplied the neceſſities of the poor. After he had given much this way, under a marble table which was taken up he found a great treaſure; and news was brought him too of the death of one *Narſes*, a very rich man, who had given his whole eſtate to him.

Famous is the ſtory of that charitable Biſhop of *Milan*, who travelling with his ſervant, overtook ſome poor people who begged an alms of him: whereupon he aſked his man what money he had about him, who anſwered, Three crowns, which he commanded him to give them: but the ſervant thinking himſelf wiſer than his maſter, gave them but two crowns, not knowing what occaſions they might have for money

money before they got home. Not long after ſome noblemen meeting the Biſhop, and knowing him to be a very charitable man, appointed two hundred crowns to be paid to the Biſhop's ſervant for his maſter's uſe. The ſervant having received the money, preſently with great joy acquainted his maſter, who ſaid, See, how in wronging the poor, by keeping back the third crown which I intended them, thou haſt likewiſe wronged me. If thou hadſt given thoſe three crowns, I commanded thee thou hadſt received three hundred crowns! whereas now I have but two. *Melanc. apud Job. Manlium.*

Mary the wife of *Alexander Ferneſe*, Prince of *Parma*, being childleſs, conceived a hope, that if ſhe ſhould take into her houſe a poor man's child, God would beſtow a ſon upon her. Whereupon ſhe took a poor man's ſon under her care, and gave orders for his education; and according to her expectation, at nine months end ſhe was delivered of a ſon.

Suitable likewiſe to this point is the ſtory of *John Stewart*, Provoſt of *Air* in *Scotland*, who was eminent for charity. He had a conſiderable eſtate left him by his father; of which he gave a great part to the poor and other charitable uſes. I ſhall mention one. His heart on a time being much affected with the wants of many of God's people, he ſent for divers of them to *Edinburgh*; when they came, he told them he was not ignorant in what a low condition many of them were, and therefore he had brought ſome money with him to lend each of them, yet ſo as they ſhould never offer to repay it till he required the ſame. Soon after, ſuch a plague broke out in *Air*, that trade decayed much, and he himſelf with others was reduced to ſtraits. Whereupon ſome derided him, ſaying, Religion had made him poor, and his giving ſo much to others, like a fool, had brought him to want. Having borrowed a little money, he departs from *Air* to *Rochel* in *France*, where ſalt and other commodities being exceeding cheap, he adventured to freight a ſhip, and load her upon credit; and then went back to *Air*. After long expectation

he was informed that his ſhip was taken by a Turkiſh man of war. This exceedingly afflicted him, as he feared that the mouths of wicked men would be more opened to reproach his profeſſion. But ſoon after, tidings was brought him that his ſhip was ſafely arrived in the Road. And through God's good providence, as a reward of charity, he made ſo much of the commodities in the ſhip, that after the payment of his debts, he had twenty thouſand marks left for himſelf.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jeſus Chriſt.

[*Continued from page* 319.]

HAVING therefore ſuch a lamp from heaven to ſteer our courſe by, our reaſon may ſafely follow it; and if we keep the eye of it ſteady, it will conſpire with revelation in pointing out the ſame truths. For the ſpirit of man is the candle of the Lord, a ray of the Divine Wiſdom, a light that proceeds from the Eternal Sun which enlightens every one that cometh into the world: and therefore to diſparage and decry it as a wandring meteor that ſerves only to lead men into error, is to diſhonour God its author, and undervalue his workmanſhip. Indeed the ſoul is at preſent inveloped in a miſt. It ſees not with its native vigour; but if prejudice and paſſion do not farther blind it, it will diſcover truly, though not clearly. It will make a right judgment as far as its proſpect reaches, and ſo far we may truſt to it in ſubordination to revelation; and ſo far

far we need not fear to appeal to it with its moſt zealous advocates.

Bnt then to ſet it up in defiance of revelation, is to fight againſt God, and to involve the Almighty in ſelf contradiction. In this caſe it forfeits the title of reaſon, and degenerates into folly.

Let us now conſult this reaſon, and enquire whether an All-wiſe and Almighty God, being to create a world, could eſtabliſh it in that order and condition we now find it? whether he could diſmiſs it from his hands, with ſuch manifeſt marks of imperfection upon it as now appear in the natural, but eſpecially in the moral world?

To theſe enquiries reaſon will anſwer, that an infinitely perfect, and ſelf-ſufficient Being, has in himſelf all that is requiſite to his happineſs: and neither needs, nor is capable of receiving additions to it, from any external productions; and that therefore God cannot place his end in his creatures, or any where out of himſelf; ſo that if he be determined to act, it is to exert his infinite power, to diſplay his almighty wiſdom, and to exerciſe his ſupreme goodneſs: in a word he cannot act but for his own glory. Can God then who ſets about his work of creation for his own glory, finiſh it in ſuch a manner as ſhall tend to his diſhonour? Is it poſſible for him to miſs of his intention, or to fail in the performance? Certainly our reaſon will inform us that he was at liberty to have made, or not made a world; but being once determined to work, he is not at liberty to leave it in a ſtate of confuſion, reſembling the chaos from which he extracted it; but muſt if he acts, act like himſelf, and leave the impreſſion of his attributes, upon the operation of his hands.

Our reaſon therefore aſſures us that God created the world in perfection; and revelation aſſures us of the ſame thing, when it tells us that God, upon a ſurvey of all the parts of the creation, found no matter of complaint; nothing but what was compleated upon the wiſe model he had propoſed; nothing but

what the Divine Wiſdom, with an act of his complacency pronounced to be very good.

Here then ariſes another queſtion: if the world, when new out of the hands of God, was ſuch a maſter-piece of the divine art, how came it ſo ſoon to degenerate into ſuch a ſtate of corruption, as has tempted ſome to ſuppoſe it the product of a two-fold principle, of a good and an evil God? Could the Creator deſert the work of his hands as ſoon as finiſhed? Would not his providence ſuperintend, and watch over a world for its preſervation, which his wiſdom thought worthy to create? Did any envious power ſow the ſeeds of diſorder, thoſe tares in the field of God, with deſign to ſpoil the divine workmanſhip, and unravel his proceedings?

Here reaſon is at a ſtand; and had we not been aſſiſted by revelation, we could never have known the riſe and progreſs of this diſeaſe of nature, much leſs could we have hoped for a remedy.

[*To be continued.*]

An ADMONITION *againſt* SWEARING: *to all whom it may concern.*

THE profanation of God's holy name, to which you are addicted, is undoubtedly a heinous ſin. It is a breach of the third commandment. We are taught by Chriſt to pray daily, Hallowed be thy name. Angels praiſe that name; Devils tremble at it; and ſhall Man alone dare to blaſpheme it? Chriſt ſays, Swear not at all. St. James ſays, Above all things, my brethren, Swear not, leſt you fall into condemnation.

Conſider further, that ſwearing is a notorious breach of civility and good manners. It hath neither honour, pleaſure, nor profit attending it. There is no temptation to it. Neither can you ſay, your conſtitution inclines you to ſwear: it is teaching others the language of hell. Remember the Apoſtle's warning. Be not deceived. God is not mocked.

Allow

Beware alſo of bringing the ſacred names of God, Jeſus, and Chriſt, to expreſs your wonder, or confirm your promiſes or purpoſes. Your mind will not preſerve a ſerious regard to God and Chriſt, if your tongue be allowed a common and irreverential uſe of thoſe names.

Let this warning convince you of the ſinfulneſs, folly, and danger of vain ſwearing. Reflect how long you have lived in this courſe; and for what a number of oaths you have already to account. Humble yourſelf in the ſight of God, and earneſtly bewail the profaneneſs of your paſt life. Repent, and believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that you may be forgiven. And ſhould you be reclaimed, endeavour to reclaim others; according to the inſtruction of our Lord to Peter, When thou art converted, ſtrengthen thy brethren.

RELIGION *the foundation of* CONTENT: *an Allegory.*

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Abukabis, which riſes on the Eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on Omar. But ſuch was the abſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream; he covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground. "Son of affliction, ſaid Omar, who art thou, and what is thy diſtreſs?" "My name, replied the ſtranger, is Haſſan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adverſity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thy eye compaſſionates, thou canſt not deliver." "To deliver thee, ſaid Omar, belongs to Him only from whom

whom we ſhould receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at leaſt enable thee to ſuſtain." Haſſan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent; then fetching a deep ſigh, looked at the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt. It is now ſix years ſince our mighty Lord the Caliph Almalic, whoſe memory be bleſſed, firſt came privately to worſhip in the temple of the holy city. The bleſſings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to diſpenſe. In the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving diſtreſs, and reſtraining oppreſſion: the widow ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of age and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging at my work when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as was in my power; my cheerfulneſs was rather increaſed than reſtrained by his preſence. After he had accepted ſome coffee, he aſked me many queſtions; and though by my anſwers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid, but fixed attention. I ſuſpected that he had ſome knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Haſſan, ſaid he, I have raiſed thy curioſity, and it ſhall be ſatisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the ſovereign of the faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of Medina, and whoſe commiſſion is from above." Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, though I had ſome doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, diſcovered the peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about to proſtrate myſelf before him,

him, but he prevented me. "Haſſan, ſaid he, forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wiſdom." I anſwered, "Mock not thy ſervant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happineſs and miſery are the daughters of thy will." "Haſſan, he replied, I can no otherwiſe give life or happineſs, than by not taking them away: thou art thyſelf beyond the reach of my bounty, and poſſeſſed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my boſom with perpetual ſolicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or puniſh. By the bow-ſtring, I can repreſs violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the inſatiable wiſhes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with reſpect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and haſt therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would deſtroy the ſimplicity of thy life, and diminiſh that happineſs which I have no power either to increaſe or to continue." He then roſe up, and commanding me not to diſcloſe his ſecret, departed.

As ſoon as I was recovered from the confuſion, and aſtoniſhment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accuſed that cheerfulneſs of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obſcurity of my ſtation, which my former inſenſibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, becauſe I deſpiſed the reward; I ſpent the day in idleneſs, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had loſt: and at night, inſtead of loſing myſelf in that ſweet and refreſhing ſleep, from which I uſed to riſe with new health, cheerfulneſs, and vigour, I dreamt of ſplendid habits and a numerous retinue of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and awaked only to regret the illuſions that had

had vaniſhed. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind. I ſold all my moveables for ſubſiſtence; and reſerved only a mattreſs, upon which I ſometimes lay from one night to another.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The ART *of* HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attacks our notice, has its bright and its dark ſide. He who habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently, impair his happineſs; while he, who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliſſa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thouſand brilliances, and but one or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike. If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or a hand or finger which has been left unfiniſhed.

Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy; but, if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-caſts. If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that

that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too funny or too gloomy; that it is fultry, or windy; and finifhes with a long harangue upon the wretchednefs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful converfation, fhe cafts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiftory of her own bad health, or of fome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus fhe infenfibly finks her own fpirits, and the fpirits of all around her, and at laft, difcovers fhe knows why that her friends are grave.

Meliffa is the reverfe of all this, by conftantly habituating herfelf to look only on the bright fide of objects, fhe preferves a perpetual cheerfulnefs in herfelf, which, by a kind of happy contagion, fhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, fhe conficers it might have been worfe, and is thankful to Providence for an efcape. She rejoices in folitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herfelf; and in fociety, becaufe fhe can communicate the happinefs fhe enjoys. She oppofes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out fomething to cherifh and applaud in the very worft of her acquaintance.

She opens every book with a defire to be entertained or inftructed, and therefore feldom miffes what fhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, fhe will difcover numberlefs beauties, unobferved before in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the varigated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of feafon, as bringing with it fomething of health or convenience. In converfation, it is a rule with her, never to ftart a fubject that leads to any thing gloomy or difagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thofe of her neighbours, or (what is worfe of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, fhe has the addrefs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moft odious railing into pleafant raillery. Thus

Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers once ſo nearly allied, the one is ever ſower and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom, the other a continual ſunſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than the Art of Happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents: taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore, we ſhould be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe minutiæ of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the day, the increaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimps of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of ſocial and happy converſation. Good-manners exact from us this reſpect to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens the harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from the ſucceeding ſhower. Thus does politeneſs direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both. By this practice it is, that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and beſt-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every perſon arrive at that agreeableneſs of temper of which the natural and never-failing fruit is happineſs.

A ſummary

A ſummary VIEW *of the* SLAVE TRADE.

Slaves are acquired by means of war.

THESE wars are, for the moſt part, entered into by the parties concerned, without any previous injury on either ſide, and for no other motive, than to furniſh ſlaves for the Europeans, by whom they have been ſupplied with arms and ammunition, and frequently bribed, for the purpoſe. During ſome of theſe wars, the victors have been ſo incenſed at the reſiſtance they have found, that their ſpirit of vengeance has entirely prevailed over their avarice, and, though they have engaged in the conflict for the expreſs purpoſe of procuring ſlaves, they have been known to murder every individual, without diſcrimination either of age or ſex.

Slaves are acquired in conſequence of crimes.

Before the ſlave-trade commenced, criminals were puniſhed in Africa, much in the ſame manner as thoſe among other nations; but ſince the introduction of this trade, all crimes have been puniſhed with ſlavery. Every artifice has been uſed by the prince to entice the ſubject to become a criminal. Acts, formerly eſteemed innocent, have been deemed crimes, for the ſake of inflicting the puniſhment. New diſtinctions have alſo been made in crimes, that additional puniſhments might ſucceed. The offender, in one inſtance, forfeits his own freedom; in a ſecond, that of the male part of his family, together with his own: in a third, the whole family ſuffer; and, in a fourth, the relations of the offender as far as they can be traced. And thus many thouſands of innocent perſons have been conſigned to ſlavery.

Slaves are acquired by virtue of the right of empire in the Prince.

The prince conſiders his villages, as ſo many parks or reſervoirs, ſtocked for his own luxury and uſe. When the black-

broker tempts him with his merchandize, and if crimes and war have not furnished him with a number adequate to the demand, he seizes certain villagers, who are put into chains, and led, whole families together, to the ships.

This is particularly the case with the King of Dahomy, who rules his subjects with such despotic sway, as to apprehend no resistance, on their part, to his measures.

However, in other parts of the country, the mode of seizing them is a little varied. The king goes with his guards to one of his villages in the night; he surrounds it, and sets it on fire; the poor villagers, flying in consternation from the flames, fall into the hands of their tyrant. This mode, therefore, differs from the former in this respect only, that many are terribly burnt on the occasion, and others perish.

Slaves are acquired by Kidnapping.

Slave-hunters, consisting of the natives, are employed in the inland country to kidnap the unwary. They lie in wait frequently in the rice-fields, to carry off all such as may be stationed there for the purpose of driving the birds from the grain. They lie in wait also at the springs of water, to which the natives resort to quench their thirst, and in thickets by the sides of creeks, to fall upon those solitary beings, who fish there either for amusement or for food: but their principal station is in the long grass, by the side of particular pathways, which are cut from one village to another, from which they spring out upon their prey, and secure it.

But the natives are not the only people concerned in these iniquitous practices. The British traders have enticed the natives to the shore for the purposes of trade; they have tempted them there with biscuits, with brandy, and other spirits; and, having made them intoxicated, they have forced them on board, and sailed off with them to the Colonies.

These are the various methods by which slaves have been usually obtained; and so successful have these practices been, that *many millions* of people, since the introduction of the trade,

trade, have been actually put on board European ships, and consigned to slavery.

Many of the slaves, acquired by these methods, have been brought 1200 miles from the inland country, and have been obliged to pass through inhospitable woods and deserts, where *thousands* of them have died through fatigue and thirst.

The annual exportation from Africa, consists of about *one hundred thousand* people. Of these, more than 20,000 die on their voyage, from close confinement and other causes, and at least that number in the seasoning; so that if to these we add the number that die in the different wars, and those that perish in the long and fatiguing march before described, it will appear that about *a hundred thousand* are *annually* murdered, even before the planter can say he has any additional stock for his plantation.

Of those that survive the voyage and seasoning, it may be said, that being subjected in many instances to the most cruel and despotic treatment, they perish in a few years; and scarcely a vestige is to be found, that an hundredth part of this immense body of people, annually enslaved upon the coast, had *ever been in existence.*

The author, from whom these observations are mostly taken, and whose book treats of the *injustice* and *inhumanity* of the slave-trade, is now preparing a sequel to the said work, comprehending the *impolicy* of it, and the consequences that are likely to arise from its *abolition.*

The work is to be divided into two parts.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLXI.

[From Mr. J. Baxter, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Antigua, April 16, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

I Hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you; and as I ſtand in need of your advice, that you will favour me with an anſwer.

It is now twelve years ſince I firſt became a member of your Society: till which time I was an enemy to God. And as for the way of ſalvation, I knew it not: but truſt that ſince that time I have experienced a good work on my ſoul.

As I believed my going to Antigua might give me an opportunity of ſpeaking for God, I gladly embraced it; but the enemy diſputed every ſtep of my way. For firſt, When I parted with my brethren at Chatham, I was ſorry to leave thoſe whom I loved as my own ſoul. When I embarked on board the Active, to dwell with the ungodly, it was more grievous.

In this ſituation I was for ſeven weeks, and greatly diſtreſſed on account of my undertaking. But I now truſt I ſhall no more doubt either the goodneſs or the power of God, ſince he has defended me from dangers ſeen and unſeen.

One inſtance of which is as follows. As a fleet of American privateers was waiting for our fleet, the Yarmouth of ſixty-four guns fell in with them. The American Commodore ordered the Yarmouth to hoiſt out three boats, and come on board, or elſe he would ſink her. But in leſs than half an hour the Commodore's ſhip was blown up by the Yarmouth: and out of three hundred and five men, only four eſcaped,

who

who floated on the ſea for four days, before they were taken up by the Yarmouth. Five of our men were killed, and one loſt a leg, and another an arm.

After this I went from Barbadoes to Antigua, in the Yarmouth. On Thurſday, April 2, I arrived at Engliſh-Harbour. On Friday the 3d, I went to St. John's, and waited on Mr. H. who received me very kindly. The next day Mrs. H. went with me to ſee our friends.

The work that God began by Mr. G. is ſtill remaining. The black people have been kept together by two black women, who have continued praying, and meeting with thoſe who attended every night. I preached to about thirty on Saturday night. On Sunday morning to the ſame number, and at three o'clock in the afternoon to about four or five hundred.

The old ſtanders deſire I would let you know that you have had many children in Antigua which you never ſaw. I hope, Sir, we ſhall have an intereſt in your prayers, and that all our Chriſtian friends will pray for us.

Laſt Saturday I viſited St. John's again, and preached to a faſhionable company of white women, while the back room was full of blacks, who are athirſt for the Goſpel. I preached on Sunday to the houſe and yard full of white and black people.

I hope, dear Sir, you will give me your advice. Proviſions are very ſcarce; but I have all things richly to enjoy; as I have four ſhillings a day, beſides the King's proviſions. I am going to have a houſe built me, with as much ground as is needful. I think God has ſent me here for good to the poor ſouls who are glad to hear; but unable to maintain a preacher.

That God may ſpare your uſeful life, and bleſs all your labours, is the prayer of, Rev. Sir,

Your unworthy Servant in the Goſpel,

J. BAXTER.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXII.

[From the Rev. J. Fletcher, to the Rev. Meſſrs. John and Charles Weſley.]

Macon, in Burgundy, May 17, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sirs,

I Hope that while I lie by like a broken veſſel, the Lord continues to renew your vigour, and ſends you to water his vineyard, and to ſtand in the gap againſt error and vice. I have recovered ſome ſtrength, bleſſed be God, ſince I came to the Continent; but have lately had another attack of my old complaints. However I find myſelf better again, though, I think it yet adviſeable to avoid ſpeaking in public.

I preached twice at Marſeilles; but was not permitted to follow the blow. There are few noble, inquiſitive Bereans in thoſe parts. The miniſters in the town of my nativity have been very civil. They have offered me the pulpit; but I fear if I could accept the offer it would ſoon be recalled. I am loath to quit this part of the field without caſting a ſtone at the giant, ſin, which ſtalks about with uncommon boldneſs. I ſhall therefore ſtay ſome months longer, to ſee if the Lord will pleaſe to give me a little more ſtrength to venture upon a little attack.

Gaming and dreſs, ſinful pleaſure and love of money, unbelief and falſe philoſophy, lightneſs of ſpirit, fear of man, and love of the world; are the principal ſins, by which Satan binds his captives in theſe parts. Materialiſm is not rare; Deiſm and Socinianiſm are very common; and a ſet of Free-thinkers (great admirers of Voltaire and Roſſeau, Boyle and Mirabeau,) ſeem bent upon deſtroying Chriſtianity and Government. "With one hand (ſaid a lawyer, who has written ſomething againſt them) they ſhake the throne, and with the other

other they throw down the altars." If we believe them, the world is the dupe of Kings and Prieſts. Religion is fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition. Subordination is ſlavery and tyranny. Chriſtian morality is abſurd, unnatural and impracticable, and Chriſtianity is the moſt bloody religion that ever was. And here it is certain, that by the example of Chriſtians ſo called, and by over continual diſputes, they have a great advantage, and do the truth immenſe miſchief. *Popery will certainly fall in* France *in this or the next century*; and I make no doubt, but God will uſe thoſe vain men, to bring about a reformation here, as he uſed Henry the Eighth to do that great work in England: ſo the madneſs of his enemies ſhall at laſt turn to his praiſe, and to the furtherance of his kingdom.

In the meantime it becomes all lovers of the truth, to make their heavenly tempers, and humble, peaceful love, ſhine before all men, that thoſe mighty adverſaries, ſeeing the good works of profeſſors, may glorify their Father who is in heaven, and no more blaſpheme the worthy name by which we are all called Chriſtians.

If you aſk, what ſyſtem theſe men adopt? I anſwer, that ſome build upon Deiſm, a morality founded on ſelf-preſervation, ſelf-intereſt, and ſelf-honour. Others laugh at all morality, except that which violently diſturbs ſociety; and external order is the decent covering of Fataliſm, while Materialiſm is their ſyſtem.

O dear Sirs, let me intreat you in theſe dangerous days to uſe your wide influence, with unabated zeal, againſt the ſcheme of theſe modern Celſuſes, Porphiries, and Julians; by calling all profeſſors to think and ſpeak the ſame things, to love and embrace one another, and to ſtand firmly embodied to reſiſt thoſe daring men; many of whom are already in England, headed by the admirers of Mr. Hume and Mr. Hobbes. But it is needleſs to ſay this to thoſe who have made, and continue to make ſuch a ſtand for vital Chriſ-

tianity: so that I have nothing to do but pray, that the Lord would abundantly support and strengthen you to the last, and make you a continued comfort to his enlightened people, loving reprovers of those who mix light and darkness, and a terror to the perverse, which is the cordial prayer of,

Rev. and dear Sirs,

Your affectionate Son, and obliged Servant in the Gospel,

J. FLETCHER.

P. S. I need not tell you, Sirs, that the hour, in which Providence will make my way plain to return to England, to unite with the happy number of those, who feel or seek the power of Christian Godliness, will be welcome to me. O favoured Britons! Happy would it be for them, if they knew their gospel-privileges. My relations in Adam are all very kind to me; but the spiritual relations, whom God has raised me in England exceed them yet: thanks be to Christ, and to his blasphemed religion.

LETTER CCCCLXIII.

[A Copy of a Letter from the late Rev. John Fletcher, to the late Rev. Dr. Conyers.]

Macon, in Burgundy, May 18, 1778.

Honoured and dear Sir,

I Left orders with a friend to send you a little book, called, *The Reconciliation*; in which I endeavour to bring nearer the children of God, who are divided about their *partial* views of Gospel Truths. I do not know whether that tract has, in any degree, answered its design; but I believe, Truth can be reconciled with itself, and the candid children of God one with another. O that some *abler* hand, and *more loving* heart, would undertake to mend my plan, if it be worth mending;

mending; or draw one more agreeable to the Word of God! My eyes are upon *you*, dear Sir, and thoſe who are like minded with you, for this work: diſappoint me not of my hope. Stand forth, and make way for reconciling love, by removing (ſo far as lies in you) what is in the way of brotherly union. O Sir! the work is worthy of you! and if you ſaw with what boldneſs the falſe Philoſophers of the Continent, who are the apoſtles of the age, attack Chriſtianity, and repreſent it as one of the worſt religions in the world, fit only to make the profeſſors of it murder one another, or at leaſt to contend among themſelves; and how they urge our diſputes to make the Goſpel of Chriſt the jeſt of nations, and the abhorrence of all fleſh; you would break through your natural timidity, and invite all our Brethren in the Miniſtry to do what the herds do on the Swiſs mountains, when wolves make an attack upon them; inſtead of goring one another, they unite, form a cloſe battalion, and face the common enemy on all ſides. What a ſhame would it be, if Cows and Bulls ſhewed more prudence, and more regard for union, than Chriſtians and Goſpel-Miniſters!

O dear Sir, take courage! Be bold for the reconciling Truth. Be bold for Peace. You can do *all* things, through Chriſt ſtrengthening you; and, as *Doctor Conyers*, you can do many things; a great many more than you think. What if you go, Sir, in Chriſt's name, to all the Goſpel Miniſters of your acquaintance, exhort them as a father, intreat them as a brother, and bring them, or as many of them as you can, together; think you that your labour of love will be vain in the Lord! Impoſſible, Sir. O deſpair not! Charity hopeth all things, and as Kempis ſaith, "It trieth all things, and bringeth many things to paſs; which would appear impoſſible to him, who deſpaireth, hateth, or careth not for the ſheep."

If you want a coach, or a friend to accompany you, when you go on this errand of love, remember there is a *Thornton* in London, and an *Ireland* in Briſtol, who will wiſh you God ſpeed, and make your way plain before you; and God will raiſe many more to concur in the peaceful work. O let me humbly intreat you to go to work, and to perſevere in it! I wiſh I had ſtrength to be at leaſt your poſtilion when you go. I would drive, if not Jehu like, at leaſt with ſome degree of cheerful ſwiftneſs; while Chriſt ſmiled on the Chriſtian attempt. But I am confident, that you can do all in the abſence, and without the concurrence, of him who is, with brotherly love, and dutiful reſpect,

Honoured and dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant in the Goſpel,

J. FLETCHER.

POETRY.

The PROGRESS *of* ERROR.

[*Concluded from page* 334.]

PATIENT of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident and mild,
Such was Sir Iſaac, and ſuch Boyle and Locke;
Your blunderer is as ſturdy as a rock.
The creature is ſo ſure to kick and bite,
A muleteer's the man to ſet him right.
Firſt appetite enliſts him truth's ſworn foe,
Then obſtinate ſelf-will confirms him ſo.
Tell him he wanders, that his error leads
To fatal ills, that though the path he treads
Be flowery, and he ſees no cauſe to fear
Death and the pains of hell attend him there;

In

In vain; the ſlave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent ſide.
His ſtill refuted quirks he ſtill repeats,
New raiſed objections with new quibbles meets.
Till ſinking in the quickſand he defends,
He dies diſputing, and the conteſt ends.
But not the miſchiefs: they ſtill left behind,
Like thiſtle-ſeeds are ſown by every wind.
Thus men go wrong with an ingenious ſkill,
Bend the ſtreight rule on their own crooked will,
And with a clear and ſhining lamp ſupplied,
Firſt put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal ſize,
One leg by truth ſupported, one by lies,
They ſidle to the goal with aukward pace,
Secure of nothing, but to loſe the race.
Faults in the life, breed errors in the brain,
And theſe, reciprocally, thoſe again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And ſtamp their image in each other's mint.
Each ſire, and dame, of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's baſe.
None ſends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whoſe hand is feeble, or his aim untrue,
For though e'er yet the ſhaft is on the wing,
Or when it fires forſakes the eleſtic ſtring,
It errs but little from the intended line,
It falls at laſt, far wide of his deſign.
So he that ſeeks a manſion in the ſky,
Muſt watch his purpoſe with a ſteadfaſt eye,
That prize belongs to none but the ſincere,
The leaſt obliquity is fatal here.
Some dream that they can ſilence when they will
The ſtorms of paſſion, and ſay, *Peace be ſtill*;

But

But "thus far and no farther" when addreſſéd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breaſt,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.
But muſe forbear, long flights forebode a fall,
Strike on the deep-toned chord the ſum of all.
Here the juſt law, the judgment of the ſkies;
He that hates truth ſhall be the dupe of lies.
And he that *will* be cheated to the laſt,
Deluſions, ſtrong as hell, ſhall hold him faſt.
But if the wandérer his miſtake diſcern,
Judge his own ways and ſigh for a return,
Bewilderéd once, muſt he bewail his loſs
For ever and for ever? No—the croſs.
There and there only (though the deiſt rave
And athieſt, if earth bear ſo baſe a ſlave)
There and there only is the powér to ſave.
There no deluſive hope invites deſpair,
No mockéry meets you, no deception there.
The ſpells and charms that blinded you before,
All vaniſh there and faſcinate no more.
I am no preacher let this hint ſuffice,
The croſs once ſeen is death to every vice:
Elſe he that hung there, ſufferéd all his pain,
Bled, groanéd and agonizéd and died in vain.

TIME: *an* ELEGY.

Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:

[By Robert Alves, A. M.]

PART I.

'TWAS at the ſober hour of cloſing day,
When night faſt-falling, wraps the world in ſhade,
Muſing I bent my ſolitary way,
For yon pale manſions of the ſilent dead.

Hard

Hard by yon ancient pile, with ivy crowned,
(Memorial fad of Time's reſiſtleſs ſway,)
Here towers to heaven, there cumbers all the ground,
With vaſt unweildy heaps of old decay.

To ſolemn thought invites the ſolemn ſcene,
The earth wide-huſhed, and heaven's refulgent fires;
And Cynthia, riding in her car ſerene,
Affections gentle as herſelf inſpires.

When thus the muſe: "Be ſcenes like theſe thy theme,
Man's life, how vain, his joys, his labours all!"——
I heard, and felt the ſoft inſpiring flame,
And wept to ſee the mouldering columns fall.

—Such is the fate of all the works of pride,
Reared to adorn our life, or name to ſave;
They ſhine their hour, then whelming ſeek the tide,
Buried for ever in Oblivion's wave.

Thus *Salem's* Fane of gold is now no more,
That once was Architecture's mightieſt boaſt:
See old *Palmyra* frown in grandeur hoar,
Each hideous thundering ruin rolled in duſt.

Thus Painting—Sculpture—weep their wonders gone,
Where laboured Art with eaſy Nature ſtrove;
The glowing picture, or the living ſtone;
A *Zeux's* Helen, or a *Phidian* Jove.

Hence too the ſadly-penſive Muſes mourn
Of poets ſweet the ill-rewarded toil;
Down, down to endleſs night thoſe labours borne,
That elſe had reigned in day's eternal ſmile.

Yet to conſole the loſs there ſtill remain
Works bleſt of Genius, works of nobleſt lay;
Homer's bold fire, and *Virgil's* lofty ſtrain,
Tibullus' weeping muſe, and *Horace* gay.

—Nor

—Nor Arts alone: ſee Nature's charms decay,
The joyleſs proſpect withering even the ſoul;
Though flamed with ruddy light this opening day,
Lo night's dim ſhades prevail, and hide the pole.

At Time's command retires the beauteous Spring,
Her dimpling cheek with orient bluſhes ſpread:
High o'er the dawn no more the wild larks ſing,
Nor ſong of cuckow cheers the evening ſhade.

Summer comes on, in lucid veſture bright,
With flowerets crowned; with flowers the ground ſhe ſtrows;
Awhile ſhe holds her reign, till lengthening night
Mellows the year, and deep the fruitage glows.

Then Autumn pours her plenty-teeming horn;
But ſoon a tear bedews her gentle eye:
For lo a cloud o'erſpreads the face of morn,
And ſounds ariſe, and gain upon the ſky.

'Tis Winter calls his ſtorms the ſkies along,
The unruly ſtorms obey his dread control,
Wind, rain, and ſnow, a black and bluſtering throng,
Ruſh all abroad, and thunder from the pole.

As fierce they ſcour along the flowery mead,
Shrinks Nature's face before the bruſhing ſweep;
Till bleak and bare he ſits in tarniſhed weed,
And all her ſympathetic votaries weep.

[*To be continued.*]

On EDWARD VIth. *Statue, in St. Thomas's Hoſpital, London, are the following Lines.*

ON Edward's brow no lawrel caſt a ſhade,
Nor at his feet are warlike ſpoils diſplayed,
Yet here ſince firſt his bounty raiſed the pile,
The lame grow active, and the languid ſmile!
See this, ye Chiefs, and ſtruck with envy, pine,
To *kill* is brutal, but to *ſave* divine.

THE Arminian Magazine, For AUGUST 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 340.]

CHAP. III.

Arguments from Reaſon to evince the Freedom of the Will.

TO proceed, ſecondly, to the rational inducements to evince this Freedom of the Will from Neceſſity, or a determination to one, i. e. either to good or evil only.

For if the divine grace in man's converſion unfruſtrably determines him to one, or if the diſability contracted by the fall determines men to chuſe that which is evil only, and to omit that which is good; both theſe determinations muſt take away the freedom of men's actions, at leaſt as far as they are worthy of praiſe or diſpraiſe, of reward or puniſhment. For,

Either the divine influx leaves men room to chuſe to turn to God, or it doth not. If it doth not, they do not chuſe to

turn to God when they are thus converted. If it doth, it cannot unfruſtrably determine them to turn to him, becauſe it leaves it to their choice whether they will turn or not. Again, Either this diſability determines lapſed man to do what is evil only, and ſo to the omiſſion of what is truly good, or it doth not ſo. If it doth not ſo, it leaves him an ability to do good. If it doth not, he cannot properly be ſaid to chuſe not to do good. In a word, when God calls, invites and exhorts him to chuſe the thing that is good, and to *learn to do well*, when he attempts by threatenings to affright him from continuance in his evil ways, and by his promiſes to allure and incite him to return unto him; are not theſe things deſigned to engage him to conſider of, and attend to God's exhortations, to conſult and deliberate how he may avoid the evils threatened, and obtain the bleſſings promiſed? But if they lie under an utter diſability of doing what is ſpiritually good, and ſo of obtaining the bleſſings promiſed: to what purpoſe ſhould they deliberate how they may avoid the evil that they do? I conclude therefore this argument with that which *Gennadius* delivers as the doctrine of the Church of God, that though man by the fall hath loſt, vigorem arbitrii, *the vigour of his free-will*, non tamen electionem, ne non eſſet ſuum quod evitaret peccatum, nec merito indulgeretur quod non arbitrio diluiſſet, *yet hath he not loſt his choice, leſt it ſhould not be of his choice that he avoided ſin, nor ſhould that be accounted to him for reward which he did not freely put away*; manet ergo ad quærendam ſalutem Arbitrii libertas, ſed admonente prius Deo, & invitante, *there remains therefore yet to fallen man a freedom of will to ſeek after his ſalvation, though God muſt firſt admoniſh and invite him ſo to do.*

Le Blanc adds, that all the actions which proceed freely from us may be ſubject to a command, and by the law of God or man may be enjoined or forbidden; but this cannot agree to thoſe acts, circa quos voluntas immutabiliter ſe habet, *in which the will is ſo immutably determined that it never can*

or

or could do otherwiſe. So that if this be the caſe of lapſed man, his ſin cannot proceed freely from him, and ſo cannot be reaſonably forbidden; for as St. *Auſtin* ſaith, peccati teneri reum quempiam quia non fecit id quod facere non potuit, ſummæ iniquitatis & inſaniæ eſt, *It is the height of madneſs and injuſtice to hold any perſon guilty becauſe he did not that which he could not do,* as will be farther evident even from the eſſential condition of a law, viz. That it be juſt; thoſe laws being certainly unjuſt which prohibit that under a penalty which a man cannot poſſibly ſhun, or require that which cannot poſſibly be done by him of whom it is required: and the greater is the penalty, the greater ſtill is the injuſtice. For 1ſt, Juſt laws are the ordinances of wiſdom and right reaſon. Whereas that which commands impoſſibilities can never be required reaſonably, enim non clamet ſtultum eſſe præcepta ei dare cui liberum non eſt quod præcipitur facere; *for who,* ſaith St. *Auſtin, will not pronounce it folly to command him who is not free to do what is commanded?* 2dly, Juſt laws are inſtituted for the public good, and ſo we find God hath made this declaration concerning his own precepts that *he commands them for our good*; but that law which preſcribes impoſſibilities under a penalty upon non-performance, cannot be inſtituted for the public good, but rather for the great evil to the generality of mankind; who are ſaid to be left to the defect and diſability of their own wills. 3dly, Good laws do ſhew to a man what is to be done by him, and what is to be ſhunned; but thoſe laws which preſcribe what cannot be done or avoided, cannot direct a man to what he is to do, or what he is to ſhun; and indeed, who feels not the truth of thoſe words of St. *Auſtin,* iniquum eſſe cum damnare cui non fuit poteſtas juſſa complere, *That it is unjuſt to condemn him* as diſobedient, *who hath no power to obey,* or to puniſh men for doing evil though they lie under a neceſſity of doing it, only becauſe they do it willingly, ſeeing they muſt do it willingly, if they do it at all; becauſe they muſt

firſt will to do it, and ſo it is as neceſſary for them to be willing, as it is to do it.

Farther, If wicked men be not neceſſitated to do the evil that they do, or to neglect the good they do neglect, then have they freedom from neceſſity in both theſe caſes; and if they be thus neceſſitated, then neither their ſins of omiſſion or commiſſion could deſerve that name; it being eſſential to the nature of ſin, according to St. *Auſtin's* definition of it, that it be an action, a quo liberum eſt abſtinere, *from which the ſinner might abſtain.* Three things ſeem plainly neceſſary to make an action or omiſſion culpable. 1ſt, That it be in our power to perform or to forbear it; for as *Origen*, and all the Fathers ſay, *No man is blame-worthy for not doing what he could not do.* 2dly. That we be obliged to perform, or to forbear it: for where there is no obligation, there can be no tranſgreſſion. 3dly, That we omit that which we ought to have done, or do that which we ought not to have done; now ſeeing, *no man can be obliged to do what is to him impoſſible*, it cannot truly be affirmed that any man ought to do what he never had the power to do, or to leave undone that which he could not ſhun, for then there would be no place for expoſtulation; for chiding or reprehending men on theſe accounts, ſeeing they could not help it. *O Jeruſalem wilt thou not be made clean? When ſhall it once be?* ſaith God, to what purpoſe, if they were diſabled even from being willing ſo to be? *I will deſtroy*, ſaith he, *my people ſince they return not from their evil ways*; why, might they not anſwer, O thou righteous God, was it ever in our power to turn from them, or convert ourſelves? When, Lord! was it in our father *Adam* before his fall? Then ſure we did not need to be converted, or was it after this fall? Alas then were we utterly diſabled from doing this without that ſpecial grace thou haſt not yet been pleaſed to vouchſafe. *O Jeruſalem, how oft*, ſaith *Chriſt, would I have gathered thy children*

children as a hen gathereth her chickens, under her wings, and ye would not: and again, *You will not come unto me that you might have life.* How could we help it? might they truly anſwer, provided they were diſabled both from coming, and from being willing ſo to do.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLVI.

On 1 SAMUEL ii. 17.

[*Concluded from page* 348.]

20. BUT to bring the matter nearer to ourſelves. Never were any Prieſts or public teachers more corrupt, more totally eſtranged from God, than thoſe in the days of our bleſſed Lord. Were they not mere whited walls? Were not thoſe that were the beſt of them painted ſepulchres? Full of pride, luſt, envy, covetouſneſs? Of all ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs? Is not this the account which our Lord himſelf, who knew what was in man, gives of them? But did he therefore refrain from that public ſervice, which was performed by theſe very men? Or did he direct his Apoſtles ſo to do? Nay, juſt the contrary: in conſequence of which, as he conſtantly attended them himſelf, ſo likewiſe did his diſciples.

21. There is another circumſtance in our Lord's conduct, which is worthy of our peculiar conſideration. *He calls to him the twelve, and ſends them forth, two by two,* to preach the goſpel, (Mark vi.) And as they did not go the warfare at their own coſt, the very devils *were ſubject unto them.* Now one of theſe was *Judas Iſcariot.* And did our Lord know that *he had a devil?* St. *John* expreſsly tells us he did. Yet

he

he was coupled with another of the Apoſtles, and joined with them all in the ſame communion. Neither have we any reaſon to doubt but God bleſſed the labour of all his twelve Ambaſſadors. But why did our Lord ſend him among them? Undoubtedly for our inſtruction. For a ſtanding unanſwerable proof, that he *ſendeth by whom he* will *ſend*: that he can and doth ſend ſalvation to men even by thoſe, who will not accept of it themſelves.

22. Our Lord gives us farther inſtruction upon this head, in the 28th chapter of Matthew (ver. 1, 2, 3.) we have thoſe very remarkable words, *Then Jeſus ſpoke to the multitude and to his diſciples ſaying, The Scribes and Phariſees ſit in Moſes' chair: all things therefore whatſoever they bid you obſerve, obſerve and do. But do not according to their works; for they ſay and do not.* Of theſe very men he gives the blackeſt character in the following verſes. Yet is he ſo far from forbidding either *the multitude* or *his own diſciples* to attend their miniſtrations, that he expreſsly commands them ſo to do, even in thoſe words, *All things whatſoever they bid you obſerve, obſerve and do.* Theſe words imply a command to hear them: for how could they *obſerve and do what they bid them*, if they did not hear it? I pray conſider this, ye that ſay of the ſucceſſors of theſe ungodly men, *They ſay and do not:* therefore we ought not to hear them. You ſee, your Maſter draws no ſuch inference; nay the direct contrary. O be not wiſer than your Maſter: follow his advice and do not reaſon againſt it.

23. But how ſhall we reconcile this with the direction given by St. *Paul* to the Corinthians? *If any that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, with ſuch an one, no not to eat*, 1 Cor. v. 11. How is it reconcileable with that direction in his ſecond epiſtle, (chap. 6. 11,) *Come out from the midſt of them, and be ye ſeparate, ſaith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.* I anſwer, the former paſſage has no relation at all to the preſent

preſent queſtion. It does not concern Miniſters good or bad. The plain meaning of it is, Have no intimacy with any that is called a Chriſtian, and lives in any open ſin: a weighty exhortation, which ſhould be much attended to by all the children of God. As little does the other paſſage refer to Miniſters or Teachers of any kind. In this the Apoſtle is exhorting the children of God, to break off all intercourſe with the children of the devil. The words literally are, *Go out from the midſt of them and be ye ſeparate, and touch not the unclean thing*. Intimating, that they could not continue united with them, without being more or leſs partakers of their ſins. We may therefore boldly affirm, that neither St. *Paul* nor any other of the inſpired Writers, even adviſed holy men to ſeparate from the Church wherein they were, becauſe the Miniſters were unholy.

24. Nevertheleſs it is true, that many pious Chriſtians as was obſerved before, did ſeparate themſelves from the Church, ſome even in the ſecond, and many more in the third century. Some of theſe retired into the deſert, and lived altogether alone: others built themſelves houſes, afterwards termed *Convents*, and only ſecluded themſelves from the reſt of the world. But what was the fruit of this ſeparation? The ſame that might eaſily be foreſeen. It increaſed and beſtowed in an aſtoniſhing degree, the total corruption of the Church. The ſalt which was thus heaped up in a corner had effectually loſt its ſavour. The light which was thus put under a buſhel, no longer ſhone before men. In conſequence of this, ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs reigned without control. The world being given up into the hands of the devil, wrought all his works with greedineſs. And groſs darkneſs, joined with all manner of wickedneſs, covered the whole earth.

25. "But if all this wickedneſs was not a ſufficient reaſon for ſeparating from a corrupt Church, why did *Calvin* and *Luther* with their followers ſeparate from the Church of *Rome*?"

Rome?" I anſwer, They did not properly ſeparate from it, but were violently thruſt out of it. They were not ſuffered to continue therein, upon any other terms than ſubſcribing to all the Errors of that Church, and joining in all their Superſtition and Idolatry. Therefore this ſeparation lay at *their* door. With us it was not a matter of choice, but of neceſſity. And if ſuch neceſſity was now laid upon us we ought to ſeparate from any Church under heaven.

26. There were not the ſame reaſons why various bodies of men ſhould afterwards ſeparate from the Church of *England*. No ſinful terms of communion were impoſed upon them; neither are at this day. Moſt of them ſeparated, either becauſe of ſome *Opinions*, or ſome *Modes of Worſhip*, which they did not approve of. Few of them aſſigned the unholineſs either of the Clergy or Laity, as the cauſe of their ſeparation. And if any did ſo, it did not appear that they themſelves were a jot better, than thoſe they ſeparated from.

27. But the grand reaſon, which many give for ſeparating from the Church, namely, that the Miniſters are unholy men, is founded on this aſſertion, That the miniſtration of evil men can do no good; that we may call the Sacraments *Means of Grace*; but men who do not receive the grace of God themſelves, cannot convey that grace to others. So that we can never expect to receive the bleſſing of God through the ſervants of the devil.

This argument is extremely plauſible, and is indeed the ſtrongeſt that can be urged. Yet before you allow it to be concluſive, you ſhould conſider a few things.

28. Conſider, firſt, Did the Jewiſh Sacraments convey no ſaving grace to the hearers, becauſe they were adminiſtered by unholy men? If ſo, none of the Iſraelites were ſaved, from the time of *Eli*, to the coming of Chriſt. For their Prieſts were not a whit better than ours; if they were not much worſe. But who will dare to affirm this? Which is

no

no leſs in effect, than to affirm, That all the children of Iſrael went to hell for eleven or twelve hundred years together.

29. Did the ordinances adminiſtered in the time of our bleſſed Lord convey no grace to thoſe that attended them? Surely then the Holy Ghoſt would not have commended *Zacharias and Elizabeth for walking in thoſe ordinances!* If the miniſtrations of wicked men did no good, would our Lord have commanded his followers (ſo far from forbidding them) to attend thoſe of the Scribes and Phariſees? Obſerve again the remarkable words (Matt. xxiii. 1, &c.) *Then ſpake Jeſus to the multitude, and to his diſciples, ſaying, The Scribes and Phariſees ſit in Moſes' ſeat*, are your appointed teachers, *all therefore whatſoever they bid you obſerve, that obſerve and do.*—Now what were theſe Scribes and Phariſees? Were they not the vileſt of men? Yet theſe very men he commands them to hear. This command is plainly implied in thoſe words, *Whatſoever they command you to obſerve, that obſerve and do.* For unleſs they heard what they ſaid, they could not do it.

30. Conſider a little farther, the dreadful conſequences of affirming, that wicked Miniſters do no good. That the ordinances adminiſtered by them do not convey ſaving grace to thoſe that attend them. If it be ſo, then well nigh all the Chriſtians from the time of the Apoſtles, to that of the Reformation are periſhed! For what manner of men were well nigh all the Clergy, during all thoſe centuries? Conſult the Hiſtory of the Church in every age, and you will find more and more proofs of their corruption. It is true, they have not been ſo openly abandoned ſince, but ever ſince that happy period there has been a conſiderable change for the better, in the Clergy as well as the Laity. But ſtill there is reaſon to fear, that even thoſe who now miniſter in holy things, who are outwardly devoted to God for that purpoſe, (yea, and in Proteſtant, as well as Romiſh countries) are nevertheleſs far more devoted to the world, to riches, honour,

or pleaſure (a few comparatively excepted) than they are to God: ſo that in truth they are as far from Chriſtian Holineſs, as earth is from heaven. If then no grace is conveyed by the miniſtry of wicked men, in what a caſe is the Chriſtian world? How hath God forgotten to be gracious? How hath he forſaken his own inheritance? O think not ſo! Rather ſay with our own Church (though in direct oppoſition to the Church of *Rome*: which maintains, "If the Prieſt does not miniſter with a *pure intention*, which no wicked man can do, then the ſacrament is no ſacrament at all.") The unworthineſs of the Miniſter doth not hinder the efficacy of God's ordinance. The reaſon is plain; becauſe the efficacy is derived, not from him that adminiſters, but from Him that ordains it. He does not, will not, ſuffer his grace to be intercepted, though the meſſenger will not receive it himſelf.

31. Another conſequence would follow from the ſuppoſition, That no grace is conveyed by wicked Miniſters, namely, That a conſcientious perſon cannot be a member of any National Church in the world. For wherever he is, it is great odds, whether a holy Miniſter be ſtationed there: and if there be not, it is mere loſt labour, to worſhip in that congregation. But, bleſſed be God, this is not the caſe: we know, by our own happy experience, and by the experience of thouſands, that the word of the Lord is not bound though uttered by an unholy Miniſter: and the ſacraments are not dry breaſts, whether he that adminiſters, be holy or unholy.

32. Conſider one more conſequence of this ſuppoſition, ſhould it ever be generally received, Were all men to ſeparate from thoſe Churches where the Miniſter was an unholy man: (as they ought to do, if the grace of God never did, nor could attend his miniſtry) what confuſion, what tumults, what commotions would this occaſion throughout Chriſtendom? What evil-ſurmiſings, heart-burnings, jealouſies, envyings, muſt every where ariſe? What cenſuring, talebearing,

bearing, ſtrife, contention? Neither would it ſtop here: but from evil words the contending parties would ſoon proceed to evil deeds: and rivers of blood would ſoon be ſhed, to the utter ſcandal of Mahometans and Heathens.

33. Let us not then trouble and embroil ourſelves and our neighbours with unprofitable diſputations, but all agree to ſpread, to the uttermoſt of our power, the quiet and peaceable Goſpel of Chriſt. Let us make the beſt of whatever miniſtry the Providence of God has aſſigned us. Near fifty years ago, a great and good man, Dr. *Potter*, then Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, gave me an advice, for which I have ever ſince had occaſion to bleſs God. "If you deſire to be extenſively uſeful, do not ſpend your time and ſtrength, in contending for or againſt ſuch things as are of a diſputable nature; but in teſtifying againſt open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, eſſential holineſs." Let us keep to this: leaving a thouſand diſputable points to thoſe that have no better buſineſs, than to toſs the ball of controverſy to and fro, let us keep cloſe to our point. Let us bear a faithful teſtimony in our ſeveral ſtations, againſt all ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs: and with all our might recommend that inward and outward holineſs, *without which no man ſhall ſee the Lord.*

Briſtol, Oct. 7, 1787.

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[*Concluded from page* 351.]

IN the next place I ſhall ſpeak of Mr. Gibſon, an Attorney, who was ſentenced to death for forgery. He was an eminent character in his profeſſion, and handſome in his perſon. In reſpect to religious principles he had been very wavering and irreſolute, ever learning, but never coming to

the perfect knowledge of the truth. He frequently attended my exhortations with the reſt under ſentence, always expreſſing much ſatisfaction thereby. I alſo viſited him repeatedly in his own room, on the maſter's ſide, where he always received me with expreſſions of great pleaſure.

Upon his trial his cauſe had been referred to the twelve Judges. After fifteen months confinement he diſpatched his wife to one of the Judges to know if a determination of his cauſe was near. The Judge anſwered, "If Mr. Gibſon is in ſo great a hurry to know this, you may acquaint him, that his cauſe has been after mature conſideration, finally determined, and he will not find it altogether ſatisfactory." His wife went back without loſs of time, and acquainted him with the information; yet he ſtill poſſeſſed a kind of inattentive careleſſneſs. However, the enſuing ſeſſions he was ſummoned to the bar, there to plead to his ſentence, when permiſſion was granted him to make his defence. It was a matter of aſtoniſhment to hear his arguments, and the many diſputable points of law referred to from various books and acts of Parliament. I believe it was the univerſal opinion of the aſſembly that he would be immediately cleared, as none of the Judges were able to confute him. At length Judge Parrot roſe from his ſeat, and addreſſing Mr. Gibſon, told him his crime had been well conſidered by the twelve Judges, and that they had unanimouſly conſidered him guilty. Mr. Gibſon hearing this, turned as pale as death, and was ſcarcely able to ſtand. He was then committed to his cell, and cloſely confined. When the report came down that he was included in the dead warrant, he began to be in earneſt, enquiring of me, in an agony of ſpirit, what he muſt do to be ſaved? I applied thoſe paſſages of ſcripture at firſt which were the moſt awakening to his conſcience. When I perceived his ſoul was in extreme anguiſh, then, and not till then, I pointed him to the Lamb of God, who is ever waiting to be gracious to every returning prodigal: and I alſo

applied

applied the moſt healing portions of God's word. At laſt the awful day came whereon he was appointed to die; nor did I perceive any token of a change in his ſoul. On going to the place of execution his mind was greatly agitated, as eternity appeared awful beyond conception, eſpecially when near; yet no one could be more diligent in making ſerious enquiries of what might be beneficial to his immortal ſpirit. When we arrived at the fatal ſpot, he turned to me (being greatly terrified) and ſaid, "Oh! Mr. Told, I beſeech you give me all the aſſiſtance you poſſibly can," which God enabled me to do; and in conſequence whereof, he appeared to be much more compoſed, and reſigned to his fate.

The next, of whom I would ſpeak, was a young gentleman, Mr. Slocomb, who had defrauded his father of 300l. in the ſtock of the South-Sea-Houſe; much of the gentleman and ſcholar was evident in the behaviour of this youth. Upon his father's coming up to London to receive his intereſt-money, he was informed that his ſon brought his draft for 300l. which he received, and the ſum debited to his father's account. Mr. Slocomb, ſenior, declared he never gave his ſon any ſuch draft, and therefore inſiſted upon the receipt of his whole intereſt. The gentlemen at the office acquainted his father, that if he would not abide the loſs; they muſt apprehend his ſon, who would aſſuredly ſuffer death. The father would by no means ſuffer the loſs, accordingly the youth was apprehended. He was afterwards condemned, and received ſentence of death. The Lump of Adamant [his father] then retired to his own country, nor would he ſee or hear from his ſon; neither did he once write to him, or give him any kind of advice, or remit him any relief, notwithſtanding he lay a long time under ſentence, before he was ordered for execution. There was ſomething remarkably amiable in his conduct; an entire reſignation to the will of God, which kept down every murmuring thought, and intirely prevented his making any complaint againſt the ſeverity of his father.

His

His behaviour during his confinement was admirable, being filled with perfect ſerioufneſs and devotion. Mr. Powell, a young gentleman, who was ſentenced at the ſame time for forgery, became a companion of Mr. Slocomb's; they conſtantly converſed together about the awful things of eternity, and were both truly inſtructive to other malefactors. They were both much lamented by all who knew them; even the moſt diſtant of their acquaintance. And I am firmly perſuaded, thoſe, who cloſely examined their conduct when on the brink of eternity, could entertain do doubt of their eternal acceptance with God.

Thus concludes the life of Mr. Silas Told, written by himſelf ſome time before his departure from this vale of tears, after having paſſed through a troubleſome and laborious life with great fortitude and patience; being continually anxious for the good of his fellow-creatures, particularly the condemned malefactors in the ſeveral priſons in and about the metropolis; ſtriving ardently, by all the means in his power, to promote their everlaſting welfare: ſubmitting meekly, for Chriſt's ſake, to the ill treatment which he too often experienced, not only from priſoners and keepers, but from thoſe, who ought rather to have encouraged and applauded him. After having done all the good in his power, he cheerfully reſigned his ſoul into the hands of his heavenly Father, in December 1779, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, and hath, no doubt, received this bleſſed welcome, "Well done, good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

An

An Account of the Death of the late Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, *in a letter to the Rev.* JOHN WESLEY: *by Miſs* S. WESLEY.

Dear and honoured Uncle,

WE were all preſent when my dear reſpected father departed this life. His end was, what he particularly deſired it might be, Peace!

For ſome months paſt he ſeemed totally detached from earth; he ſpoke very little, nor wiſhed to hear any thing read, but the Scriptures.

He took a ſolemn leave of all his friends. I once aſked, if he had any preſages that he ſhould die? he ſaid, "No:" but his weakneſs was ſuch, that he thought it impoſſible he ſhould "live through March." He kindly bid me remember him; and ſeemed to have no doubt, but I ſhould meet him in heaven.

All his prayer was, "Patience and an eaſy death!" He bid every one who viſited him, to ſupplicate for theſe, often repeating, an "eaſy death!"

He told my mother, the week before he departed, that no fiend was permitted to approach him; and ſaid, to us all, "I have a *good hope!*"

When we aſked if he wanted any thing, he frequently anſwered, "Nothing but Chriſt!"

Some perſon obſerved, that the valley of the ſhadow of death was hard to be paſſed, "Not with Chriſt," replied he.

On March the 27th (after a moſt uneaſy night) he prayed, as in an agony, that he might not have many ſuch nights, "O my God, ſaid he, not *many!*"

It was with great difficulty he ſeemed to ſpeak. About ten days before, on my brother Samuel's entering the room, he

he took hold on his hand, and pronounced, with a voice of faith, "I ſhall bleſs God to all eternity, that ever *you* were born: I am perſuaded I ſhall!"

My brother Charles alſo ſeemed much upon his mind; "That dear boy, ſaid he, God bleſs him!"

He ſpoke leſs to me than to the reſt, which has ſince given me ſome pain. However, he bade me truſt in God, and never forſake him, and then be aſſured that he never would forſake me!

The 28th, my mother aſked if he had any thing to ſay to us; raiſing his eyes, he ſaid, "Only Thanks! Love! Bleſſing!"

Tueſday and Wedneſday he was not entirely ſenſible. He ſlept much, without refreſhment, and had the reſtleſſneſs of death for I think the whole week.

He was eager to depart, and if we moved him, or ſpoke to him, he anſwered, "Let me die! let me die!"

A fortnight before, he prayed with many tears for all his enemies, naming Miſs F. "I beſeech thee O Lord, by thine agony and bloody ſweat, ſaid he, that ſhe may never feel the pangs of eternal death!"

When your kind letter to my brother came, (in which you affectionately tell him, that you will be a father to him and my brother Samuel,) I read it to our father; "He *will be kind* to you, ſaid he, when I am gone: I am certain, your uncle *will be kind* to all of you."

The laſt morning (which was the 29th of March) being unable to ſpeak, my mother intreated him to preſs her hand, if he knew her, which he feebly did.

His laſt words which I could hear, were, "Lord—my heart—my God!" He then drew his breath ſhort, and the laſt ſo gently, that we knew not exactly the moment in which his happy ſpirit fled.

His dear hand was in mine for five minutes before, and at the awful period of his diſſolution.

It

It often had been his desire that we should attend him to the grave, and though he did not mention it again (which he did the place of his burial) during this illness, we all mean to fulfil his wish; trusting we shall be supported, as we have been hitherto, in our afflicting situations.

My dear, honoured uncle, my mother presents you her respectful love, and my brothers join with me in duty, begging your prayers for the widow and the fatherless!

I am, your afflicted and dutiful Niece,

S. WESLEY.

Chesterfield-Street, April 4, 1788.

A short Account of the Death of Mrs. M'DONALD; *many years Servant at the Foundry, near Moorfields, London.*

Sunday, June 28, 1778.

HOWEVER painful the subject (particularly to me who loved her) I must inform you that our dear friend, good sister M'Donald (whose memory will be ever precious to hundreds in this city and elsewhere,) is happily escaped to Abraham's bosom, in a moment the most unexpected!

On Friday morning she attended the preaching at five o'clock as usual, and likewise the intercession in the afternoon. After this she went to visit some of her class who were sick, came home and ate her supper and went to bed as well as she had been for some years.

About twelve o'clock on Friday night she was seized with convulsions in her bowels, and continued in the most excruciating pain till about four in the morning, when without a sigh or groan she breathed out her pious soul into the arms of her merciful Redeemer.

Between ten and eleven o'clock on Friday night I asked her, Do you find Jesus precious to you now? She answered, "Yes, he is precious indeed! O my dear Jesus! Thou art precious, thou art altogether lovely!" From the time I left her, till three in the morning, she earnestly desired that my wife might be sent for. When she came she said, "Talk of Jesus. I cannot speak through excessive pain: but you can speak. O talk of the lovely Jesus! Do you not see him? There he is! Let me go to him. O my dear friend, I am glad to see you. You are the only one I can trust." She seemed to have much to say, but had not strength.

My wife finding her change fast, asked her, How do you find your soul now? Have you any doubt or fear? She answered, "No, nothing but love! Unbounded love! Christ is precious! O precious Christ! precious Christ!" and then quietly yielded up her soul into the hands of God! Thus died an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.

I do not think she has left her fellow in London, if in all England! Though weak in her mental powers, which often exposed her to innocent infirmities, I do not think she has left many behind her so simple and upright of heart. I verily believe she enjoyed to the last all she professed for a great part of forty years! May our last end be like hers!

PETER JACO.

An Account of the Death of WILLIAM QUAYLE, *who died in the Ninth year of his age.*

Douglas, Feb. 4, 1788.

WILLIAM QUAYLE was born in Douglas in the Isle of Man, October 21, 1778. He seemed to have the fear of God from his infancy, which produced in him a holy zeal

zeal for the glory of God. This he manifeſted in his frequently reproving ſinners, eſpecially his mother: telling her, that ſhe ought not to ſay ſuch bad words as ſhe frequently did; which, ſince ſhe has been deprived of him, has cauſed her much ſorrow of heart on account of her not paying greater attention to his holy and gentle reproofs. He uſed alſo to tell her often that God would be angry with her if ſhe did not amend; and alſo reproved the wicked children that were playing in the ſtreets.

As ſoon as he was about three years old, he began to pray every night before he went to bed; which he would never do but on his bare knees.

He was alſo very tender hearted; for if his mother chaſtiſed any of his little brothers, he would frequently weep over them on account of their folly and ſuffering. In ſhort, he ſpent a life (ſhort as it was) to the glory of God: always ſerious, and never heard to ſpeak a bad word; but if through any accident or inattention he had done amiſs, he would fall down on his knees and aſk pardon immediately.

He hated the practice of his neighbour's children, becauſe they would not walk in the fear of the Lord; and although he was as a ſparrow upon the houſe top, yet he kept up a ſteady determination to pleaſe God, which was evinced in all his converſation.

On September 1787, he was ſeized with his laſt ſickneſs, which continued about a fortnight. While he was ill, he poſſeſſed his ſoul in patience. He never expreſſed the leaſt deſire for life; but rather wiſhed to be removed to his heavenly Father's houſe: for he ſaid, "I would rather die than live."

When his father uſed to expreſs his hope that he would recover, he always replied, "I would rather die than ſtay here." Though a child, he never complained of pain or ſickneſs; but was patient and always reſigned to the will of God.

A few minutes before he died he cried out, "Father! father! Mother! mother! O my heaven! my heaven!" He then ſung a hymn, and deſired his mother to turn him in bed, and inſtantly fell aſleep in the arms of his dear Redeemer, Sept. 24, and in the ninth year of his age.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the Propagation of PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 357.]

IT may be of uſe to ſubjoin here, firſt a general view of Vegetation, ſecondly, ſome additional Reflections on the vegetable kingdom.

And firſt. As to Vegetation itſelf, we are ſenſible all our reaſonings about the wonderful operations of nature, are ſo full of uncertainty, that as the wiſe man truly obſerves, *Hardly do we gueſs aright at the things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* This is abundantly verified in vegetable nature. For though its productions are ſo obvious to us, yet we are ſtrangely in the dark concerning them, becauſe the texture of their veſſels is ſo fine and intricate, that we can trace but few of them, though aſſiſted with the beſt microſcopes. But although we can never hope to come to the bottom and firſt principle of things, yet we may every where ſee plain ſignatures of the hand of a Divine Architect.

All vegetables are compoſed of water and earth, principles which ſtrongly attract each other: and a large portion of air, which ſtrongly attracts when fixed, but ſtrongly repels when in an elaſtic ſtate. By the combination, action, and re-action of

of thoſe few principles all the operations in vegetables are effected.

The particles of air diſtend each ductile part, and invigorate their ſap, and meeting with the other mutually attracting principles, they are by gentle heat and motion enabled to aſſimilate into the nouriſhment of the reſpective parts. Thus nutrition is gradually advanced, by the nearer and nearer union of theſe principles, till they arrive at ſuch a degree of conſiſtency, as to form the ſeveral parts of vegetables. And at length by the flying off of the watry vehicle, they are compacted into hard ſubſtances.

But when the watry particles again ſoak into and diſunite them, then is the union of the parts of vegetables diſſolved, and they are prepared by putrefaction, to appear in ſome new form, whereby the nutritive fund of nature can never be exhauſted.

All theſe principles are in all the parts of Vegetables. But there is more oil in the more exalted parts of them. Thus ſeeds abound with oil, and conſequently with ſulphur and air. And indeed as they contain the rudiments of future Vegetables, it was neceſſary they ſhould be ſtored with principles, that would both preſerve them from putrefaction, and alſo be active in promoting Germination and Vegetation.

And as oil is an excellent preſervative againſt cold, ſo it abounds in the ſap of the more northern trees. And it is this by which the ever-greens are enabled to keep their leaves all the winter.

Leaves not only bring nouriſhment from the lower parts within the attraction of the growing fruit, (which like young animals is furniſhed with proper inſtruments to ſuck it thence) but alſo carry off redundant watry fluids, while they imbibe the dew and rain, which contain much ſalt and ſulphur; for the air is full of acid and ſulphureous particles; and the various combinations of theſe, are doubtleſs very ſerviceable in promoting

promoting the work of Vegetation. Indeed ſo fine a fluid as the air, is a more proper medium, wherein to prepare and combine, the more exalted principles of Vegetables, than the groſs watry fluid of the ſap. And that there is plenty of theſe particles in the leaves is evident, from the ſulphureous exudations often found on their edges. To theſe refined aërial particles, not only the moſt racy, generous taſte of fruits, but likewiſe the moſt grateful odours of flowers, yea, and their beautiful colours are probably owing.

In order to ſupply tender ſhoots with nouriſhment, nature is careful to furniſh, at ſmall diſtances, the young ſhoots of all ſorts of trees, with many leaves throughout their whole length, which as ſo many jointly acting powers, draw plenty of ſap to them.

The like proviſion has nature made, in the corn, graſs, and reed-kind: the leafy ſpires, which draw nouriſhment to each joint, being provided long before the ſtem ſhoots: the tender ſtems would eaſily break, or dry up, ſo as to prevent their growth, had not theſe ſcabbards been provided, which both ſupport and keep them in a ſupple and ductile ſtate.

The growth of a young bud to a ſhoot, conſiſts in the gradual dilation and extention of every part, till it is ſtretched out to its full length. And the capillary tubes ſhall retain their hollowneſs, notwithſtanding their being extended, as we ſee melted glaſs-tubes remain hollow, though drawn out to the fineſt thread.

The pith of trees is always full of moiſture, while the ſhoot is growing, by the expanſion of which, the tender, ductile ſhoot is diſtended in every part. But when each year's ſhoot is fully grown, then the pith gradually dries up. Mean time nature carefully provides for the growth of the ſucceeding year, by preſerving a tender, ductile part in the bud, replete with ſucculent pith. Great care is likewiſe taken to keep the parts between the bark and wood always

ſupple

ſupple with ſlimy moiſture, from which ductile matter the woody fibres, veſicles, and buds are formed.

The great variety of different ſubſtances in the ſame Vegetable proves, that there are peculiar veſſels for conveying different ſorts of nutriment. In many Vegetables ſome of thoſe veſſels are plainly ſeen full of milky, yellow, or red nutriment.

Where a ſecretion is deſigned to compoſe a hard ſubſtance, viz. the kernel or ſeed of hard-ſtone fruits, it does not immediately grow from the ſtone, which would be the ſhorteſt way to convey nouriſhment to it. But the umbilical veſſel fetches a compaſs round the concave of the ſtone, and then enters the kernel near its cone. By this artifice the veſſel being much prolonged, the motion of the ſap is thereby retarded, and a viſcid nutriment conveyed to the ſeed, which turns to a hard ſubſtance.

Let us trace the Vegetation of a tree, from the ſeed to its full maturity. When the ſeed is ſown, in a few days it imbibes ſo much moiſture, as to ſwell with very great force, by which it is enabled both to ſtrike its roots down, and to force its ſtem out of the ground. As it grows up, the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth order of lateral branches ſhoot out, each lower order being longer than thoſe immediately above them: not only as ſhooting firſt, but becauſe inſerted nearer the root, and ſo drawing greater plenty of ſap. So that a tree is a complicated engine, which has as many different powers as it has branches. And the whole of each yearly growth of the tree, is proportioned to the whole of the nouriſhment they attract.

But leaves alſo are ſo neceſſary to promote its growth, that nature provides ſmall, thin, expanſions, which may be called primary Leaves, to draw nouriſhment to the buds and young ſhoots, before the leaf is expanded. Theſe bring nutriment to them in a quantity ſufficient for their ſmall demand: a greater quantity of which is afterward provided,

in

in proportion to their need, by the greater expanſion of the leaves. A ſtill more beautiful apparatus we find in the curious expanſions of bloſſoms and flowers, which both protect and convey nouriſhment to the embryo fruit and ſeeds. But as ſoon as the calix is formed into a ſmall fruit, containing a minute, ſeminal tree, the bloſſom falls off, leaving it to imbibe nouriſhment for itſelf, which is brought within the reach of its ſuction, by the adjoining leaves.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 361.]

SYPONTUS being put to the rack, confeſſed the letter, found in Victorina's box, was his, and totally cleared Victorina from having any part in it. Upon which he was condemned to loſe his head between the two columns at St. Mark's Place; and being brought upon the ſcaffold, confeſſed the murder to all the ſpectators, but took it entirely upon himſelf, and declared on the words of a dying man, that Victorina was abſolutely innocent of it. But ſhe was afterwards ſent for into the court; but ſhe boldly denied all, and was in open court acquitted and diſcharged.

Six months were ſcarcely paſt, ſince the murder of her huſband Souranza, and the execution of her inamerato Sypontus, but Victorina throwing off her mourning, adorned herſelf with her richeſt jewels, and reſolved to have a ſecond huſband. Among the crowd of ſuitors which her great wealth and beauty brought her, ſhe fixed her eyes on Signor Ludovico Faſſino, a handſome young gentleman, rich and nobly deſcended, but extremely vicious and debauched, which her parents underſtanding, they uſed all the means in their power

to

to break off the match, but all to no purpoſe; for having followed their commands in her firſt marriage, ſhe was reſolved to ſatisfy her own pleaſure in this, and ſo had not been acquainted with Faſſino above ten days before ſhe married him. Scarce was a month paſſed ſince their nuptials, but he left her to follow his old courſe of debauchery; now ſhe was become a married widow; and as jealouſy has more eyes than Argus, ſhe employed them all to find out who were the perſons that drew his affections from her, and learnt, that the lady Palerina had more of his company than any one elſe. At firſt ſhe endeavoured by all the endearments of love, to recover his ſtraggling heart; but theſe having no effect upon him, ſhe ſtormed, and in moſt ſharp and ſevere terms, reproached him for his unkindneſs, who muſt now be ſlighted for the company of an impudent and common courtezan. Signor Faſſino paid no regard to what ſhe ſaid, but purſued the ſame lewd courſes; upon which Victorina vowed revenge, and ſo concluded ſecretly to poiſon him; and to that purpoſe, ſent to Auguſtino, an Apothecary, to whom ſhe offered three hundred zechins to do her this ſervice, who very honeſtly refuſed it, and perſuaded her to better thoughts; but ſhe perſiſting in her deſign, reſolved to do it herſelf, and procured poiſon from a ſtrange empiric, who was then at the city of Venice, and waited for an opportunity to adminiſter it.

Faſſino coming home one day and complaining of ſome diſorder, he deſired his wife to make him ſome comfortable broth: ſhe ordered her maid Felicia to get ſome ready, then going up to her cloſet, fetched down the poiſon, and having ſent Felicia from the fire, put two parts into the broth, and kept the third by her. Victorina, who no leſs intended a revenge on Felicia too, for diſcovering Sypontus's letter, ordered her to carry the broth to Faſſino, which he ſupped up, whilſt ſhe went up and laid the other part of the poiſon in Felicia's trunk. About an hour after, the poiſon began to

operate with Faſſino, who called for his wife, and told her, he feared Felicia had poiſoned him, and deſired ſhe would ſend for his friends and relations, who found him ready to expire, and cried out with one conſent, "He is poiſoned." Victorina accuſed Felicia, which dying Faſſino confirmed; upon which ſhe was apprehended, and carried before the criminal judges, where, with tears and cries, ſhe endeavoured to juſtify her innocence; but Faſſino being now dead, and there appearing all probable circumſtances of Felicia's guilt, ſhe was hurried away to priſon.

Three days after, being brought upon her trial, ſhe confeſſed that ſhe had given him broth, but knew nothing of any poiſon in it; being aſked, if any body elſe meddled with the broth, ſhe anſwered, "No, not to her knowledge; but ſhe was afraid it was a contrivance of her lady's to be revenged on her, for a former grudge." Upon this, the criminal judges went to Faſſino's houſe, ſecured Victorina, and ſearched all the boxes, trunks, and cheſts, but found nothing till they came to Felicia's, and there diſcovered the remaining part of the poiſon; upon which ſhe was condemned to be hanged on the morrow at St. Mark's Place, and Victorina was diſcharged.

Accordingly the next morning the ſorrowful Felicia was brought to the place of execution, attended by the mourners of the ſeignory, as is the cuſtom of Venice, where ſhe modeſtly aſcended the ladder, with ſilent penſiveneſs and affliction; and moſt of the numerous ſpectators were in tears, at the ſight of ſo beautiful a young woman, brought to ſo infamous a death, eſpecially when, with hands and eyes lifted up, ſhe called heaven to witneſs to her innocence. She ſaid, that although ſhe had nothing to ſay of her own knowledge to accuſe her lady with, concerning this fact, yet in her belief ſhe was guilty of it; but that as ſhe deſired to die a Chriſtian, ſhe hoped that God would forgive her as ſhe did.

The

The executioner being now juſt ready to do his office, Auguſtino, the Apothecary, happened to land at St. Mark's ſtairs, and ſeeing a young woman in that ſituation, demanded who ſhe was, and her crime? Upon which the whole circumſtances being related to him, he remembered Victorina's having tempted him to the ſame murder, wherefore he believed the maid innocent, and the miſtreſs guilty; therefore he haſted to the gallery of the Doge's palace, where the officers ſat to ſee the execution done, which he deſired might be ſtopped for awhile, becauſe he had ſomething material to diſcover in relation to Faſſino's murder. Auguſtino then in a diſcreet manner, informed the judges of what Victorina had offered to him to undertake that buſineſs, the time and place, when and where ſhe would have ſeduced him, for three hundred zechins, to have poiſoned her huſband.

The judges were much ſurprized; but ſeeing the deportment of Auguſtino, gave entire credit to him, and bleſſed God for ſending him at that critical juncture of time, to prevent their ſhedding the innocent blood of Felicia, who was ſent back from the place of execution to the priſon; and orders were immediately given for apprehending Victorina, who was exulting on the ſucceſs of all her bloody ſchemes.

The judges ordered her to be confronted by Auguſtino, who now made good his former allegation. At firſt ſhe denied every thing; but being adjudged to the rack, acquitted Felicia, and acknowledged herſelf guilty, both of her firſt and ſecond huſband's murder. Upon this confeſſion, the innocent Felicia was ſet at liberty, and Victorina condemned to be hanged at St. Mark's Place, the next morning; which was accordingly executed.

Could the power of ſin defend us from the puniſhment, or the fading pleaſures of it comfort us in our ſufferings for it, we might have ſome encouragement to be wicked; but

when our utmoſt reward is to be compleatly miſerable, he that is guilty of it ſins againſt his own reaſon, and to be ſure not to be happy, purchaſes his own damnation at the price of his immortal ſoul.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Of ſeveral Errors of the Tongue.

[*Continued from page* 363.]

AT no hand utter one blaſphemous title againſt God, his bleſſed angels, and his holy religion, either in earneſt or in ſport, though lewd atheiſts account it but a *peccadillo*, and make this practice their recreation. *John Boccatius*, a Florentine was exceeding faulty in this particular in his book of jeſts, which, for this reaſon, all virtuous perſons juſtly condemn. It was a grave injunction of *Pythagoras* to his ſcholars, That they ſhould never aſſert any thing of God without light, that is, otherwiſe than he has revealed himſelf unto us; for like the ſun he can be ſeen only by his own beams. We muſt ſpeak the truth of him with caution and reverence, with fear and trembling, ſaid *Plato* well, who ſeverely reprehends *Homer* for his raſh fables of the luſts and contentions of the gods. It is dangerous to play with a flaming ſword, and to twitch a lion by the beard; and a ſtrange romantic courage to run merrily upon a cannon's mouth, and to attempt the dethroning of the Almighty; and an unpardonable folly to droll away the hopes of future bliſs, and adventure the loſing of heaven, rather than an unprofitable jeſt. I have heard of a club of atheiſtical villains, who made it their buſineſs at their meetings, to abuſe God, and deride

deride all the myſteries of Chriſtianity, behaving themſelves as inſolently towards the divine Majeſty, as the Grecians did towards their Mercury, who were wont, inſtead of worſhipping, to throw ſtones at him. The old Romans put *Valerius Soranus* to death, becauſe he profaned the ſecrets of their religion. And well do they deſerve the moſt exquiſite torments that can be inflicted, who will run infinite hazards for ſo inſipid and fruitleſs a folly. Nor does he that prates diſhonourably of ſacred things, merit puniſhment merely for being a platonic lover of wickedneſs, but becauſe he demonſtrates himſelf to be an ill-bred clown too; for ſuch language grates the ears of good men, and forces them haſtily to quit the place. So *Euſebius* relates St. *John* did, when in a bath at *Epheſus*, he heard *Cerinthus* belch out prodigious blaſphemies; and no ſooner was he gone, but the bath fell down and cruſhed *Cerinthus*, and his companions to death. And we read of *Olympius*, an Arian Biſhop in *Africa*, that preſently after he had ſcoffed at the ineffable myſtery of the bleſſed Trinity, was in the ſight of a great aſſembly ſtricken with lightning and burnt to aſhes.

In all your diſcourſe, take heed as much as you can, how you let fall any words which may ſignify your life and actions to be irregular: for generally men deteſt thoſe vices in others, which they indulge and cheriſh in themſelves. The Germans have a proverb to this ſenſe, that There is no mother ſo lewd, but deſires her children ſhould be virtuouſly educated.

It is likewiſe unfit to talk of things which ſuit not with the ſeaſon, and perſons preſent, though they are ſuch, as in due time and place would be not only innocent, but uſeful and beneficial too. It is confeſſed, that (all circumſtances rightly conſidered) we have more reaſon to be afflicted, than to be jovial; for our life is but a little ſpan, and it is divided betwixt folly and miſery, doing nothing, and that which is to no good purpoſe; and the loudeſt laughter commonly

monly ends in the deepeſt ſigh, and tragedies perhaps were at firſt invented to prevent the misfortunes and crimes of the age upon a theatre to open view, that ſo they might draw tears from their eyes who were moſt concerned, and cure them of their infirmities, and ſhame them into ſobriety: but notwithſtanding, it is not handſome to make men ſad, when they come with deſign to refreſh themſelves, and to lay aſide their diſtracting heavy thoughts. A certain French nobleman ſuſpecting another to be more familiar with his lady than he judged fit, privily thruſt him through the body; and when he had done ſo, ript up his breaſt, and tore out his heart, and minced it into ſmall bits, and peppered and ſalted it, and then gave it to his lady to eat: which as ſoon as ſhe diſcovered, ſhe threw herſelf headlong out of a window, and brake her neck. Her huſband immediately fled; and ſhe and her gallant were both buried in the ſame grave. But it is a great deal better to hold one's peace, than at ſuch times to torment people with ſuch melancholy ſtories.

Nor does he commit a leſs indiſcretion, that does nothing but babble in commendation of his wife and children: Did you ever ſee in all your life a prettier boy than mine? What ſweet features, and what ingenious conceits he has? Is not my wife a lovely woman? Upon my word ſhe has wit at will: it is not to be thought how prudently ſhe manages her affairs. Few I ſuppoſe are ſo unemployed, as to be at leiſure to liſten to, and ſo patient as not to be vexed at ſuch idle impertinencies as theſe are.

[*To be continued.*]

An

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

[*Continued from page* 367.]

Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.

I Agree with Dr. Priestley, that "in all investigations relating to human nature, the Philosopher will attentively consider appearances, and will not have recourse to more causes than are necessary to account for them." "He sees, adds the Doctor, a stone whirled round in a string, and the planets perform their revolutions in circular orbits, and he judges from similar appearances, that they are all retained in their orbits by powers that draw them towards the centers of their respective motions. Again, a stone tends towards the earth by a power which is called gravity, and because, supposing the planets to have the same tendency to the sun, that the stone has to the earth, and to have been projected in tangents to their present orbits, they would revolve exactly as they are now observed to do, the Philosopher for that reason, concludes that the force which retains them in their orbits, is the very same power as gravity." Here we may observe, that supposing (in his words) "the planets to have the same tendency to the sun, that the stone has to the earth, and to have been projected in tangens to their present orbits," yet they might or might not have revolved exactly as they now do; but in ellipses more or less eccentrical, according to the different celerity arising from the projectile force impressed at the first along the tangent lines, by Almighty God. Nay so great might the projectile force have been, that their present centripetal force towards the sun, could not have reduced the projectile force, or have made

them

them revolve about the ſame at all. In ſuch a caſe, the paths deſcribed would have been parabolas or hyperbolas, and the ſun would have been the focus of the figure deſcribed. Yet as this is not eſſential to the matter in hand, I will proceed with Dr. Prieſtley (page 26) to "conſider the actions of men in the ſame natural view," that is, not multiplying cauſes without neceſſity, "Whenever any perſon (ſays he) makes a choice or comes to any reſolution, there are two circumſtances which are evidently concerned in it, viz. what we call the previous diſpoſition of the mind, with reſpect to love or hatred; for example, approbation or diſapprobation, of certain objects, &c. and the ideas of external objects, then preſent to the mind, that is, the view of the objects which the choice or reſolution reſpects." Very well, with ſuch a *previous diſpoſition of the mind*, and *view of the objects*, I will proceed to examine what follows, "Let (ſays he, page 27) the objects be two kinds of fruit, apples and peaches. Let it be ſuppoſed that I am fond of the former, and have an averſion to the latter, and that I am diſpoſed to eat fruit. In theſe circumſtances, the moment they are preſented to me, I take the apples, and leave the peaches." Very true; ſo it may be. The matter is not what I actually do in theſe circumſtances, but whether my mind has a power of ſelf-determination enabling me to do otherwiſe. Dr. Prieſtley aſſerts that I have not, but that "in the ſame diſpoſition to eat fruit, and retaining my predilection for apples, I ſhould always infallibly do the ſame thing." The reaſon, or "cauſe of this choice (Dr. Prieſtley ſays) was evidently my liking of apples and my diſliking of peaches; and though an inclination or affection of mind, be not gravity, it influences me, and acts upon me as certainly, and neceſſarily as this power does upon a ſtone." I have before ſhown, that gravity does not always certainly and neceſſarily influence and act upon bodies ſo as to cauſe them to fall down or deſcend; much leſs does an inclination or affection of mind, certainly

certainly and neceſſarily determined the choice of the mind. Suppoſe with Dr. Prieſtley, that two kinds of fruit, apples and peaches, are preſented to me; that I am fond of apples or deſire them, that I am not ſo fond of peaches, but have rather an averſion to them; and alſo that I am diſpoſed to eat one of the two. In ſuch a caſe, if a man ſeriouſly conſiders the power with which he is conſcious to himſelf he is endued, can he ſay that he muſt neceſſarily eat apples, and neceſſarily refrain from eating peaches? I have been in the very ſituation, the ſame diſpoſition of mind; the ſame view of the objects, with a predeliction for apples, and yet I did not eat either. Surely in this ſituation, a man has power to take and eat a peach, notwithſtanding even a vehement deſire for an apple, or he has power to refrain taſting either. Our will appears to be in the power of the mind to determine upon action or non-action at pleaſure, though love, hatred, fear, &c. are paſſions or affections of the mind, and the mind ſo far as influenced by them appears to be wholly paſſive. If I love any object whatever, I may eaſily perceive that I cannot in the leaſt abate or diminiſh that love, ſo long as the object appears to me in the ſame amiable light. On the contrary, if it once appears to me in a leſs lovely view, my love will diminiſh exactly in proportion. If I ſtrive ever ſo earneſtly, I cannot raiſe my love of it to the former pitch, nor by any means increaſe my love for it one jot, unleſs I can make it appear more lovely. On the contrary, if by any means the ſame object becomes much more lovely in appearance, my love immediately increaſes in the ſame proportion. The ſame will hold good with regard to fear and other paſſions of the mind. Deſire to enjoy any thing, alſo increaſes or diminiſhes exactly in proportion to the real or imaginary good, attending the ſame, without our being able to increaſe or abate that deſire, ſo long as we are willing to attend to it; yet notwithſtanding that, we have a power of choice, which is able to reſtrain

us so far from acting even according to our vehement desires that we can keep them down within proper bounds, and frequently so overcome them that we are not necessitated to indulge them at all. Nay, so far is an affection or desire for the apples from necessarily influencing me, that I am able, by the power of self-determination, entirely to overcome my desire for apples, and not to taste them at all. If I have no power to restrain my desires, how can I be blameable if I drink any liquor which I desire till I be intoxicated? or, if I endeavour, by every means possible, to enjoy the first agreeable woman I meet, provided I have a desire so to do? No, thank God, I perceive in myself a power of self-determination, an active power in my mind, by which I am enabled frequently to overcome any irregular desire however vehement, without being as certainly and necessarily determined thereby as a stone is determined by gravity to fall.

[*To be continued.*]

The surest and safest WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 370.]

DANIEL WALDOW, Esq; Citizen and Mercer, who was chosen Alderman of London, is a farther proof of this doctrine. I could from mine own experience speak much of his bounty and charity; as also of that plentiful estate wherewith God blessed him thereupon. But I shall rather give it you in the words of that holy man, and blessed servant of Christ, Mr. *James Nalton*, now with God, who was more intimately acquainted with Mr. *Waldow*, and therefore more fit to preach his funeral sermon. His words are these,

He

He was a man eminent, and exemplary in the grace of charity; as appeared by his great bounty manifeſted on every occaſion. Never any good man, Miniſter or other, came to propound any work of charity, public or private, that needed to do any more than propound it: for his heart was ſo ſet upon works of mercy, that he prevented importunity, by his chriſtian and heroic liberality. He made no more of giving ten pounds to a work of charity, than many other rich men make of giving ten ſhillings.

Many, I know, are apt to ſay, they have many children, and therefore cannot give. So had Mr. *Waldow*. He had nine children alive at his death; but the providing for them was no obſtruction to his charity, nor prejudice to his children, but did rather entail a bleſſing upon them.

Mr. *John Walter*, Citizen and Draper of *London*, was ſignally charitable, not only at his death, but in the whole courſe of his life, even from his younger years. His own expreſſions tranſcribed out of his laſt will and teſtament, are as follow.

"I thought fit to declare, that about twenty years paſt, when the Lord had entruſted me with a convenient eſtate, ſufficient to maintain my charge, and afford fit portions for my wife and children after my deceaſe; I reſolved what future eſtate the Lord ſhould be pleaſed to entruſt me with, to beſtow the ſame on charitable uſes."

After this vow, finding his eſtate wonderfully encreaſed, he began to build alms-houſes; one in the pariſh of St. George in Southwark, another in St. Mary. Newington; becauſe in thoſe pariſhes he obſerved many blind, lame, diſtreſſed poor people, and never an alms-houſe in them. Having built his alms-houſes, with the poor's ſtock, he bought lands and houſes of inheritance, which he ſettled upon the Company of Drapers, for the relief and ſupport of his alms-people, after his deceaſe. While he lived, he was wont to go once a month to his alms-houſes in his worſt clothes (that he

might not be ſuſpected to be the founder of them) and gave the poor people their promiſed allowance. With the remainder of the poor's ſtock (which daily encreaſed with God's bleſſing) he relieved poor people, and families with conſiderable ſums of money; and gave much bread weekly to the poor of ſeveral out-pariſhes. All this he did whilſt yet living; beſides what he gave upon the like account at his death; which was alſo very conſiderable. Notwithſtanding all this, he left to his daughters ten thouſand pounds.

William Pennoyer, Eſq; Citizen and Merchant of *London*, was a perſon wholly compoſed of mercy and goodneſs, bounty and liberality, which he expreſſed in the whole courſe of his life, even from his firſt ſetting up in the world. Many years before his death he turned great part of the ſtock wherewith he traded into lands of inheritance, to the value of 4000l. per annum; and being eminently charitable, he lived as frugally as he could, ſpending about 200l. a year upon himſelf, wife and family; and the remaining part of his incomes, he wholly beſtowed on charitable uſes; as I have been informed by thoſe who have lived long with him, and were nearly related to him.

To give you a clear demonſtration of his Chriſtian charity, and of God's recompenſing the ſame unto him here in this life with temporal bleſſings; I ſhall recite ſome of his legacies bequeathed in his laſt will and teſtament, to charitable uſes, paſſing by ſuch as he gave to his rich kindred and acquaintance.

To poor Miniſters, widows and others in diſtreſs about 150l.

To four of his poor tenants 20l.

Likewiſe 800l. to be laid out here in woollen-cloth, or other commodities, to be ſent to *New-England*, for the uſe of his poor kindred there.

He gave to certain truſtees lands to the value of twenty pounds per annum, to pay for teaching of forty boys at ſchool.

To

To Briſtol 54l. per annum, towards the maintenance of a ſchool-maſter, and lecturer, to preach a week day lecture there; and to other charitable uſes.

He likewiſe ſettled 20l. per annum on truſtees, for the teaching of forty poor children in or near Whitechapel: and forty ſhillings yearly to buy Bibles for ſome of the children.

He gave 12l. per annum for the maintaining a ſchool at the *Hay* in *Brecknockſhire*; and forty ſhillings more yearly to buy books for the ſcholars.

As alſo 10l. per annum for the maintenance of poor diſtreſſed people in the Hoſpital of Bethlehem in *London*. And 10l. per annum to ten of the blindeſt, oldeſt, and pooreſt Clothworkers, at the diſcretion of the maſter, wardens and aſſiſtants of the ſaid Company for the time being.

He gave 40l. per annum to Chriſt-Church-Hoſpital, for the placing out four children yearly: and forty ſhillings more yearly to buy each of the children a Bible.

Beſides theſe, he gave to his poor kindred above 2000l. by his will.

And by a codicil annexed thereunto, he bequeathed to certain truſtees 1000l. to be given to honeſt poor people; as alſo 300l. for releaſing poor priſoners: which ſums have been paid into the hands of the truſtees by Mr. *Richard Loton*, and *Michael Daviſon*, Eſq; who to their honour have approved themſelves faithful executors to this charitable will.

Thomas Arnold, Citizen and Haberdaſher of *London*: at firſt ſetting up for himſelf, his ſtock was not great; but being charitably diſpoſed, and ready to every good work, his eſtate, through God's bleſſing very much increaſed.

His charity in his life-time appeared not only by his forwardneſs to communicate to the relief of ſuch whom he ſaw in want; but likewiſe his frequent enquiring of others, after ſuch poor people as were over-burthened with children, or otherwiſe diſtreſſed. He hired men with money to make it their buſineſs to find out honeſt poor people, on whom he might

might beſtow his charity; and likewiſe did entruſt others with conſiderable ſums of money, to diſtribute among the pooreſt ſort, charging them to have ſpecial reſpect to the honeſt poor, ſuch whom they conceived did truly fear God. He was no loſer, but a gainer by his liberality; for God ſo bleſſed him in his calling, that he attained to an Alderman's eſtate, and was choſen to that office. Afterwards he gave over his calling in the city, and withdrew himſelf into the country, that he might the better mind his God, and the concern of his ſoul more and the world leſs.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jeſus Chriſt.

[*Continued from page* 372.]

THE account then that the Spirit of God has given us of the primitive perfection and conſequent decay of nature, is this: That God created every thing in its kind, and communicated powers to every ſort of creatures of perpetuating their ſpecies. That he furniſhed this majeſtic palace of the world with a profuſion of magnificence and beauty, for the ſervice of man, the prince he was to introduce into it. That having prepared all things for his reception, he then forms this divine creature, as it were with more than ordinary care after his own image; to which production the whole ſacred Trinity is repreſented as in conſult and concurrence. *And God*

God said let us make man, in our image, after our likeneſs, and let them have dominion over the fiſh of the ſea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth: ſo God created man in his own image; which is ſo ennobling a character, that the holy Penman cannot eaſily paſs it over; dwelling upon the thoughts of it, and reduplicating the expreſſion, *In the image of God created he him. Male and female created he them. And God bleſſed them, and God ſaid unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and ſubdue it.*

What great things might not be preſumed of ſo admirable a creature, ſo favoured by God before, at, and after his creation? How perfect and happy muſt man be formed by the great council of heaven, created after the image of God, then bleſſed by the mouth of his Maker, and inſtated in full authority to govern the whole inferior creation? But alas! the effect was not anſwerable to theſe promiſing hopes: the greater was his exaltation, the greater was his fall: he had not long enjoined his being, before he had loſt the perfection of it; and that cheaply, fooliſhly, in full light, and under the expreſs threatening of that miſery he brought upon himſelf. For God laid but one command upon him as the teſt of his obedience, and ſo bound it upon his will by the ſevereſt ſanction of death and miſery, as made it his higheſt intereſt as well as duty to obſerve it: and yet this one command he would not keep, though enforced by all the arguments of duty and gratitude, intereſt and ſelf-preſervation.

What could be the reaſon of ſuch a ſtrange apoſtacy in a creature that could not but be full of grateful reſentments for the infinite obligations he had juſt received from his Maker? Shall we ſay the command was impoſſible to be performed? No, it was eaſy and practicable. *And the Lord commanded the man, ſaying, of every tree of the garden thou mayeſt freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou*

thou ſhalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely die.

Certainly then it muſt be the greateſt aggravation of the offence, to ſin ſo preſumptuouſly againſt an expreſs injunction, where the danger was ſo great, and the invitation to it ſo ſmall: where God was the perſon to be diſobeyed, and death was the purchaſe of the diſobedience. Such therefore was the reſult of it; God reſents the indignity, and puniſhes it in proportion to the heightening circumſtances of its guilt: he makes good his threatening upon this rebellious creature, whom the ſame day ſees happy and miſerable.

Here evil firſt begins to ſhew its envenomed head: the error of the firſt man brought forth ſin, and ſin conceiving, brought forth death: he that before had the reins of a whole world in his hand, was now deſerted and outraged by his vaſſals, and forced with the ſweat of his brow to ſupport a miſerable life, by the culture of an earth which God had curſed. *Becauſe thou haſt eaten of the tree which I commanded thee, ſaying, thou ſhalt not eat, curſed is the ground for thy ſake, in ſorrow thou ſhalt eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns alſo and thiſtles ſhall it bring forth unto thee, and thou ſhalt eat the herb of the field. In the ſweat of thy face thou ſhalt eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for duſt thou art, and unto duſt thou ſhalt return,* Gen. iii. 17, 18, 19. By this offence of one, it was, that judgment came not only upon himſelf, but upon all men to condemnation. Here we diſcover the fountain head of that continued torrent of ſin and miſery, which had never been diſcerned had not God thought fit to record a tranſaction, which ſo much tends to vindicate his juſtice, in condemning the world for Adam's ſin, and to exalt his mercy in pardoning it, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt.

Now this being a fact which drew after it the greateſt conſequences, ſinking man on the one hand into the deepeſt gulph of miſery, and exalting him on the other to the higheſt pitch of happineſs; and the knowledge of it being of the greateſt

greateſt importance, and beſides, being a fact that happening ſome thouſand years ago, has found ſome prophane enough to call the truth of it into queſtion, and others bold enough to arraign the wiſdom of God in permitting it to come to paſs; it cannot be thought uſeleſs to try if our reaſon will not, when faithfully conſulted, plead for God, and juſtify the Divine proceedings in the fall and reſtoration of mankind; only let our reaſon in its reſearches into the deep things of God be modeſt and ſubmiſſive, and endeavour no explications of them, but what are perfectly conſiſtent with the analogy of faith.

[*To be continued.*]

RELIGION *the foundation of* CONTENT: *an Allegory.*

[*Concluded from page* 376.]

IN the firſt moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſecreſy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me, not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulneſs; but pale and dejected, ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatneſs. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity.

I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "Haſſan, ſaid he, what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what

can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of whoſe joy was in thine own boſom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the preſumption of his ſervant, who rather than utter a falſhood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched, by the loſs of that which I never poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed wiſhes which indeed I am not worthy thou ſhouldſt ſatisfy; but why ſhould it be thought, that he who was happy in obſcurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?" When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. Haſſan, ſaid he, I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I miſtook thy character. I now diſcover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only becauſe their objects were too remote to rouſe them. I cannot therefore inveſt thee with authority, becauſe I would not ſubject my people to oppreſſion; and becauſe I would not be compelled to puniſh thee for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify the wiſhes that I excited, let thy heart accuſe me of injuſtice, and thou continue ſtill a ſtranger to thyſelf. Ariſe, therefore, and follow me."——I ſprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an extaſy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the Caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the ſeraglio; I was attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were ſent from his own table; I received every week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon diſcovered, that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no ſlumbers ſo ſweet as thoſe which wearineſs invited;

and

and no time ſo well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered theſe enjoyments with regret; and while I was ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were ſuddenly taken away.

Amalic, in the midſt of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſuddenly in the bath: ſuch thou knoweſt was the deſtiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His ſon Albubekir, who ſucceeded to the throne, was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he ſuddenly withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I ſhould be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the ſenſibility of pride.

O! let not thy heart deſpiſe me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happineſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me, this leſſon had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleaſures of neither can return.——Haſſan having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together; and looking upward, burſt into tears.

Omar having waited till this agony was paſt, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "Me ſon, ſaid he, more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Albubekir take away. The leſſon of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou waſt once contented with poverty and labour, only becauſe they were become habitual, and eaſe and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when eaſe and affluence

approached thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour no more. That which became the objects, was alſo the bound of thy hope; and he, whoſe utmoſt hope is diſappointed, muſt inevitably be wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the delights of paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by the tenor of thy life thoſe delights had been ſecured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldſt not have regretted, that leſs was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of ſoul; and the diſtreſs which is now ſuffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy truſt in Him, who alone can gratify the wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy thy ſoul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of which, the world is as a drop of the bucket, and the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy labour; thy food ſhall be again taſteful, and thy reſt ſhall be ſweet. To thy content alſo will be added ſtability, when it depends, not upon that which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt.

A ſummary VIEW *of the* SLAVE TRADE.

[*Concluded from page* 381.]

PART I.

I. AFRICA has two ſorts of commodities to offer, viz. the *productions of its ſoil* and *negroe-ſlaves*.

As it is impoſſible that we can trade ſucceſsfully in both of them at the ſame time, (one of them having hitherto proved an

an inſuperable impediment to the other) the queſtion is, in which of the two is it moſt *politic* to deal.

The one is replete with miſery and deſtruction to the human race, and is beneficial only to a few *individuals*; whereas the other, conſiſting of cotton, indigo, tobacco, rice, coffee, ſpices, drugs, mahogany, dying woods, wax, ambergris, honey, ivory, gold, &c. would be of *national* advantage, as it would amply repay us for the loſs of America, break the monopoly of the Dutch, be the cheapeſt market for raw materials for our manufacturers, open a new and extenſive market for our manufactures, improve the revenue, and be attended with other public benefits.

II. The negroe-trade, as has been obſerved before, is profitable but to a few; it is ruinous to ſome, and it is hazardous at the beſt: none of which circumſtances would be peculiar to the other trade.

III. The negroe-trade is bad, in one point of view, both for the merchant and manufacturer. The former receives for his ſlaves bills at eighteeen, twenty-four, and ſometimes thirty-ſix months after ſight. The credit, which the latter is obliged to give, is eighteen months. Whereas the merchant and manufacturer in the trade alluded to, would receive their returns twice, if not three times within the year.

IV. The negroe-trade deſtroys, from the very *nature of it*, near 20,000 of our ſeamen annually. The loſs of theſe is of the utmoſt importance to a people, whoſe welfare, nay, whoſe exiſtence, in the preſent political ſituation of Europe, as a commercial nation, depends upon their naval ſtrength and importance. The loſs can never be compenſated by any emoluments, which individuals may obtain in the trade. Whereas the trade alluded to, even if the *ſame ſhips* and *men* were employed, would not diſſipate them as at preſent, but become a *nurſery* inſtead of being a *grave*.

V. The

V. The negroe-trade (i. e.) a branch of it, by enabling the French to clear and cultivate new land in St. Domingo (which they are unable to do to the extent of their wiſhes without our aſſiſtance) is replete with the moſt pernicious conſequences to the Britiſh nation.

This iſland, if fully cultivated, can produce more ſugar than all our iſlands together. Every lot of ſlaves, which we import there, enables them to clear an additional acre. Every acre ſo gained ſupplies additional produce. This produce employs additional ſhips to old France. Nor does the evil ſtop here, a new fleet of ſhips is raiſed for them in exporting this produce to other countries. Now, if we conſider that French ſhips carry double the number of men that ours of the ſame burthen do, we ſhall find that we are enabling our enemies by this branch of the trade, to diſpute with us the ſovereignty of the ſeas.

PART II.

The firſt ſection contains an account of *ſeven* plantations, which have wanted *no* ſupplies for ſome years. But it muſt be obſerved, that on theſe plantations the negroes were treated with humanity, and population was encouraged. Indeed on one of them, where the treatment was ſuperior to that of the reſt, the numbers increaſed ſo much, that the plantation was overſtocked.

The author ſhews, from theſe inſtances, that if a planter treats his ſlaves well, and encourages population, they *muſt* increaſe. But that, if the ſame plantation falls into the hands of an avaricious and unfeeling man, it muſt go back in a few years, and require ſupplies.

He then ſtates, that if the ſlave-trade is aboliſhed, the planters will be obliged to treat their ſlaves with humanity, and encourage population; and, of courſe, that the iſlands can never be in want of cultivators.

He

He then goes into the various cauſes of the diminution of ſlaves in the colonies; and ſhews, that all theſe cauſes will be removed if the ſlave-trade is aboliſhed.

One of them is this: When a ſlave-ſhip arrives in the colonies, her cargo invariably conſiſts of two thirds male, and the remainder female. This is but a bad proportion of the ſexes for propagation. But when they are put up to ſale, an avaricious planter, who can give a better price than his neighbour, and who will not ſuffer the pregnancy of women to ſtop the work of his plantation, buys them in a ſtill greater diſproportion, viz. in that of five to one; his views being chiefly confined to the males. The females fall moſtly to the lot of the indigent and involved, who cannot favour them. Hence a ſeparation of the ſexes; otherwiſe it would never happen that ſo many thouſands of both ſexes, annually imported into the colonies, ſhould paſs away, in a little time, and ſcarcely leave a ſeed behind them.

Now if the importations are ſtopped, and ſufficient previous notice is given of the event, the avaricious planter, who formerly purchaſed males alone, will *be obliged* at the next ſales to purchaſe females; while thoſe on the other hand, who have the greateſt proportion of females, will in their turn purchaſe males.

He then ſhews, that much more work will be done in the ſame time; that the planter will be richer and happier; that the iſlands will be free from the inſurrections, with which they are now continually haraſſed; that the numerous ſuicides which happen, all of which are a conſiderable loſs to the planter, will be prevented: that the waſte lands in the colonies, to a prodigious extent, will be cleared and cultivated; that the revenue will, of courſe, be greatly improved; and that a foundation will be laid for a general emancipation at laſt, and for a converſion to Chriſtianity. Which, if they take place, will not only be of conſiderable advantage to the

the ſlaves themſelves, but to the planters; as their eſtates (ſo much is the balance in favour of free labour) will be doubly valuable.

To theſe conſiderations add, that if the plan of the abolition of the ſlave-trade takes place with the Engliſh alone, *many thouſand lives will be annually ſaved.*

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLXIV.

[From Miſs A. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Witney, May 19, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I May literally ſay, "I have no abiding place here." On this account I am frequently pained in my mind, as many diſagreeable circumſtances ariſes from it. Yet as it appears to be the path Infinite Wiſdom appoints me to walk in, I am enabled to ſay, "The will of the Lord be done!" Upon cloſe examination I do not find a wiſh to alter my ſituation, or remove one croſs out of my way. But ſince I ſaw you laſt, my path has been more ſtrewed with difficulties and trials, then perhaps for any three months together, ſince I have known the Lord. In general, through the help of God, I have poſſeſſed my ſoul in patience. But I fear at ſome times I have been but barely ſaved: having been ſorely tempted to peeviſhneſs and diſcontent. But O, had I a thouſand tongues, I could not be able to declare the thouſandth part of the goodneſs of God, manifeſted to me in Chriſt Jeſus. My heart reproaches me for nothing ſo much as ingratitude. I am frequently grieved, that I do not make more ample returns, for that abundance of love and mercy vouchſafed

vouchſafed to me. I am often beginning anew to glorify God; and to labour in my whole deportment, to adorn the Goſpel which I profeſs to believe. And bleſſed be God! notwithſtanding I ſtill come ſhort, I am yet encouraged to perſevere, in hope of apprehending, that, for which I am apprehended of Chriſt Jeſus. Nothing gives me ſo much pleaſure as the thought of being made holy; as I know it is the only way, of being capacitated to enjoy God, both in time and eternity.

From my own experience, as well as from ſome converſations I have had with my friends, I have been led to conſider that truth more than ever, That the talking of a juſtified or ſanctified ſtate is dangerous, without adverting to that alſo, that we are pleaſing or diſpleaſing to God every moment, according to our obedience or diſobedience. From this I have been inclined to think, that our aſſurance of the Divine favour, and confident expectation of eternal bleſſedneſs, will grow ſtronger, as we advance in meetneſs for glory. Is not this conſiſtent with our working out our ſalvation with fear and trembling?

My reaſon for thus writing is to beg your advice, as I ſeem much inclined to preſs upon the believers to labour after upright walking, in order to keep their witneſs clear. But I have ſome reaſon to think, one or two of our good people have been fearful leſt I ſhould ſet aſide "believing." But I have endeavoured to give them ſatisfaction. I believe we have ſeveral in this Society capable of improving in Chriſtian knowledge, if they had opportunity: for want of which they (indeed I may ſay *we*) know too little of the doctrines of the Goſpel. We have thought, whether it would not be advantageous to us, if a few were frequently to meet, and freely converſe as we are able, and ſo endeavour to help each other. I ſhall be very thankful for an anſwer ſoon, though I deſerve it not; and am with fervent prayers for your preſent and eternal felicity, your ever obliged,

A. B.

LETTER CCCCLXV.

[From Mrs. S. Nind, to Miſs E. Johnſon.]

Ramſbury-Park, May 20, 1778.

My dear Friend,

THROUGH divine mercy I live to give you the intelligence you deſired. I was delivered on Sunday the 28th of laſt month, when there was but a ſtep between me and death; but it pleaſed the Lord to reſtore me when the ſpirit ſeemed to be departing: ſince which I have been far better than I could have expected, and now my ſtrength is in a great meaſure returned. I was favoured with divine ſupport through the trying hour, and had ſome cheering ſights of Him, who ſaid, Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee. And I cannot but think that part of That bitter cup was ſuffered to paſs from me through the prayers of my friends.

I think I can anſwer in the affirmative to your queſtions, reſpecting my affections. I feel what makes me wonder and adore: nothing ſhort of divine power could ſo preſerve me. The Lord himſelf is King, and ſo reigns in my heart, as to keep me diſengaged and free, and does not ſuffer me to prize his gifts above himſelf; but teaches me to love him in them all.

I cannot read your letter without crying to God to accompliſh in me that work which you ſpeak of. I ſee and feel it is what I want; but I am at a loſs how to attain it. Sometimes I ſtrive to attain it by vehement prayer; at others, I think I ſhould peacefully wait in the exerciſe of faith. I hope, dear Miſs, you will write ſoon to

Your affectionate, but unworthy Siſter,

S. N.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXVI.

[From Miſs E. R. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Park-Gate, May 21, 1788.

Rev. Sir,

HOW am I indebted to the Lord for the kind concern you ſhew for my welfare! Your laſt letter cauſed much thankfulneſs; if I may judge of my future by my preſent feelings, no ſituation in life will have any tendency to obliterate from my memory a due ſenſe of the many unmerited favours which, for many years I have been receiving from you. Except I fall from grace, the gratitude my heart feels will prove eternal, and I am ready to think, in the eternal world my ſpirit will feel a peculiar union with thoſe to whom the love of Jeſus united me in ſacred bonds while ſojourning here below. Glory be to our God, for ſuch a friendſhip as eternity itſelf ſhall ripen! My ſoul can never ſufficiently adore the riches of that grace, which hath ſo brought the powers of my mind into the obedience of Chriſt—that other attachments I do not feel.

I greatly praiſe the Lord for all that has happened to me of late, and now feel the ſweetneſs of living in the will of my heavenly Father. I am wholly the Lord's, and to him my ſpirit ever bows. That path wherein I ſhall moſt glorify God, is my deliberate choice, and whether this is by doing or ſuffering his righteous will, my ſoul leaves it entirely in his dear hands. He keeps me in perfect peace, and my ſpirit drinks of the water of life. I daily walk in the light of his countenance, and feel my God a ſatisfying portion. The language of my heart is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I deſire beſides thee." Jeſus is indeed to me altogether lovely, and the faireſt among ten thouſand. My ſoul ſits beneath his ſhadow with delight and

his fruit is ſweet unto my taſte. He ſaves beyond all I could once aſk or think, and will continue to ſave to the very uttermoſt a ſoul that comes to him. All his diſpenſations are faithfulneſs and love. Many outward trials he has permitted me lately to meet with: but all are ſanctified, ſo that my daily croſſes only drive me nearer to my God. This earth I know is not my home: I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner here, as all my fathers were; but glory be to God! I ſeek a country out of ſight, a city in the ſkies, whoſe maker and builder is God: and ſometimes my ſoul ſo ſtedfaſtly beholds the glory that ſhall be revealed, that I am ready to ſay, "Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly!" But ſtill I reſt reſigned, and wait my Father's will: feeling it is even good to be here.

Help me all you can, dear Sir, to improve the flying moments as they paſs; for it is for this alone I intend to live. O that my Lord may endue me with power from on high, and make me wiſe to redeem each preſent moment.

I am truly thankful that God inclined you to publiſh the Magazines. Your dear mother's letters are excellent indeed; and it would have been a pity if the public had not been favoured with them. I truſt this work will be a bleſſing to thouſands and tens of thouſands.

May the Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, Iſaac and Jacob, abundantly bleſs you in your body, ſoul and ſpirit, and reward you for all your unmerited favours beſtowed on,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate though unworthy Servant in the Goſpel,

E. R.

POETRY.

POETRY.

TIME: *an* ELEGY.

Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

PART I.

[*Continued from page* 392.]

BUT why bemoan Creation's withéring bloom,
When Man, Creation's pride, calls forth my tears;
From youth to age gay-ripéning for the tomb,
A prey to ruthleſs Time, and waſting years?

In youth he buds like flowérets in their prime,
And moves triumphant like the vigorous day;
No wintry blaſt deforms the ſmiling clime,
But health and pleaſures bland around him play.

But O ye wiſe-inſtructed ſages, tell
When age invades, ſhall man his prime renew;
With recent blood, and bones, and fibres ſwell,
And ſhine with ſparkling eyes and roſy hue!

Ah! no. The flowérs that ſtrew the winter plain,
Though ſhrunk their leaves, and witheréd all their dyes;
Warméd by the breath of Spring drink life again,
And taſte the balmy bounties of the ſkies.

Cynthia again her dying lamp reſumes,
And Phœbus ſets to riſe with fairer day;
Again Jove's bird repairs his ruffled plumes,
And cleaves with ſwifter ſpeed thé etherial way.

But

But ah! Man's youth once o'er, is ever o'er,
And with the ſeaſon all its tranſports fly;
Like birds of paſſage, ſeek a warmer ſhore,
And baſk and flutter in a brighter ſky.

The ſmiles and loves once fled, are ever fled,
And fled each blithſome hour that firſt had ſhone,
When jocund fancy, like ſome buxom maid,
Before them danced, and led them ſporting on.

Theſe are Time's triumphs; while his black compeer,
Death, writhes his ghaſtly viſage to a ſmile;
And, grimly-pleaſed, ſurveys the conquered year,
Exulting in the partner of his toil.

[The following Verſes were written by the late Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, a little before his Death.]

Take away all iniquity, and give good, Hoſea iv. 2.

HOW long, how often ſhall I pray
Take all iniquity away,
And give the plenitude of good,
The bleſſing bought by Jeſu's blood,
Concupiſcence and pride remove,
And fill me, Lord, with humble love.

Again I take the words to me
Preſcribed, and offer them to Thee,
Thy kingdom come to root out ſin,
And perfect holineſs bring in,
And ſwallow up my will in thine,
And human change into divine.

So

So ſhall I render thee thine own,
And tell the wonders thou haſt done,
The power and faithfulneſs declare
Of God, who hears and anſwers prayer,
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And ſpend my lateſt breath in praiſe.

O that the joyful hour was come
Which calls thy ready ſervant home,
Unites me to the Church above
Where angels chaunt the ſong of love,
And ſaints eternally proclaim
The glories of the heavenly Lamb!

The preſence of GOD, *the only comfort in* AFFLICTION.

THOU only center of my reſt,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppreſt
I breathe the plaintive ſigh.

Thy gracious preſence, O my God,
My every wiſh contains,
With this beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.

This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark ſcene with light;
This is the ſunſhine of the ſoul:
Without it all is night.

My Lord, my Life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray!
And bid theſe mournful ſhades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!

O happy

O happy ſcenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the ſight,
And rapture to the heart.

Her part in thoſe fair realms of bliſs
My ſpirit longs to know:
My wiſhes terminate in this,
Nor can they reſt below.

Lord, ſhall the breathings of my heart
Aſpire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I ſhall for ever be.

Then ſhall my cheerful ſpirit ſing
The darkſome hours away;
And riſe on faith's expanded wing
To everlaſting day.

The ANT *turned into a* GEM.

[From MARTIAL.]

A Drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
Fell, unexpected, and embalmed an Ant:
The little inſect, we ſo much contemn,
Is, *From a worthleſs Ant*, become a *Gem*.

On GOD's OMNIPOTENCE.

WHEN Egypt's hoſt God's choſen tribe purſued,
In cryſtal walls the admiring waters ſtood:
When through the dreary waſte they took their way,
The rocks relented, and poured forth a ſea.
What limits can the Almighty goodneſs know,
If ſeas can harden—and if rocks can flow!

THE Arminian Magazine, For SEPTEMBER 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 397.]

CHAP. V.

Shewing that these late Notions concerning the Liberty, or rather Servitude of the Will of Man, were generally condemned by the Primitive Christians.

THIS will be most fully evident from these following considerations:

I. 1. That they place the Freedom of the Will from necessity amongst the doctrines, *which were manifestly delivered to the church by the preaching of the Apostles and by ecclesiastical tradition. We Christians,* saith *Justin Martyr, do not think, as do the* Stoicks, *that all things are done according to fate; but that every man doth well or ill according to the Freedom of his Will or choice. Origen* speaks thus, *Est & illud definitum in Ecclesiastica Prædicatione omnem animum esse*

rationabilem liberi arbitrii, & voluntantis, this alſo is defined by Eccleſiaſtical Tradition that all ſouls are rational, and have Free Will and choice. Whence we may gather, that they are not ſubject to neceſſity, ſo as to be compelled to do good or evil; for we are under no neceſſity to do well or ill. And though there is in the rational ſoul a power to do evil, *it is not evil upon that account*, ſaith *Didymus Alexandrinus*; *but becauſe ſhe will freely uſe that power*; *and this is not only ours, but the opinion of all who ſpeak orthodoxly of rational beings.* *Theodoret* having eſtabliſhed this doctrine of the liberty of man's Will from neceſſity, and his power to chuſe good or evil, concludes, *Thus have we* [Chriſtians] *been taught by our anceſtors, and thus we teach.* St. *Auſtin* lays down this as the true definition of ſin, *Sin is the will to obtain or retain that which juſtice forbids, and from which it is free for us to abſtain.* Whence he concludes that *no man is worthy of diſpraiſe or puniſhment, for not doing that which* he *hath no power to do. Theſe things*, ſaith he, *the Shepherds ſing upon the mountains, and the Poets in the theatres, and the Unlearned in their aſſemblies, and the Learned in the libraries, and the Doctors in the ſchools, and the Biſhops in the churches, and mankind throughout the whole earth.* Yea, *this* ſaith he, *is ſo manifeſt, that it hath the univerſal conſent of the learned and unlearned.* *Gennadius*, in his account of *eccleſiaſtical doctrines*, lays down this for one, that *no man periſheth by the will of God, but only by himſelf, and his own free choice, leſt the free liberty and power once granted to man, ſhould be reduced to a ſervile neceſſity.*

II. 2dly. This will be ſtill more evident from what St. *Auſtin*, with the concurrence of all the *Antient Fathers*, has ſaid in confutation of the *Manichees* who taught theſe three things,

1ſt. That *there were two principles, the one good, and the author of good, the other evil, and the author of evil.*

2dly. That

2dly. That *the God of the law was not the true God, and that therefore the Old Teſtament was to be rejected.*

3dly. That *ſin aroſe, not from the Free Will of man, but from the ſubſtance of matter; and ſo ſome ſouls were wicked, not by choice, but by nature.* Now againſt this wicked hereſy St. *Auſtin* urgeth many arguments in which he hath the ſuffrage of the *Antient Fathers.*

And 1ſt. He lays down theſe as certain rules, *That no man can juſtly be condemned for doing that evil which he was not able to reſiſt; for all men,* ſaith he, *will pronounce without any heſitation, that theſe men have done no evil. For if ſouls be ſo compelled to act, that they have no power to reſiſt, they ſin not.*

2dly. This he propounds as a thing manifeſt, *That no ſouls offend in not being ſuch as they cannot be;* ſeeing then they who cannot do what is truly good, cannot be good, it muſt be alſo manifeſt that if the ſouls of lapſed men cannot do what is truly good, they offend not in not being good.

3dly. He aſſerts, *That no man is worthy of diſpraiſe, or puniſhment, for not doing that which he cannot do;* and *this,* ſaith he, *will be owned by every man who conſults the ſecrets of his conſcience, and the divine laws written in his heart.* Whence alſo it moſt clearly follows, that lapſed men cannot be worthy of diſpraiſe, or puniſhment, for not doing that good they cannot do.

4thly. His fourth rule is this: *No man is guilty for not having that which he hath not received;* and his inference is, *That no man can duly blame another for being deficient, where he hath no power to go farther, ſince he owes only what he hath received, and cannot exceed the bounds ſet him.* If then man by the fall hath loſt all power of doing good, and hath not ſince received ſtrength to do it, this deficiency cannot be his guilt. Now in theſe rules the *Antient Fathers* exactly accord with him; for we have heard already from *Juſtin Martyr, Origen, Euſebius,* and *Epiphanius,* that a neceſſity of ſinning frees

men from all fault, for doing that which he cannot avoid, or for being that which he could not ceaſe to be. *Origen* lays it down as a moſt certain rule, *That no man can be blame-worthy for not doing what he cannot do*; and that as for *Judas himſelf, he could not have been blamed had he been a traitor out of neceſſity, and could not have been like the reſt of the Apoſtles.* Add to this what hath been cited from *Irenæus*, declaring, That our *Lord* and his *Apoſtles could have no reaſon to require us to do good, if it were not in our power to do what they exhort us to*: from *Tertulian*, ſaying, That *God would not have given a law to him who had it not in his power to obey it*: from *Origen*, enquiring, *How could God require that of man which he had not in his power to offer to him?* And that of *Theodoret*, That *God cannot juſtly puniſh a nature which hath it not in its power to do good, but is bound in the bonds of wickedneſs.*

St. *Auſtin* lays down this as a true definition of ſin, *that it is the Will to do that from which we have the liberty to abſtain*; *for*, ſaith he, *if men want the free motion of the Will to do, or not to do, or if they have not the power to abſtain from what they do, they cannot be guilty of ſin*; *for if a man cannot do otherwiſe, he ſinneth not. Acknowledge*, ſaith he, *that ſin muſt be free from neceſſity, and muſt be done, not becauſe men cannot, but becauſe they will not obſerve the law*; *and hence thou wilt diſcern the riſe of all ſin, and the diſtribution of puniſhments.* Accordingly we have learned from *Origen*, that the ſoul doth not incline to either part out of neceſſity, becauſe then neither vice nor virtue could be aſcribed to it. *God*, ſaith *Hilary, hath permitted to every man the liberty of life and judgement, laying him under no neceſſity of doing good or evil, that he might be rewarded for the goodneſs of his will.* And again, *God* ſaith he, *hath permitted to every man the liberty of chuſing and doing what he will*, and *for this reaſon ſhall every man be puniſhed, or rewarded for his choice.*

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON XLVII.

On 2 COR. i. 12.

For our rejoicing is this, the teſtimony of our Conſcience.

1. HOW few words are there in the world more common than this, *Conſcience?* It is almoſt in every one's mouth. And one would thence be apt to conclude, that no word can be found, which is more generally underſtood. But it may be doubted whether this is the caſe or no, although numberleſs treatiſes have been written upon it. For it is certain, a great part of thoſe writers have rather puzzled the cauſe than cleared it, that they have uſually *darkened counſel, by uttering words without knowledge.*

2. The beſt treatiſe on the ſubject which I remember to have ſeen, is tranſlated from the French of Monſ. *Placatt*, which deſcribes in a clear and rational manner the nature and offices of Conſcience. But though it was publiſhed near a hundred years ago, it is in very few hands. And indeed a great part of thoſe that have read it, complain of the length of it. An octavo volume of ſeveral hundred pages, upon ſo plain a ſubject, was likely to prove a trial of patience to moſt perſons of underſtanding. It ſeems therefore there is ſtill wanting a diſcourſe upon the ſubject, ſhort as well as clear. This by the aſſiſtance of God I will endeavour to ſupply, by ſhewing, Firſt, the Nature of Conſcience; and then the ſeveral ſorts of it; after which I ſhall conclude with a few important directions.

I. 1. And firſt, I am to ſhew the Nature of Conſcience. This a very pious man in the laſt Century (in his Sermon on

Univerſal

Univerſal Conſcientiouſneſs) deſcribes in the following manner. "This word, which literally ſignifies *Knowing with another*, excellently ſets forth the Scriptural notion of it. So *Job* xvi. 19. *My witneſs is in heaven*: and ſo the Apoſtle, *Rom.* ix. 1. *I ſay the truth, my conſcience alſo bearing me witneſs in the Holy Ghoſt.* In both places it is as if he had ſaid, God witneſſeth with my Conſcience. Conſcience is placed in the middle, under God, and above man. It is a kind of ſilent reaſoning of the mind whereby thoſe things which are judged to be right are approved of with pleaſure; but thoſe which are judged evil are diſapproved of with uneaſineſs." This is a tribunal in the breaſt of men to accuſe ſinners and excuſe them that do well.

2. To view it in a ſomewhat different light, Conſcience, as well as the Latin word, from which it is taken, and the Greek word συνειδησεως, neceſſarily imply *the knowledge of two or more things together.* Suppoſe the knowledge of our words and actions, and at the ſame time of their goodneſs or badneſs: if it be not rather the Faculty whereby we know at once our actions and the quality of them.

3. *Conſcience* then is that Faculty, whereby we are at once conſcious of our own thoughts, words and actions, and of their merit or demerit, of their being good or bad, and conſequently deſerving either praiſe or cenſure. And ſome pleaſure generally attends the former ſentence, ſome uneaſineſs the latter. But this varies exceedingly, according to Education, and a thouſand other circumſtances.

4. Can it be denied, that ſomething of this is found in every man born into the world? And does it not appear, as ſoon as the underſtanding opens? as ſoon as reaſon begins to dawn? Does not every one then begin to know that there is a difference between good and evil? how imperfect ſoever, the various circumſtances of this ſenſe of good and evil may be? Does not every man, for inſtance, know, unleſs blinded by the prejudice of education (like the inhabitants of the Cape of

of Good Hope) that it is good to honour his parents? Do not all men, however uneducated, or barbarous, allow, It is right to do to others as we would have them do to us? And are not all who know this, condemned in their own mind, when they do any thing contrary thereto? as, on the other hand, when they act suitable thereto, they have the approbation of their own Conscience.

5. This faculty seems to be what is usually meant by those who speak of *Natural Conscience*: an expression frequently found in some of our best Authors, but yet not strictly just. For though in one sense it may be termed *Natural*, because it is found in all men, yet properly speaking, it is not *Natural*; but a supernatural gift of God, above all his natural endowments. No, it is not nature, but the Son of God, that *is the true light, which enlighteneth every man which cometh into the world*. So that we may say to every human creature, *He*, not nature, *hath shewn thee, O man what is good*. And it is his Spirit who giveth thee an inward check, who causeth thee to feel uneasy, when thou walkest in any instance contrary to the light which he hath given thee.

6. It may give a peculiar force to that beautiful passage, to consider by whom, and on what occasion the words were uttered. The persons speaking are *Balak* the king of *Moab*, and *Balaam*, then under divine impressions: (it seems, then *not far from the kingdom of God*, although afterward he so foully revolted.) Probably *Balak* too at that time experienced something of the same influence. This occasioned his *consulting with*, or asking counsel of *Balaam*, his proposing the question to which *Balaam* gives so full an answer, (*Micah* vi. ver. 5, &c.) *O my people (saith the Prophet in the name of God) remember what Balak the King of Moab consulted (it seems in the fulness of his heart.) And what Balaam the son of Beor answered him. Wherewith*, said he, *shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of*

of rams, or with ten thouſand rivers of oil? Shall I give my firſt born for my tranſgreſſion? The fruit of my body for the ſin of my ſoul? (This the Kings of *Moab* had actually done, on occaſions of deep diſtreſs: a remarkable account of which is recorded in the third chapter of the ſecond book of *Kings*.) To this *Balaam* makes that noble reply (being doubtleſs then taught of God) *He hath ſhewed thee O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do juſtly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!*

7. To take a more diſtinct view of Conſcience, it appears to have a threefold office: Firſt, it is a *witneſs*, teſtifying what we have done, in thought, or word, or action: Secondly, It is a *Judge*, paſſing ſentence on what we have done, that it is good or evil. And, Thirdly, It in ſome ſort *executes* the ſentence, by occaſioning a degree of complacency in him that does well, and a degree of uneaſineſs, in him that does evil.

8. Profeſſor *Hutchinſon*, late of *Glaſgow*, places Conſcience in a different light. In his Eſſay on the Paſſions, he obſerves, That we have ſeveral *Senſes*, or natural avenues of pleaſure and pain, beſides the five external ſenſes. One of theſe he terms, "The *Public Senſe*, whereby we are naturally pained at the miſery of a fellow-creature, and pleaſed at his deliverance from it. And every man, ſays he, has a *Moral Senſe*, whereby he approves of benevolence and diſapproves of cruelty. Yea, he is uneaſy, when he himſelf has done a cruel action, and pleaſed when he has done a generous one.

9. All this is in ſome ſenſe undoubtedly true. But it is not true, that either the *Public* or the *Moral Senſe*, (both of which are included in the term Conſcience,) is now *natural* to man. Whatever may have been the caſe at firſt, while man was in a ſtate of innocence, both the one and the other is now a branch of that ſupernatural gift of God, which we uſually ſtile *Preventing Grace*. But the Profeſſor does not at all agree with this. He ſets God wholly out of the queſtion. God has nothing to do with his ſcheme of virtue, from the beginning

beginning to the end. So that to say the truth, his scheme of virtue is Atheism all over. This is refinement indeed! Many have excluded God out of the world: he excludes him even out of religion!

10. But do we not mistake him? Do we take his meaning right? That it may be plain enough, that no man may mistake him, he proposes this question, "What if a man, in doing a virtuous, that is, a generous action, in helping a fellow-creature, has an eye to God, either as commanding, or as promising to reward it? Then, says he, so far as he has an eye to God, the virtue of the action is lost. Whatever actions spring from an eye to the recompence of reward, have no virtue, no Moral Goodness in them." Alas! Was this man called a Christian? How unjustly was he slandered with that assertion? Even Dr. *Taylor*, though he does not allow Christ to be God, yet does not scruple to term him "A person of consummate *virtue*." But the Professor cannot allow him any virtue at all!

11. But to return. What is Conscience in the Christian sense? It is that faculty of the soul, which, by the assistance of the grace of God, sees at one and the same time, 1. Our own tempers and lives, the real nature and quality of our thoughts, words and actions. 2. The rule whereby we are to be directed, and 3. The agreement or disagreement therewith. To express this a little more largely, Conscience implies, First, The faculty a man has of knowing himself, of discerning both in general and in particular, his own tempers, thoughts, words and actions. But this it is not possible for him to do, without the assistance of the Spirit of God. Otherwise self-love, and indeed every other irregular passion would disguise, and wholly conceal him from himself. It implies, Secondly, A knowledge of the rule, whereby he is to be directed in every particular, which is no other than the written word of God. Conscience implies, Thirdly, a knowledge that all his thoughts, and words and actions are conformable to that rule. In all the offices of Conscience, the *unction of the Holy One* is indispensably

needful. Without this neither could we clearly discern our lives or tempers: nor could we judge of the rule whereby we are to walk, or of our conformity or disconformity to it.

12. This is properly the account of a *good* Conscience, which may be in other terms expressed thus, a divine Consciousness of walking in all things according to the written word of God. It seems indeed, that there can be no Conscience, which has not a regard to God. If you say, "Yes: there certainly may be a consciousness of having done right or wrong, without any reference to him." I answer. This I cannot grant. I doubt whether the very words, *right* and *wrong*, according to the Christian system, do not imply in the very idea of them, agreement and disagreement to the will and word of God. If so, there is no such thing as Conscience in a Christian, if we leave God out of the question.

13. In order to the very existence of a good Conscience, as well as to the continuance of it, the continued influence of the Spirit of God, is absolutely needful. Accordingly the Apostle *John* declares to the believers of all ages, *Ye have an unction from the Holy One*; *and ye know all things*: all things that are needful to your having *a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man.* So he adds, *Ye have no need that any one* should teach you, otherwise *than as that anointing teacheth you.* That anointing clearly teacheth us those three things, First, the true meaning of God's word. Secondly, our own tempers and lives, bringing all our thoughts, words and actions to remembrance; and Thirdly, the agreement of all with the commandments of God.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

I WAS born in *New-Mote* in Pembrokeſhire, on the third of Auguſt 1744. That village was then the freeſt from vice I ever ſaw. This circumſtance I have reaſon to be thankful for, as I ſpent the greateſt part of my childhood without ſeeing or hearing much of outward wickedneſs.

When I was about nine years old, my father removed, with all his family, to *Crefwell-Quay*, in the ſame county, where he has lived ever ſince. There the ſcene was ſadly changed; it being a creek of *Milford-Haven*, where a vaſt quantity of coals are ſhipped off, the great reſort of ſailors and of other ſtrangers, introduced curſing, ſwearing and ſabbath-breaking, with many fooliſh and wicked amuſements.

My parents (who were religiouſly diſpoſed) reſtrained their children, as much as poſſible, from the company of wicked children, and by that means, through the bleſſing of God, we were kept from outward wickedneſs. Nevertheleſs I ſometimes took the advantage of their abſence (when they have been gone to hear the word) and have played in the ſtreets, or elſe gone a pleaſuring on the water on a Sabbath-day. I was alſo much inclined to go to cock-fightings, and other amuſements, but was happily prevented.

I lived with my parents till I was about ſeventeen; during which time I had frequent drawings of the Spirit of God, and many ſevere reproaches of conſcience. Very often did I hear the word with pleaſure, eſpecially from Mr. Whitfield, and Mr. Howel Davis, and believed *all* the truth ſo far as I was inſtructed: indeed, I believed more than the truth, more than I can believe now; for I was a thorough Predeſtinarian,

not hesitating even at reprobation! But all this time I was a stranger to God and my own heart.

In the latter end of the year 1761, I removed to *Brecon* to an uncle. He at that time disliked the Methodists, thinking it sufficient to go to church twice on Sundays, which he did, and obliged all his family to do the same. But he laid no restraint on me: I might go to hear the Methodists if I chose. But as I was now got from under the tuition of my parents, and being rather ashamed of the Cross, I neglected the preaching entirely. Nor was this all; for (being free from outward restraint) I fell into open sin, such as swearing, cursing, breaking the sabbath, and sometimes (for the sake of company) I drank to excess.

At first I felt some remorse of conscience; but soon found that sin hardeneth the heart. For after awhile I became a habitual swearer, and gave my mind up to vanity. I went on thus for three years and upwards, though I had frequent checks of conscience, and *always* believed that if I did not mend my ways, I must go to hell: yea I often resolved in my own mind, that I must be a Christian *indeed*, be born of God, or I could not be saved. I therefore fully intended to be truly religious, and to be a Methodist, when I was settled in the world. Indeed though I never was so uncharitable as to think that none could be saved but them, yet (as I *believed* them to be the most scriptural in their sentiments of any I knew) I always thought it my *duty* to join them sometime or other. Thus I held a good part of the truth in unrighteousness; yet I went so far as to dispute warmly with my cousin in its defence, and often confuted him, by quotations out of the Common-Prayer-Book. But alas! I was all this time ashamed of the people I *knew* to be the children of God, and also an enemy to God both in heart and in life.

When I was a little turned twenty, my eldest cousin (a sober, industrious, sensible young man) died of a consumption. He lingered above a year, and had constant hopes of recovery; but

but being at length confined to his bed, he gave up all hopes of life. About four days before he died, his father was in the room with him, and heard him burſt out into a ſudden bewailing of his ſins. His father ſaid, "My dear, you have led a regular, ſober life, and there can be no fear of you; if you are not ſafe, what will become of ſuch a ſinner as me, and thouſands more?" His ſon replied, "But I have been a negligent ſinner," and refuſed to be comforted by all his father could ſay. The day he died, (his father being ſtill in the room with him) he lay quiet for a conſiderable time, till he heard the clock ſtrike *one*. He then lifted himſelf upon his pillow (though he had not been able to *turn* in bed for many days before) and cried out, "O, happy hour! happy hour!" and preſently died. Thus God made one a dying witneſs of the knowledge of ſalvation, by the remiſſion of ſins, who did not believe the doctrine till a very little before his death.

This extraordinary death of ſo near a relation, was a loud call to all the houſe, and to me in particular. But though it made ſome impreſſion on me for a ſhort ſeaſon, it ſoon vaniſhed away.

Soon after I heard an alarming ſermon preached in our Church, upon the Day of Judgment. I was *cut* to the *heart*, and could get no reſt all the afternoon. But I baniſhed the impreſſions in the evening, by going into company. Yet while I was there I had hard work to get rid of the ſermon: the Day of Judgment ſtill ſtared me in the face.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of PHEBE MOSES:

[In a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.]

Dear and Hon. Sir, Dublin, May 6, 1787.

I Believe it will not be unacceptable to you to hear of the happy death of our late ſiſter *Phebe Moſes*; born and educated a Jeweſs, but truly converted, not only to the name of

of a Chriſtian, but to the experimental knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus: and was both a living and dying witneſs of his power to ſave. The particulars I now relate I gathered, partly from her brother, partly from different friends who conſtantly viſited her in her laſt illneſs, and the reſt from the teſtimony ſhe bore to me at different times.

Her brother ſpeaks thus: From the time I left my family for Chriſt's ſake, I prayed earneſtly to that God who had ſhewn mercy to me, that he would make known to them alſo his great ſalvation. Yet I was often diſcouraged by ſeeing no proſpect of a change in any one of them, and tempted to believe it was all in vain to hope for it. But to my ſurpriſe and very great joy, after I had been a year and half from them, my dear ſiſter *Phebe* told a friend of mine, ſhe was deſirous to ſee me, and wiſhed to know if I would meet her. I readily embraced the opportunity, and appointed the houſe of a friend, where we afterwards met frequently. I found the Lord had been at work with her, from the time of my converſion: that ſhe was fully convinced of the error of her way, and had an earneſt deſire to come out of the darkneſs ſhe now felt, and to become a living member of the Church of Chriſt. But ſhe was not yet delivered from the fear of perſecution from her mother and friends, which added to the ſtrong natural affection ſhe had for the former, cauſed many ſtruggles for ſome time. At laſt, however, ſuffering me to introduce her to ſome pious friends, her heart was ſoon knit to them in love; and feeling her need of ſalvation more and more, ſhe reſolved to forſake all and follow Chriſt: to chuſe him for her Redeemer and Saviour, and ſeek him with her whole heart. But before ſhe was brought to this, it coſt her many nights of tears, with ſtrong ſupplications to the Almighty, to ſtrengthen her: which he did in a wonderful manner.

When ſhe left her family, ſhe brought with her only a ſmall ſhare of her wearing apparel, believing that He for whom ſhe forſook all would never ſuffer her to want neceſſaries, and took refuge

refuge in the houſe of a Chriſtian friend, and on Wedneſday following was baptized. Soon after I prevailed on her to meet in a Claſs, with which ſhe was much pleaſed, and met a ſecond time, and on the 9th of June joined the Society: from which time ſhe gave herſelf up entirely to the Lord.

About the beginning of Auguſt ſhe found that peace which the world could not give, and was enabled to rejoice in the God of her ſalvation. Her evidence was remarkably clear, nor did ſhe ever loſe it.

Soon after this, ſhe had a ſevere fit of illneſs; but her ſoul was ſo kept in calmneſs and reſignation to the divine will, that I was amazed. O how good is that God, who ever gives his feebleſt creatures ſtrength according to their day, and has promiſed that his grace ſhall be ſufficient for them in all their difficulties! This was in truth accompliſhed in her. The Lord comforted her with the conſolations of his Spirit, and enabled her to rejoice, even in the moſt exquiſite pain, in a manner that aſtoniſhed all who came near her.

She was not long reſtored from this illneſs before ſhe felt evident ſigns of a deep decline. Yet ſhe was always happy and reſigned. When the Phyſician pronounced her in a deep conſumption, ſhe ſoon became greatly afflicted in body, but had that witneſs within which bore her up above all pain; knowing that ſhe was accepted of God through the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

After ſome time ſhe was ordered into the country; but finding herſelf no better, ſhe returned home again, that ſhe might enjoy the privilege of being viſited by her Chriſtian friends.

Her brother having informed her mother of her illneſs and danger, ſhe came near the houſe where ſhe was, and ſent in a young woman, whom formerly ſhe loved much, to tell her, if ſhe would repent of her apoſtaſy (as ſhe called it) and renounce Chriſt, ſhe would receive her, and be as kind to her as ever. But ſhe told the young woman "No! I never will renounce Chriſt;

Chriſt; I would not for a thouſand worlds! I never knew happineſs till I knew him? He is my Lord, my God, and my Saviour! I am going to be happy with him for ever." The young woman would hear no more, but ſtopped her ears with her fingers, and ran out of the houſe! and the mother returned home and would not ſee her. When ſhe was gone, *Phebe* rejoiced with joy unſpeakable, that ſhe had this opportunity of teſtifying her love to her Redeeming Lord.

As to her pain, it was often very extreme, and her whole body was ſo ſwelled, that whenever ſhe was lifted or moved at all, ſhe ſuffered exceedingly. But through all her affliction ſhe was ever rejoicing in her Lord and Saviour, and had that conſtant peace and ſerenity in her ſoul, which paſſeth all underſtanding. At the ſame time all her delight was to be talking of the loving kindneſs of God, to all around her: often praying for patience to ſuffer all his righteous will; and frequently ſaying, "Not my will but thine be done!"

Her brother ſitting by her bed ſide, ſhe aſked him if he could reſign her to the Lord? "I think, ſaid ſhe, I can freely part with you." On his aſking her if ſhe had any fear of her approaching diſſolution, ſhe anſwered, "No! thank God! To me death has loſt all his terrors! I can behold him with a ſmile. To me he is a welcome meſſenger! How pleaſing is the thought, that I ſhall cloſe my eyes for a moment, and awake in the realms of happineſs, in the kingdom of my Father!" She then repeated the latter end of the 15th Chapter of the firſt of Corinthians from 51ſt verſe, and rejoiced in the proſpect of the change mentioned there.

Thus ſhe continued from day to day, through an illneſs which laſted four months, without repining at the diſpenſation of Providence towards her: but on the contrary, praiſed him for all, and rejoiced in hope of eternal life.

About fourteen days before ſhe died, the Lord was pleaſed to remove her ſwelling, when ſhe was entirely free from pain.

Many

Many thought now ſhe would recover; but ſhe having no hope of this, calmly waited the will of God.

The day before her death ſhe received the bleſſed ſacrament (which ſhe had done before,) and when it was over ſhe rejoiced with joy unſpeakable indeed, and full of glory. That day ſhe took a very ſolemn leave of all her friends, ſome of whom ſhe ſaw no more. The next morning ſhe had very heavy ſleeps: when ſhe awoke, ſhe called for ſomething to drink, but was not able to take it. In a few minutes after, finding her diſſolution very near, ſhe threw herſelf back upon the bed, clapped her hands ſeveral times together, and cried out with all her ſtrength, "Glory! glory be to God! The long deſired! the long expected time is come!" She then prayed, but in ſo low a voice, by reaſon of her weakneſs, that ſhe could not be underſtood.

After a while ſhe had a ſevere ſtruggle, when ſhe, and all around her thought her ſpirit was departing. But lying ſometime motionleſs, ſhe ſuddenly revived, and cried, "O I thought I was gone! I have been in a happy! happy! eternity! but God has ſent me back a few minutes, and I am now happier than ever! Do not think I am afraid of death! I am not! I have no fear! O the ſights I have ſeen! the ſights I have ſeen! O ſweet Eternity! ſweet Eternity! I am juſt going to my Lord!" Here ſhe would have mentioned ſomething more which ſhe had ſeen; but her ſtrength failing, ſhe ſunk into the arms of God, Feb. 12th, 1787.

H. A. ROGERS.

Lord, remember thy Covenant with Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, and bring near the happy hour when all Iſrael ſhall be Thus ſaved!

An Account of the Death of REBECCA THORNTON, *of Dover: who departed this life March* 1, 1787, *aged fifteen years.*

IT pleaſed the Lord to lay his hand upon her about the beginning of the year 1786. Her affliction from that time was truly heavy. To all appearance her end was near about the middle of May laſt. At that time ſhe could not reſign herſelf to meet death. She was too much attached to earth and earthly friends, yet at times ſhe had good deſires, and heard with great attention the advice given her concerning her ſoul.

A little time after that ſhe ſeemed to get ſomething better; but it was of very ſhort duration, as the diſorder baffled the powers of medicine. She ſuffered ſo greatly in her body, that ſhe was ſcarcely ever free from pain, day or night, from the beginning of her diſorder to her end.

In the beginning of January 1787, her ſtrength decreaſed very much, and at times ſhe thought ſhe ſhould die; but ſtill had a fear of death, becauſe ſhe had no aſſurance of being happy.

Mr. Shadford, one of the preachers, and a few friends came to viſit her, and related the happy death of a young perſon, which much affected her, though ſhe was aſhamed then to ſpeak of the impreſſions it made. She would frequently ſay to her father and mother, "I hope God will ſhew me the way to heaven. I know none elſe can help me." When Mr. Gore talked to her about the things of God, ſhe felt much comfort, eſpecially under his prayer.

Mr. Shadford came again to *Dover* on Saturday, February 21. She was then much affected under his prayer; but not truly awakened to a ſenſe of her need and danger until Monday

day the 26th. She was then worſe in body, and therefore no longer flattered herſelf with life; but was certain ſhe muſt die: and found herſelf unprepared to meet God. She aſked her mother, If there was mercy for her? and then called earneſtly upon God. On this we ſent for Mr. S. who came immediately. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him ſhe ſaid, "I am glad to ſee you." He ſaid it is good news to me to hear this, and to ſee you diſtreſſed for a Saviour. I hope the Lord will ſoon ſet you at liberty, and that you will find this the happieſt day you ever knew. When he prayed with her, it was a moving time. After prayer he preſſed her to believe in Jeſus, and told her that he had borne the puniſhment due to her ſins, and that he was then interceding for her before the throne of God. When he left her, to go to preach, ſhe deſired him to intreat God for her in the congregation, which he accordingly did, and the Lord anſwered for himſelf. For, about two hours after, ſhe broke out, "The fear of death is gone! Jeſus hath pardoned all my ſins!" Her mother ſaid then, Becky, you can now apply this hymn to yourſelf:

Jeſu thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs,
Midſt flaming worlds in theſe arrayèd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head;

to which ſhe anſwered, "That I can, my dear mother! O my ſweet Jeſus! O my dear Jeſus! what haſt thou done for me? O I can never praiſe thee enough!"

When her father came in ſhe ſaid, "My dear father, how ſhall I praiſe my bleſſed Jeſus enough, who hath done ſo much for me! He hath pardoned all my ſins, and I know I ſhall go to heaven. I truſt we ſhall all meet there." She then repeated theſe words,

" Give joy, or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day."

She then cried out, " Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and forget not all his benefits! Sing unto the Lord! Exalt him on high!"

Tueſday 27, her couſin *Polly Marten* came in, to whom ſhe ſaid, " I am dying; but I ſhall go to heaven and hope to ſee you there. There is Jeſus who will forgive all your ſins. He hath forgiven mine! I once thought as you do, that there was no need of it; but now I know there is. O do not put off to a ſick bed to ſeek him! I wiſh I had begun ſooner; yet after all I now love him, becauſe he firſt loved me!" After this ſhe doſed moſt part of the day; but when ſhe awoke, the praiſes of God were continually in her mouth.

In the evening ſhe was ſo full of the love of God, that her ſoul ſeemed to be quite carried away into heaven: and though exceeding weak in body, yet the precioufneſs of Chriſt to her ſoul made her forget all her pain; for ſhe frequently ſaid, " My pain is nothing. Chriſt puts underneath me his everlaſting arms! he ſupports me above all my bodily afflictions! The Lord is my ſtrength and my ſalvation! I hope ſoon to be with Jeſus, to ſing his praiſes for ever more! I hope we ſhall all meet to make heaven ring with the cry of his blood!"

She then exhorted all her relations that came in; particularly her eldeſt brother. To him ſhe ſaid, " O my dear brother I am going to heaven! and I hope to ſee all of you there. Surely you do not wiſh to be left out! I cannot bear the thought of not having you there: but you cannot go there in the ſtate you are in. Therefore, my dear brother, turn from the evil of your ways, and God will have mercy on you. O leave off ſwearing! Pray, do not ſwear any more, nor tell lies.

lies. I have told lies, but God hath forgiven me, becauſe I aſked him; and ſo he will you. If you pray to him he will enable you to leave ſin. O I muſt ſpeak to you! The words are put into my mouth! I muſt utter them! I cannot help telling you my concern for your immortal ſoul. O think of your never dying ſoul. Do not be aſhamed of God's meſſengers. For he hath ſaid, He that is aſhamed of me, and of my word before men, of him will I be aſhamed before my Father and his holy angels. If Mr. Shadford talks to you about your ſoul, ſtay and hear him. I have cauſe to bleſs God that ever he came to ſee me; for he is a man of God."

Although by this time ſhe was much ſpent, yet ſhe raiſed her dying voice to ſing the following hymn,

"Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne."

In the night ſhe ſaid,

"The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye."

Wedneſday 28. She ſpoke very earneſtly to ſome friends who called to ſee her. Toward night there was a great alteration; for death ſeemed to approach very ſwiftly.

Thurſday morning ſhe ſaid, "I am now going to the God of love!" A little after, a friend came in and brought her a cake. Her mother juſt ſaid to her, can you eat it? She ſaid, "O do not talk to me about eating! Talk of Jeſus! my dear Jeſus, who has done ſo much for me!" About two hours before ſhe died,

died, her mother ſaid, My dear, I believe you are now in the valley: to which ſhe anſwered,

"Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread:
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord art with me ſtill!"

A little after ſhe ſaid, "Jeſus ſupports me! He puts under me his everlaſting arms!" Between the hours of four and five, ſhe ſaid, "Ready for me the angels wait, To triumph in my bleſt eſtate!" After this, ſhe lay till about half paſt five o'clock, and then ſweetly reſigned her ſoul into the arms of Jeſus!

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the Propagation of PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 416.]

I Proceed to make ſome additional reflections upon the vegetable kingdom.

All plants produce ſeeds: but they are entirely unfit for propagation, till they are impregnated. This is performed within the flower, by the duſt of the Antheræ falling upon the moiſt Stigmata, where it burſts and ſends forth a very ſubtil matter, which is abſorbed by the ſtyle, and conveyed down to the ſeed. As ſoon as this operation is over, thoſe organs wither and fall. But one flower does not always contain all theſe: often the male organs are on one, the female on another. And that nothing may be wanting, the whole apparatus of the

the antheræ and ſtigmata is in all flowers contrived with wonderful wiſdom. In moſt, the ſtigmata ſurround the piſtil, and are the ſame height. But where the piſtil is longer than the ſtigmata, the flowers recline, that the duſt may fall into the ſtigma, and when impregnated riſe again, that the ſeeds may not fall out. In other flowers the piſtil is ſhorter, and there the flowers preſerve an erect ſituation. Nay, when the flowering ſeaſon comes on, they become erect though they were drooping before. Laſtly, when the male flowers are placed below the female, the leaves are very ſmall and narrow, that they may not hinder the duſt from flying upwards like ſmoke: and when in the ſame ſpecies one plant is male, and the other female, there the duſt is carried in abundance by the wind from the male to the female. We cannot alſo without admiration obſerve, that moſt flowers expand themſelves when the ſun ſhines, and cloſe when either rain, clouds, or evening is coming on, leſt the genital duſt ſhould be coagulated, or otherwiſe rendered uſeleſs. Yet when the impregnation is over, they do not cloſe, either upon ſhowers, or the approach of evening.

For the ſcattering of ſeed nature has provided numberleſs ways. Various berries are given for food to animals; but while they eat the pulp, they ſow the ſeed. Either they diſperſe them at the ſame time; or if they ſwallow them, they are returned with intereſt. The miſſletoe always grows on other trees; becauſe the thruſh that eats the ſeeds of them, caſts them forth with his dung. The junipers alſo, which fill our woods, are ſown in the ſame manner. The croſs-bill that lives on fir-cones, and the haw-finch which feeds on pine-cones, ſow many of thoſe ſeeds, eſpecially when they carry the cone or ſtump, to ſtrip off its ſcales. Swine likewiſe and moles by throwing up the earth prepare it for the reception of ſeeds.

The great Parent of all decreed that the whole earth ſhould be covered with plants. In order to this he adapted the nature of each to the climate where it grows. So that ſome can bear

bear intenſe heat, others intenſe cold. Some love a moderate warmth. Many delight in dry, others in moiſt ground. The Alpine plants love mountains whoſe tops are covered with eternal ſnow. And they blow and ripen their ſeeds very early, leſt the winter ſhould overtake and deſtroy them. Plants which will grow no where elſe, flouriſh in Siberia, and near Hudſon's Bay. Graſs can bear almoſt any temperature of the air: in which the good providence of God appears: this being ſo neceſſary all over the globe for the nouriſhment of cattle.

Thus neither the ſcorching ſun nor the pinching cold hinder any country from having its vegetables. Nor is there any ſoil which does not bring ſome. Pond-weed and water-lilies inhabit the waters. Some plants cover the bottom of rivers and ſeas: others fill the marſhes. Some clothe the plains: others grow in the drieſt woods, that ſcarce ever ſee the ſun. Nay, ſtones and the trunks of trees are not void, but covered with liver-wort.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 420.]

IN the city of Avero in Portugal there lived a nobleman, named Jaſper de Vilarezo, very rich, and happy in three children, two daughters and a ſon. The latter named Sebaſtano, was, by his father, made page to Count Manriques de Lopez, the two daughters, named Catalina and Berinthia, being beautiful young ladies were no ſooner ſeen, but they were admired by every one.

Don

Don Sebaſtiano, being at Madrid, Validolid, and Liſbon, became very intimately acquainted with Don Antonio de Rivero, by birth likewiſe a Portugueſe, and the better to unite their friendſhip, propoſed his eldeſt ſiſter to him in marriage, and invited him to go over to Avero to ſee her, offering to accompany him thither. Don Antonio liſtened with great pleaſure to this propoſal, and begged him to fix a day for their journey. And the time being come, they ſet out for Avero, where, as ſoon as they were arrived, Don Jaſper de Vilarezo, both on account of his own quality, and the report which his ſon had made of Antonio, received him with the utmoſt marks of reſpect. He was afterward introduced to the mother and the two young ladies, and although he could not diſlike Catalina, yet there was ſomething ſo charming in Berinthia, that he no ſooner ſaw her, but he fell in love with her, and taking the firſt opportunity informed her of it.

Berinthia received this declaration with many bluſhes, which caſt a roſiate veil over the white lilies of her complexion: and to ſpeak the truth, if Antonio was enamoured with Berinthia, no leſs was ſhe with him.

But ſo forcibly did the charms of Berinthia act upon Antonio, that he was impatient of delay; ſo finding out the father and mother, with all earneſtneſs, demanded their daughter Berinthia in marriage. Don Vilarezo, thanking Antonio for the honour he did him, in thinking of one of his daughters, told him, That he muſt match his elder daughter Catalina, before the younger, Berinthia, and that he ſhould be as glad to have given him the firſt, as he was determined not to diſpoſe of the ſecond.

Antonio, notwithſtanding this refuſal, had not power to leave the ſight of his dear Berinthia ſo ſoon, therefore was obliged to invent ſome excuſe for tarrying a little longer, ſo he ſeemingly made his addreſſes to Catalina, converſing with her often, but ſtill in general terms, whereupon ſhe built many

fond hopes. But buſineſs now calling him home to Liſbon he was forced for a while to take leave of Avero,

Antonio being arived at Liſbon, found a ſtrange alteration in himſelf; for he could now think of nothing but his beloved Berinthia; to whom he wrote a letter and accompanied it with a rich diamond ring; he ſent them by Diego his page to Avero, who pretended love to Anſilva Catalina's waiting woman.

Being arrived, he found an opportunity to convey his maſter's letter, to Berinthia.

Catalina's affection to Antonio being ſtrong, ſhe prevailed upon her father to write a letter to him, to know his reſolution, whether or no he was willing to accept of the offer he had made him of his eldeſt daughter, and withal to invite him to Avero. Although Antonio's paſſion for her ſiſter was kept a ſecret from her, yet ſhe ſuſpected it, and an accident diſcovered the whole myſtery. She found Antonio's letter, whereby ſhe diſcovered the ſecret ſhe was ſo much afraid of: ſhe immediately carried it to her father, who being very angry with Berinthia, and with many ſharp words and frowns reſtraining her of her liberty, reſolved in the firſt letter he ſent to Antonio, to forbid him his houſe, unleſs he would leave Berinthia and take Catalina.

Catalina's affection to Antonio, and her malice to Berinthia, were now ſo violent, that, in hopes of obtaining the poſſeſſion of one, ſhe vowed the deſtruction of the other. To which end, by the help of a bribe of an hundred ducats, ſhe prevailed upon Anſilva to undertake to poiſon her ſiſter Berinthia, and promiſed her as much more when ſhe had effected it: Anſilva accordingly ſent into the city for ſome very ſtrong poiſon, which was preſently brought her in a ſmall gallipot: but on the night in which ſhe had intended to have given it Berinthia, Diego, being with her in an arbour in the garden, on a ſudden his noſe fell a bleeding to that degree, that having quite wetted his own handkerchief with the blood, Anſilva, in a great concern

concern pulled out her's, and with it the gallipot, which ſhe had forgot; and this falling on the floor of the arbour, which was paved with ſtone, broke in pieces, and ſpilt the poiſon, which Diego's ſpaniel licking up, was inſtantly ſwelled in a monſtrous manner, and died at their feet. Diego was much amazed, and Anſilva ſo ſtrangely confounded at the accident, that her colour changed, and ſhe could not invent any thing very readily to ſay to cover the matter. Diego preſſed her to know for whom the poiſon was deſigned, and of whom ſhe had it. Her anſwers were ſo variable and contradictory, that he was ſtill the more aſtoniſhed. At length ſhe confeſſed, That Catalina had prevailed upon her therewith to poiſon her ſiſter Berinthia, becauſe ſhe ſuſpected ſhe was better beloved of his maſter, Don Antonio, than herſelf. Diego, haſted out of the garden, and finding out Berinthia, revealed every particular of this ſhocking affair. Berinthia trembled at hearing the account of this horrid contrivance, and, having returned thanks to God for the diſcovery, promiſed Diego a letter to his maſter, and heartily thanked him for his fidelity and affection to her, which ſhe vowed to requite; and as an earneſt of her favour to him, ſhe plucked a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it him for his good office.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

[*Continued from page* 422.]

Of FALSEHOOD.

TO forge untruths is a vain and intolerable miſdemeanor. For truth is the beginning of heroical virtue, as a grave Author ſays: it is the moſt lively reſemblance of him who is abſolutely perfect; it is the bond and cement of ſociety, a

virtue compoſed of amiableneſs and all divine features. But a lie is unreaſonable, and as ugly as the ſhadows of the night; and therefore Mythologiſts deſcribe Pan (who was the god of ſpeech) with the upper part like a man, and the lower like a beaſt; to ſignify that truth is fair and comely, but a lie ſqualid and deformed. *Simonides* and *Cicero* call it injuſtice, and ſo it is; a violation of that tacite, univerſal contract between mankind implied in all their commerce and intercourſes. It is the ruſt and bane of converſation; and it diſgraces a man when it is found out: and few have ſuch good memories, and carry the matter ſo cunningly, as to go long undiſcovered; for though it walks in a miſt, and puts on the mantle and maſk of truth, and ſo may paſs for it a while; yet it will in time betray itſelf by its diſorderly motions and cloven feet: and when it breathes a cloud of infamy upon the reputation, and rendering the obnoxious liar to contempt and ſcorn; he will be baniſhed all honeſt company, and no body will give credit to any thing he ſhall ſay, be it never ſo true, upon the bare authority of his report, nor regard his words more than a mouthful of fugitive breath. Nay, every ſyllable he ſpeaks will be ſuſpected, unleſs it amounts to the force of an undeniable demonſtration. *Poggius* loſt the fame of a good Hiſtoriographer by extolling all the actions of the Florentines, and diſpraiſing their enemies; and the ſhepherd that abuſed the neighbourhood with a falſe, clamorous complaint that the wolf had invaded and ſcattered his flock, to his great damage, was not believed afterwards when it was really ſo. Beſides it is an argument of a cowardly poor ſpirit, and though it may chance to ſerve a preſent turn, yet it enhances the guilt of the crime, and when it is deteſted, makes a man look like a pitiful baffled fellow; whereas the brave and magnanimous perſon does not ſneak, but ſpeaks truth, and is bold as a lion: and this is appoſitely expreſſed in the counſel of the good old Poet,

Dare to be true: nothing can want a lie;
A fault that wants it moſt grows two thereby.

[*To be continued.*]

An

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

[*Continued from page* 426.]

Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.

DR. Priestley proceeds thus (page 28.) "In all regular deliberations concerning any choice, every reason or motive is distinctly attended to, and whatever appears to be the stronger, or the better reason, always determines us. In these cases, the choice and the motive correspond precisely to an effect and its cause." It appears strange to me that Dr. Priestley should here mention regular *deliberations*, because according to his system, deliberation appears to be impossible. He says, the choice and the motive correspond precisely to an effect and its cause. Now, pray what possible room for deliberation, where a certain operating cause must produce a certain effect? How can there be any regular deliberation in us as men, whether gravity shall or shall not cause a stone in vacuo to fall? There can be no deliberation, regular or irregular about the matter. Deliberation naturally implies, in the deliberating subject, a power of self-determination to do or not to do, otherwise there could be no time for deliberation, because the choice or determination would instantaneously follow the motive, as the effect does the necessary efficient cause. If, notwithstanding the motives influencing, a man has power to suspend his choice or determination, for or against action during one minute till he hath deliberated; he certainly has it equally in his power to suspend his choice, and to deliberate another minute, and after that another minute, and so on *ad infinitum*. Consequently, he is under no necessity of ever determining to act according to the motive, which is directly contrary to what a stone can do. The instant gravity begins to act as a cause, the effect of the stone falling takes

takes place without any time whatever being left for deliberation. Hence we may clearly see the inconsistency of that doctrine of Dr. Priestley, which supposes the choice of the mind of man to depend with certainty upon the motive influencing, as a stone falling depends upon gravity; and yet that the mind of man has time for regular deliberation before it chooses to act; notwithstanding such necessary influence of motives.

[*To be continued.*]

The surest and safest WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 430.]

JOHN CLARK, doctor of physic, was one of great repute for his learning, piety, and charity: some while president of the College of Physicians. His custom was, to lay by all his Lord's-days fees, as a sacred stock for charitable uses; devoting that entirely to God, which he received on his day; accounting it a piece of sacrilege to appropriate it to any common use. Hereupon the Lord was pleased to prosper him in his calling, that though at first his practice was little, yet afterwards it so increased, that he lived plentifully and comfortably, and gave to his children liberal portions.

The like also was practised by Dr. *John Bathurst*, with whom I was very well acquainted: his Lord's-days fees were constantly kept as a bank for the poor, and wholly devoted to, and employed for their use; which was so far from lessening his incomes, that by the blessing of God upon his practice, they were greatly increased by it in a few years. At his first coming to *London*, he brought little with him, and had small acquaintance here (*Yorkshire* being his native country, where he

he had ſpent his former days;) but the Lord was pleaſed ſo to proſper him in his calling, that in twenty years time he purchaſed lands of inheritance, to the value of a thouſand pounds per annum, to ſpeak what I know to be certain; for in the repute of ſome, his eſtate at his death was not leſs than two thouſand pounds a year.

Dr. *Edmund Trench* obſerved the ſame courſe. And this was no damage, but a great advantage to him: for he had as many patients as his weak body would permit him to viſit. And, though he lived at a plentiful rate, frequently entertaining miniſters and ſcholars at his table; yet did he gain a very conſiderable eſtate which he left to his wife and children.

I have ground to believe that many other Phyſicians make conſcience of this duty; but oh, that all would do the like! certainly they would be no loſers thereby at the year's end, but find God's bleſſing upon their calling and eſtates, proſpering them in both.

Samuel Dunche of *Puſly* in the County of *Berks*, Eſq. a perſon that according to the Apoſtle's rule, did good to all, but eſpecially to the houſehold of faith, uſed to ſend ſums of money yearly to ſeveral towns, to *Stow* upon the *Wolds* in *Glouceſterſhire*, to *Norliche*, to *Lamburn*, and other places, for the relief of their poor. And upon the laſt here mentioned, he ſettled lands of inheritance for ever for that purpoſe. And to *Rumſey* in *Hampſhire* he gave by deed on the like account a leaſe of ninety-nine years to commence after his deceaſe. The poor alſo of the ſaid town, whom he called his alms-people, had during his life, weekly relief from him; and many other towns beſides were large ſharers in the like bounty.

Several poor children of the ſaid town, and likewiſe of thoſe belonging to *Farringdon* he ſent to ſchool; and did not only pay for their teaching, but furniſhed them with all ſuch books as were fit and convenient for them. He alſo printed ſeveral good books at his own charge which he freely gave

gave to the poor, that they might be better encouraged to read, and to acquaint themſelves with the concerns of another and better life.

He further gave conſiderable ſums of money yearly for the conſtant ſupply of ſuch godly miniſters as he knew to be in want: and upon ſeveral of them he ſettled conſiderable annuities, ten pound, and twenty pound per annum for their lives, beſides the legacies, which were not ſmall, that he gave to ſome of them at his death.

And here I hope I may, without offence, or vain glory, take liberty to mention, amongſt others, the charity and liberality of my dear and honoured father, Dr. *William Gouge*, late Paſtor of *Black-friars*, *London*, who was eminent as in other graces, ſo in this of charity; from him I firſt heard, The tenth part of a rich man's eſtate to be a fit proportion to be devoted and dedicated to God for charitable uſes. But though he commended that to others, yet by what I find in ſome papers written with his own hand, I may truly ſay, he gave the ſeventh part of all his yearly comings in, towards the maintaining of poor ſcholars at the Univerſity, and the relieving of poor families and diſtreſſed perſons.

Many more inſtances of the like nature might be added; ſome, who are now with joy reaping in the other world the bleſſed fruit of that ſeed, which they had ſo plentifully ſown in this: others yet living amongſt us; ſome of them have acknowledged to me, That God hath already rewarded them a hundred fold for what they have lent to him by giving it to his poor. But theſe may be ſufficient to evidence the truth in hand, and to encourage us to a more ready practice of this great duty; ſo eſſential to Chriſtianity, ſo well pleaſing to God, ſo ornamental to our profeſſion, ſo beneficial, not only to our eternal happineſs, but our preſent comfort and proſperity on earth.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jeſus Chriſt.

[*Continued from page* 433.]

THE firſt enquiry is, Whether God did not foreſee the ill effects the ſin of man would have? And if he foreſaw, why did he not prevent them, by putting it out of the power of Adam to offend?

To theſe enquiries reaſon will reply, That God foreſaw the conſequences of ſin; and yet created man in a capacity of ſinning; and that neither his wiſdom nor his goodneſs obliged him to prevent it.

It is evident that ſin was the natural iſſue of that liberty which God beſtowed upon our firſt parents: ſo that to enquire whether it was fit for God to permit the fall, is the ſame thing as to enquire, Whether it was fit to give man liberty which proved ſo fatal to him and all ſucceeding generations? which is a queſtion that meets with a ready anſwer, viz. That notwithſtanding the ruinous effects which followed the liberty of man, the Creator could have no reaſon to deny it him: becauſe this liberty was the crown and perfection of the creation, the maſter-ſtroke which gave life and beauty, and motion to the whole piece, the very form that animated the ſoul itſelf; without which we cannot conceive what could render the ſix days productions a work ſo abſolutely worthy of its Author.

For let us ſuppoſe God determined to make a world, ſuch a one as we ſee; let us only make him act agreeably to his

wiſdom, and propoſe himſelf as the end of all his creatures; and then conſider whether he could form a reaſonable nature, and with-hold the liberty of its acting?

The glory of God is manifeſted in ſeveral degrees, according to the dignity of the ſubject he creates. He manifeſts the glory of his power, in forming the inanimate world: the majeſtic greatneſs of its frame, the variety, the order and œconomy of its parts: the beauty of the compoſition, the regular motions, wonderful coincidences, and exact adjuſtments of the heavenly bodies, all beſpeak God for their Author. But then there is ſomething wanting: God diſplays his wiſdom and his power, but to whom? Surely theſe great limbs of nature might have reſted eternally in the darkneſs of the ſluggiſh chaos, with as great eaſe and indolence as they now enjoy when brought forth into light, and ſet in motion: the heavens indeed with fruitful ſhowers impregnate the earth; and the earth brings forth abundantly, and the ſun invigorates and cheriſhes its offſpring: but whilſt they ſerve each other, they neither feel the benefit they receive, nor are conſcious of that they give. Their being is of no more uſe to them than their not-being; and as they did not thank their Creator for their production, ſo they would never repine at him for their annihilation.

God then cannot terminate his action here: he will manifeſt the glory of his goodneſs in the production of an order of creatures who ſhall feel themſelves in a ſtate of life and action. And this he has done in that infinite generation of animals, to whom he has imparted more or leſs of life and ſenſe, according to their reſpective exigencies, and a degree of happineſs ſuitable thereunto. But a happineſs like this, which is only felt, and not underſtood; an enjoyment without reflexion, where there is no ſenſe of it as a benefit, nor acknowledgment of a benefactor, muſt be too low a manifeſtation of the Divine attributes, and by no means to riſe up to the dignity and worth of the infinite agency of God.

This

This great chaſm therefore muſt be filled up by an order of intelligent creatures, who ſhall not only enjoy themſelves, but God: creatures partaking of the Divine nature, and images of its perfections: creatures not of mere ſenſe and appetite, but of rational powers and voluntary motions, able to ſeek out their Creator, and to be rewarded by him: ſuch as may contemplate, love and adore their Maker, may copy the Divine excellencies, and imbibe ſome rays of that righteouſneſs and holineſs, that wiſdom, power, juſtice and goodneſs which dwell ſubſtantially in the Deity. For if God creates a material world, our reaſon will tell us, it is for the ſake of the ſpiritual; but to ſay that he can create a ſpirit, with other views than thoſe of loving and worſhipping its Creator, and finding its happineſs in him, is the greateſt abſurdity: for God, as he is the ſupreme Good, muſt be the ultimate end of a rational creature: and if he gives a will to the ſoul of man; that is, gives the ſoul activity and motion, it will tend the ſame way with his own, as being touched with the univerſal magnetiſm; that is, it will tend towards God who is infinite and univerſal Good; it will love God, becauſe God loves himſelf. God then has created the world of ſpirits in order to love and adore him; to celebrate his praiſes; to admire his works; to imitate his Divine perfections: in a word, to render glory to their Almighty Creator. What then? Does he conſtrain them to this duty? Does he ſo irreſiſtibly draw them to himſelf, that they muſt pay this homage whether they will or no? Certainly this is not for the creature to worſhip God, but for God to worſhip himſelf: the creature in this caſe is wholly paſſive, it follows the neceſſity of its nature, it has no opportunity of choice, nor liberty of gainſaying; and as it is thus menacled and bound to obedience, it can have no title to a reward. Whatever good there may be in ſuch a ſervice, it cannot be imputed to the creature, who is but the inſtrument in the hands of God, ſtrung, and tuned, and ſounded to his own praiſes.

We may therefore pronounce, that God who is the freeſt agent, will not neceſſitate the ſoul of man, but will endow it with the nobleſt of power, Liberty; ſuch as will render his obedience a free-will offering, that he may perform it with pleaſure, and expect a recompence. Beſides, God will require ſuch a love as he deſerves; that is, a love of choice, a reaſonable ſervice, an obedience not only voluntary but free.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS *upon* DRESS.

LOUD complaint has been made concerning a paſſage taken out of a little tract, entitled, "The Refined Courtier," which is inſerted in the laſt April Magazine; p. 197. The paſſage objected to runs thus: "Let every one when he appears in public, be *decently clothed*, according to his age, and the cuſtom of the place where he lives." There is no fault in this. It is exactly right. Accordingly, when I appear in public, I am *decently apparelled*, according to my age, and the cuſtom of *England*; ſometimes in a ſhort coat, ſometimes in a night-gown, ſometimes in a gown and caſſock. "He that does otherwiſe ſeems to affect ſingularity." And though a Chriſtian frequently may, yea muſt be ſingular, yet he never *affects ſingularity*: he only takes up his croſs, ſo far as conſcience requires. Thus far then, There is nothing which is not capable of a fair conſtruction. "Nor is it ſufficient that our garment be made of good cloth, (the author ſpeaks all along of people of rank; particularly thoſe that attend the Court,) but we ſhould conſtrain ourſelves to follow the garb where we reſide," ſuppoſe at St. *James's*. "Seeing Cuſtom is the law and ſtandard of *Decency*, in all things of this nature." It certainly is: and I adviſe all the King's Lords of the Bedchamber, the Queen's Maids of Honour to follow it. All this therefore may bear a ſound conſtruction; nor does it contradict any thing which I have ſaid or written.

J. W.

Extracts

Extracts of ſeveral Letters received from America, by the Rev. John Weſley, &c. *to which is prefixt a Preface by Dr.* Coke.

The PREFACE.

AS I am perſonally and intimately acquainted with the writers of the following Letters, it may not be unacceptable to the reader, if I make a few obſervations on their Characters.

1. Mr. *Dickens* is one of our ordained Miniſters. He is a native of *England*; but was awakened, converted, and called to the Miniſtry in *America*. He is one of our oldeſt Preachers on that Continent, and is eminent both for piety and learning. As a Preacher, he is remarkable for the ſolidity of his ſermons, and for the great variety of his matter. He was appointed at the laſt *Baltimore* Conference for the city of *New-York*.

2. Mr. *Cox* is one of our young Preachers, a deeply pious and zealous man, and owned of God in the ſalvation of ſouls, as much perhaps, as any one now living. He alſo was born in *England*; but was awakened, converted, and called to the work in *America*.

3. Mr. *O'Kelly* is one of our Preſbyters, and one of the oldeſt of the Preachers. He is a native of *Virginia*. Very few have more weight in our American-Connection than he. He has been tried and proved; is much owned of God, and of the moſt undaunted courage: fearing neither men nor devils. He has for ſome time borne the boldeſt, and moſt public teſtimony againſt Negro-Slavery of any one in *America*.

4. Mr. *Hull* is young: but is indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the ſtretch for the ſalvation of ſouls. Our only fear concerning him is, that the ſword is too keen for the ſcabbard;—that he lays himſelf out in the work far beyond his

his ſtrength. Two years ago he was ſent to a Circuit in *South-Carolina*, which we were almoſt ready to deſpair of; but he, with a young colleague of like ſpirit with himſelf, in one year raiſed that Circuit to a degree of importance equal to that of almoſt any in the Southern States.

T. C.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Dickens, *dated New-York, Aug. 27, 1787.*

"I Have very extraordinary things to communicate. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in *Virginia*. It looks like the dawn of the Millenium. I have received the moſt authentic intelligence, that ſince our laſt Conference ſeveral hundreds have been converted in the *Brunſwick* and *Suſſex* Circuits: and it is computed that about *Brunſwick* itſelf, not leſs than ſeven thouſand ſouls are under deep conviction. The work is alſo very extraordinary in ſome parts of *North-Carolina*. In ſome parts of *Virginia* the congregations on ſabbath days conſiſts of ſeveral thouſands: and many of the greateſt perſecutors are ſtruck down as dead. Surely this is the Arm of Omnipotence. Ride on, Lord Jeſus, ride on, till all are ſubdued!"——

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Philip Cox, *dated Brunſwick-County, Virginia.**

"GREAT news from Zion! Never was there ſo great a work of God in *America* (nor yet in *England* from what we have been able to learn) as is now in the *Brunſwick* and *Suſſex* Circuits. At many of our preaching-places we cannot meet the Claſſes for the cries of the diſtreſſed. Sometimes *fifty* in a day are ſavingly converted to God. On Thurſday and Friday, July 26th, and 27th, our quarterly-meeting

* As the tranſcriber of this, and the two following Letters has overlooked their dates, the Editor cannot inſert them; but judges, they were written about the month of Auguſt, 1787.

meeting was held for the *Brunſwick* Circuit at *Jones's* Chapel. It was thought, at the loweſt computation, that upwards of two hundred were brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt at thoſe two meetings. Indeed it is impoſſible for us to know exactly how many; but ſuch a ſight I never beheld before. They lay in rows on the ground, crying for mercy, being cut to the heart, and in the deepeſt diſtreſs: and what was more ſurprizing, many of them were ſome of the principal gentry of the County. And divers of thoſe who had oppoſed Dr. *Coke* when he delivered his teſtimony againſt negro-ſlavery, were now converted to God. Brother *O'Kelly* travelled with me in my Circuit for four days, in which time at leaſt ſixty found the love of God in Chriſt Jeſus: and the day after we parted, I preached a funeral ſermon, at which ſeaſon no leſs than thirty profeſſed they found the pearl of great price: and ſuch was the power of God, and the earneſtneſs of the people, that we could not break up our meeting till ſun-ſet.* At many houſes in the neighbourhood, in ſome of them three, ſome of them four, found a ſaving change, while at family-prayer. The next day I rode to *Lane's* Chapel, but it would not contain the congregation, ſo I went out and preached under the trees; and at that time had reaſon to believe that about ſixty ſouls were brought into the liberty of the Goſpel. Surely it may be ſaid, What hath God wrought!"

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. O'Kelly, *dated Suſſex County, Virginia.*

"AMIDST ſome things that grieve me, one thing greatly comforts me, to ſee the work of the bleſſed God proſper among us. Old *Brunſwick* and *Suſſex* Circuits exceed any thing I ever ſaw or heard of in *America*.

Whatever

* The time of preaching on that Continent is noon, univerſally, except in a very few cities and towns.

Whatever my brethren may think, I believe ſix thouſand were aſſembled together at the Quarterly-meeting, held a few days ago for the *Brunſwick* Circuit. Hundreds were crying for mercy as on the brink of hell. Many gentlemen and ladies, with many warm perſecutors, have been made to worſhip at our feet, and to know that God hath loved us. Forty, fifty, nay a hundred in a day have profeſſed to find peace with God: and more were awakened by the warm and earneſt addreſſes of the young converts, than by the preaching of the word. We judge that a hundred at leaſt found a ſenſe of the favour of God at the Quarterly-meeting held at *Mayberry's* Chapel: and the whole ſettlement near *Jones'* Chapel amazes me. You will ſcarce believe what the Lord is doing, unleſs you had ſeen it with your own eyes.

In each Circuit, ſouls are daily coming into the fold of Chriſt. Old Methodiſts are taking a new growth, and going on in the power and ſpirit of the Goſpel. For ſome time paſt I have felt ſuch an awful ſenſe of the preſence of God, as if Chriſt was coming in the clouds of heaven to judge the quick and the dead. The work is proſpering in ſeveral other Circuits."

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Hope Hull, *datea Mancheſter, Amelia County, Virginia.*

"I Have long waited for an opportunity to inform you of the wonderful work of God among the people in this Circuit; but hitherto have had none. However I now ſit down to write, though not expecting you will receive the letter for a long time.

I have great reaſon to believe my appointment here was of the Lord. I have enjoyed my health as well as I expected. The Lord has done wonders in the ſight of all the people. Many

Many ſheets of paper would not contain the full account of the marvellous works that have been wrought. I expect the other Preachers have informed you of the mighty work in their Circuits; therefore I ſhall only give you an account of the work in this.

When I firſt came into theſe parts there was but little proſpect. But the work broke out, and I can hardly tell how: and within theſe two months there cannot have been leſs than two hundred and fifty, or three hundred ſouls converted to God among the whites; beſides blacks, how many I cannot tell. Some of the vileſt oppoſers now come to the preaching; and with *Paul* they are ſtruck to the earth, and cry for mercy. The people of God get round them, and pray with them for five or ſix hours together. At laſt one will begin to praiſe God and ſay, "My ſoul is happy! my ſoul is happy! the Lord has pardoned my ſins!" Then they will run away to their relations, huſbands to their wives, and wives to their huſbands, parents to their children, and children to their parents, and begin to talk to them and pray for them. Preſently they are deeply affected; then the people of God gather round them again, and begin to pray; and I have nothing to do, but ſtand ſtill, and ſee the ſalvation of God: and perhaps in one of theſe meetings twenty will find peace to their ſouls.

When this work firſt began, as I did not know what to think of it, I rather oppoſed it. But now I am ſatisfied it is of the Lord; for the people evidence the ſincerity of their hearts by their upright walk."

An Account of a SUNDAY SCHOOL.

IN the Methodiſt Sunday-School, at *Bolton le Moors*, there are about eight hundred ſcholars, forty maſters, and nearly as many Aſſiſtants of one kind or other. All that are employed in this School (whatever their offices are) offer their

ſervices willingly, without any pecuniary fee or reward. Every man ſtands cloſe to his ſtation, and enters into the ſpirit of his work, with an intention to do all the good in his power to the children under his care. The Maſters love the children, and delight to inſtruct them: the children love their Maſters, and cheerfully receive inſtruction. It is about two years ſince they firſt began the School in our large convenient Chapel: and the great good attending the undertaking, appears more and more daily: not only in *Bolton*, but in the adjacent places from whence children come conſtantly to the School, and others who live in the country ſeveral miles off.

Many of the poor children about *Bolton* have been greatly neglected in their education, and were almoſt a proverb for wickedneſs, eſpecially ſabbath-breaking: which crime is often the forerunner of the worſt of evils.

But we ſee at preſent, the proſpect of a glorious reformation. Among many who attend at our place, there is already a great change in their manners, morals, and learning. They are taught to read and write by perſons who are very well qualified for the work. Many of the children can read well in the Bible, and write a tolerable hand; ſo that they are qualified for any common buſineſs. Their natural ruſticity is alſo greatly worn off, and their behaviour is modeſt and decent. About one hundred are taught to ſing the praiſes of God; in which they have made great proficiency, to the admiration of thoſe who hear them.

But what is better than all the reſt, the principles of Religion are inſtilled into their minds. The Maſters endeavour to impreſs them with the fear of God; and by that to make all vice and wickedneſs hateful to them;—and urge them to obedience by the precepts and motives of the goſpel. Each claſs is ſpoken to ſeparately every Sunday, on the nature of Religion, and are taught their duty to God, their neighbour and themſelves, when the inſtructions are enforced by ſerious counſels, and ſolemn prayers.

An

An Account of the WORK *of* GOD *begun among the* CHILDREN *at Whittlebury.*

IN February 1774, the Lord began to work on *John Weſton's* mind, a child about eleven years old. He dreamed that Satan was coming to tear him in pieces; but he thought he knocked him down, and began ſinging the 23d pſalm, "The Lord is only my ſupport," &c. While he was ſinging, he thought he ſaw the Almighty ſtanding in a long white robe ready to help him; and from that time he began to ſeek his ſalvation, and daily reproved all whom he heard ſwear or uſe other bad words.

One day as he was with *John Stones* in the wood, (a lad about fourteen years old) he reproved him for ſwearing, telling him, if he ſwore he would go to hell; and aſked him, if he never thought of being better? The other laughed at him; but he ſtill continued talking to him, till they both agreed to pray together. From that time *Stones* ſeemed to be in earneſt about his ſoul. They made it their conſtant rule to pray together daily, and often ſeven times in a day.

On Sunday, March 6, they deſired *John Jeffery*, one of our Leaders, to meet them; when *John Linnell*, another lad about fourteen years old, who alſo appears to be convinced of ſin, met with them. At this firſt meeting *John Stones* was ſo diſtreſſed that he cried out aloud. Afterwards, as they were going into the wood together, meeting with a youth, conſiderably older than themſelves, going to his ſport on the Lord's-day, they reproved him; telling him, if he ſwore and broke the ſabbath he would go to hell. They ſpoke to him of the day of judgment which ſeemed to affect him, and concluded their advice by praying with him, and by making him endeavour to pray too.

Monday, March 7, as they were in the wood, they told *Thomas* and *Benjamin Newman* (the elder about twelve years old, the younger eleven) that if they ſwore, and went on in ſin, they would go to hell; and ſo ſpoke to them of the day of judgment, that they both burſt into tears, and hung about them, crying, We ſhall go to hell! They then told them, they hoped not, and that God would have mercy on them, if they ſought him, and would pardon their ſins. Accordingly they went to prayer with them, and while they were ſo doing, the others cried to God for mercy; ſince which they both appear to be earneſtly ſeeking the Lord.

Thurſday 17, another joining their company, they judged it beſt to divide, and that *John Weſton* ſhould take part with him into the wood to work, and *John Stones* the reſt: for none of the others could pray, only as words were put into their mouths: their method being firſt to pray with them, and then to teach them to pray, telling them if they could only ſay, "Lord have mercy upon us," the Lord would teach them more. Having ſpent this day as uſual in prayer (that is, at the intervals of their work) at night *John Stones* ſaid to his aunt, theſe words come to my mind, "Be of good cheer, thy ſins are forgiven thee." She ſaid, Can you believe it is ſo? He replied, I can hardly tell. Before he went to bed theſe words alſo came to his mind, "My God is reconciled." In the morning he ſaid, "Now I know I am pardoned." On her aſking, How do you know it? He replied, "I feel the love of God in my ſoul, and I know I love God, and that God loves me; for I was ſo happy all night that I could hardly ſleep."

Friday, March 18, they ſpent as uſual in prayer and ſinging, and in reproving all that ſinned in their hearing, both young and old.

Wedneſday 23, *John Stones* and *John Weſton* were at our houſe in the evening before preaching. As it thundered and lightened much, I aſked them if they were afraid? They anſwered,

anſwered, "No." I ſaid, If the Lord was to take you away this night, do you think you ſhould be happy? They both ſaid, They thought they ſhould. *John Stones* ſaid, he wanted to be taken away, that he might be with the Lord; and clapping his hands together ſaid, "O how glad am I that I am turned from my wickedneſs!" and they both rejoiced, thinking it would be a means of bringing more to the preaching.

Thurſday 31, I heard *John Weſton* pray, and was much affected at the melting expreſſions that came out of his lips. He firſt returned thanks for that opportunity of meeting together; then prayed for more of the love of God in his own ſoul, and praiſed the Lord for ſending his dear Son into the world to die for ſinners: ſaying, "It was I that pierced thy bleſſed ſide, and that platted a crown of thorns, and put it on thy head."

Betty Henſon ſays, That they came to the preaching-houſe while ſhe was meeting in her Band, not being aware of their being there. I thought it beſt, ſaid ſhe, to let them have the preaching-houſe to themſelves; but they deſired us to ſtay, and began ſinging and prayer. I found it was good to be there, as their ſolid behaviour, and innocent cheerfulneſs was ſo remarkable: there were ſix preſent, five of whom went to prayer. *John Weſton* expreſſed his unworthineſs, ſinfulneſs, and want of God, and put up ſuch petitions for his own ſoul, and the ſouls of all preſent, as was very affecting to hear. He concluded with ſaying, "Now I know, O God, thy ways are pleaſant ways;" and well might he ſay ſo, for his ſoul ſeemed all diſſolved in love and tears.

John Stones prayed with as much ſteadineſs and correctneſs as moſt experienced men. *John Linnell* prayed earneſtly for pardon; that he might know the ſinfulneſs of ſin; that the Lord might deepen his work, and carry it on in his ſoul; keep them from formality and lukewarmneſs, and from trifling words and actions. They then all expreſſed their thankfulneſs to God, for keeping them out of hell, and for giving them that opportunity of meeting together.

A circumſtance

A circumſtance which happened before any of them received remiſſion of ſins, will ſhew how deep and real their conviction was.

One day (as formerly) ſeveral of them pent up the deer in a corner of the foreſt. *John Stones* ſaid, We have done wrong. The reſt ſaid, So we have; for it is a ſin. Upon this, they all wept for an hour, or more, going about the foreſt crying and praying to God to pardon their ſins. They ſaid, they not only ſinned by hurting the deer, but they were overcome by a light, laughing ſpirit. They then all kneeled down to prayer, and while one was aſking God for forgiveneſs, the reſt cried ſo loud for mercy, that we heard them in our houſe. They ſaid, they prayed that day ſeven times for forgiveneſs for what they had done.

About three days after *John Stones* and *John Weſton* were juſtified, they met an old man, and told him, he muſt know his ſins forgiven or die for ever: that the Lord would come as a thief in the night, and that if he died in the ſtate he was then in, his ſoul would be loſt. The next day they ſaw him again, and ſpoke to him in the ſame manner, and prevailed on him to hear the word.

Another time they met with a man who being vexed with his work, was curſing it. When they reproved him, he made a jeſt of it; but they ſoon let him know they were in earneſt, and talked ſoundly to him of death and judgment, heaven and hell. On his telling them, He knew thoſe things as well as they, they replied, The more was the pity, as his practice was no better.

I hope the Lord will continue his work among them, and that we ſhall ſee greater things than theſe. Indeed there is a proſpect of ſomething of the ſame kind at *Northampton*, as ſeveral young perſons conſtantly attend the preaching: one of whom has lately declared, that ſhe believed God was reconciled to her through Chriſt Jeſus.

S. W.

A PROPHETIC

A Prophetic Dream.

MAURITIUS the Emperor dreamed that himſelf and his whole ſtock were killed by one *Phocas*. He told this dream to *Philippicus*, his ſon-in-law. Enquiry being made if any could be found in his numerous army of that name; there was but one, and he a notary. He therefore ſuppoſed himſelf ſecure enough from one of ſo mean a fortune. Soon after there was a mutiny in the army, upon the detention of their pay; and in the tumult *Phocas* was ſaluted Emperor: the army returning towards *Conſtantinople*, *Mauritius* fled to *Chalcedon*, where both he and his whole progeny, by the commandment of *Phocas*, were put to death.

Warnings Slighted.

IT is a memorable thing, which (from the mouth of a very credible perſon who ſaw it) *George Buchanan* relates, concerning *James* the Fourth, King of *Scotland*. He intending to make a war with *England*, a certain old man of a venerable aſpect, and clad in a long blue garment, came unto him at the Church of St. *Michael's*, at *Linlithgow*, while he was at his devotion, and leaning over the ſeat where the King ſat, ſaid, "I am ſent unto thee, O King, to give thee warning, that thou proceed not in the war thou art about; for if thou doſt, it will be thy ruin:" and having ſo ſaid he withdrew himſelf into the preſs. The King, after ſervice was ended, enquired earneſtly for him, but he could no where be found. His Queen alſo had acquainted him with the viſions of her ſleep: That ſhe had ſeen him fall from a great precipice, and that ſhe had loſt one of her eyes. But he anſwered, They were but dreams, ariſing

arising from the cares of the day: and so marched on and fell with a number of his nobility, at the battle of Flodden-Field, September 9, 1513.

A CURE *for the* BITE *of a* MAD DOG.

DRY Salt is an immediate remedy for the bite of a Mad Dog. It should be kept on a considerable while, and renewed as often as it grows moist.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLXVII.

[From Mr. John Valton, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Stanley, July 4, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AS the Conference is now approaching, I will lay my case before you, that you may be better able to judge how to dispose of me.

I labour under such weakness of body at present, that I cannot do my duty in meeting the people, (after I have preached to them) so much as their several states require. If I visit from house to house I am so debilitated in an hour or two that I can be of no use any longer.

Dear Sir, I would not have you think, that it is to shun travelling that I *now* speak thus. I bless the Lord that I am free to travel or to sit down.

I cannot help saying, (although it may seem a breach of modesty) that the Lord makes use of me both to wound and to heal wherever he sends me; and I have thought, that perhaps some good might be prevented if I contracted my sphere of

of action. But at such times it immediately occurs to me, "The Lord has no need of *thee*: he can do without thee."

If I know my own heart, I have no choice either to live or to die, to travel or to desist; but am entirely free to follow the will of God. My soul is all life and spirits; but my infirm body is like a jaded horse. If it was no sin to kill my body, I should not care what became of it; but should rejoice to be worne out in his service.

If you should think, that in these circumstances, I am improper to travel, I have thoughts of settling at Stroud, where we have seven or eight places of preaching within four miles of it; which would be a wholesome exercise to me, while it afforded me opportunities of preaching as much as I should be able.

Since I have now opened my mind to you, dear Sir, as in the presence of God, I shall leave you to judge for me, and esteem your determination as a law.

I bless God, my soul is truly happy! I behold my approaching dissolution with pleasing anticipations, and yet have no desire of any thing, but that the will of God may be done. May he be with you at the Conference, and make you wise, as an angel of God! I wish you every blessing from above, and am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful Son in the Gospel,

JOHN VALTON.

LETTER CCCCLXVIII.

[From Miss D. Perronet, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Shoreham, July 6, 1778.

Honoured Sir,

WE adore Him who returns you to us again, and still compasses you about with songs of deliverance. May the light of the Most High shine in every grateful heart, and his wisdom, and blessing be in all your counsels.

I saw Mr. F. at Canterbury, and hope he sees now where this false meteor has led him. I am far from thinking his uneasiness is only disappointment. I hope he suspects himself. I told him, it was the envy of Satan, who was imposing on his understanding, in order to hinder his usefulness; and that Methodism was not intended to turn people from one outward thing to another, but to bring spirituality among all: and that wherein they were called, they should there abide with God. I think his gifts are improved, and that he is fervent in prayer.

There is a *good* prospect at Canterbury, and before this fell out, there was a *great* one.

Dear Sir, let me beseech you, for the sake of our Redeemer, to press it on our Preachers to visit every prison they can. If there was more willingness to take up this cross, the Lord would be well pleased; his providence would work with his people; and many of the outcasts would escape to glory.

One man died in peace out of Maidstone Goal the last assizes, and two more are powerfully wrought upon by the word of God: one of whom has chose to go on board a man of war rather than work on the Thames, and the other we suppose will be pardoned.

That God may direct and prosper you in all your undertakings, is, Rev. Sir, the ardent wish of your Friend and Servant,

D. PERRONET.

LETTER CCCCLXIX.

[From the Rev. Peter Lièvre, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Deptford, July 29, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Sincerely thank you for your kind letter, and will always study to merit the affection you so kindly express therein.

I think

I think I ſhould be very ſcrupulous in going abroad, unleſs I could clearly be aſcertained of the call of Providence. Money (for its own ſake) has very few charms for me. I am perfectly happy in that reſpect, in my preſent ſituation; but there may be an attachment.—However, if God ſhould pleaſe to enlarge my ability for uſefulneſs, I pray he may continue my inclination, or, I durſt not anſwer for a deceitful heart.

I bleſs God, I earneſtly deſire to lay up treaſure above, where neither ruſt nor moth can corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and ſteal. I have as yet made but a poor progreſs! I have hardly begun. But I think to devote myſelf more fully to Jeſus, and in the meantime to thank him even for this deſire. May He, who is the author of every good deſire, blow this ſpark into a flame of holy, humble love!

No thirſt of gold my ſoul inſpire,
Nor earthly baubles move,
Give me the treaſure I deſire,
The riches of thy love,

I am fully convinced of the danger, and ſpiritual loſs to which I ſhould be expoſed abroad; particularly if I ſhould go, without the call of Providence. But if God ſhould call me there, I will truſt him for the reſt. I only pray that his will may be done in me, with me, and by me, and that I may be kept from doing my own. I ſhall rejoice to ſee you again in Deptford. In the meantime I remain,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionately dutiful Nephew,

P. L.

POETRY.

TIME: *an* ELEGY.

Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

PART II.

[*Continued from page* 446.]

TO mark the unwearied flight of rolling years:
The vanities of life; the waſtes of time;
To point Man's happieſt hopes; to alarm his fears;
The Muſe again awakes the moral rhyme.

She marks thoſe ſtates alternate riſe and fall,
That once o'er all the imperial ſceptre bore:
She marks thoſe heroes drop that ſhook the ball,
Whom Fame, and flaming Victory, flew before.

What cannot Time deſtroy? Thoſe dazzling thrones
Of Syria, Perſia, or of Egypt old,
Where are they now? They reſt with royal bones,
In the ſame mouldered duſt with heroes rolled.

Where now is Greece? Whoſe ſons unrivalled trode
In arts or arms, the boaſt of human-kind:
Here reigned the Muſes, and their laurelled god;
Here Truth ennobled whom each Grace refined.

Where now is Rome? Whoſe conquering eagle flew,
Like the bold bird of Jove, with lightning armed;
From pole to pole the heart-ſtruck panic grew;
Shook trembling kingdoms, and the world alarmed.

Ye

Yet awful Wiſdom led each conqueſt on,
Valour untaméd, and perſevering toil;
Perhaps ſuch deeds, where heavenly Virtue ſhone,
Aſſignéd the guilty nations for her ſpoil.

But now, alas! (her warlike honour's loſt)
Penſive ſhe ſits 'midſt thouſand ruins drear;
And o'er her worthleſs ſons, and deſert coaſt,
She pours the ſad, but unavailing tear.

No more I ſee her range thé enſanguinéd field,
While lightning flaſhes from her awful eye;
She quits the glittering ſprear, and ſounding ſhield,
And lays the creſted helm for ever by.

Like ſome decaying ſtorm, or dying blaſt,
Which faint we hear, or only ſeem to hear,
The thundéring wars of old, though long o'erpaſt,
Still ſeem to murmur on Reflection's ear.

—But now behoves to change the ſorrowing ſcene,
From heroes, kingdoms, empires, worlds o'erthrown:
Who can ſuch ſights behold unmovéd, ſerene!
I melt for others,—others more our own.

Lo where *Philander's* recent aſhes ſleep,
The Loves and Graces in ſad concert mourn!
Behold the friend, the parent, ſiſter weep!
And bathe with many a tear, thé untimely urn.

But not their tears, nor all the wiles of art,
Can ope the iron chambers of the tomb:
Not Virtue's ſelf can move Death's flinty heart,
Nor Youth, nor Age, nor Beauty's angel-bloom.

Behold what crowding graves! what emblems round!
What living lectures breathe from every ſtone!
No airy boaſt of grandeur marks the ground;
Theſe humble teachers talk of Death alone.

" Come

"Come ye (they cry) in Fortune's trappings dreſt,
Ye ſick for power, ye ſticklers for a name;
Behold where you muſt take your endleſs reſt,
A bed of earth is all that ye can claim."

Perhaps ſome ſcutcheon, or ſome ſtately buſt,
Some ſculptured urn with marble ſtrong upſtayed,
May crown your grave,—yet theſe ſhall fall to duſt,
And crumbling mingle with the bones they ſhade.

Deep in yon awful tomb,* with roof ſo high,
Where light juſt glimmers on the darkening floor,
The great, the noble, and the puiſſant lie;
But are they now ought greater than the poor?

Say, does not worth preſerve the good man's fame?
Even in the duſt, (his ſanctified repoſe!)
And round his grave, though poor in life his name,
The violet blooms, the wall-flower ſweeter blows.

Behold theſe graves! the young, the vain, the gay!
How ſilent all! their ſport now put to flight!
No voice of mirth is heard! no cheerful play
Awakes the ſlumber of eternal night.

Beneath that moſs-grown ſtone now mouldering lie
Thoſe heavenly charms that bade the world adore;
The faultleſs ſhape, ſoft air, and ſparkling eye,
Were *Celia's* once—but *Celia's* now no more.

Yet thus ſhall fade the faireſt charms below,
Of art or nature, body or of ſoul
Like northern lights, or like the painted bow,
So ſwift of human life the meteors roll.

But ſee! 'tis paſt the ſilent noon of night,
And *Cynthia* falls from her meridian tour;
While, as ſhe flow withdraws her paler light,
The ſhadows lengthen of yon cypreſs-bower.

* The burial-place of the family of Gordon.

Though

Though time, O Muſe! with *Cynthia* to retire,
O'er graves and hoary piles no more to roam!
Yet, yet a while, the weeping verſe inſpire,
And weave the dark-green ivy round my tomb.

The INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendiſh, 'tis ſtrange that charm that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from Love.

In vain I ſought the wondrous cauſe,
Rangéd the wide field of Nature's laws,
And urgéd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retiréd, and ſlumber dreſſéd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On Fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till on the banks of Ganges' flood
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſignéd.

Hard by a venerable Prieſt,
Riſén with his god, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjuréd the murmuring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He ſang thé eternal rolling flame,
That vital Maſs, that ſtill the ſame
Does all our minds compoſe:

But

But ſhapéd in twice ten thouſand frames,
Thence differing ſouls of differing names,
And jarring tempeſts roſe.

The mighty Power that formed the mind
One mould for every two deſigned,
And bleſſed the new-born pair;
This be a match for this (he ſaid,)
Then down he ſent the ſouls he made
To ſeek them bodies here.

But parting from their warm abode,
They loſt their fellows on the road,
And never joined their hands:
Ah, cruel Chance, and croſſing Fates,
Our Eaſtern ſouls have loſt their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.

Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whoſe birth is to his own allied,
The ſweeteſt joy of life:
But oh the crouds of wretched ſouls,
Fettered to minds of different moulds,
And chained to eternal ſtrife!

Thus ſang the wondrous Indian bard;
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard
While Ganges ceaſed to flow;
Sure then, I cried, might I but ſee
That gentle nymph that twinned with me,
I might be happy too.

Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What diſtant lands this unknown fair
Or diſtant ſeas detain?
Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls,
I'd fly to meet, and mingle ſouls
And wear the joyful chain.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. V.

Shewing that these late Notions concerning the Liberty, or rather Servitude of the Will of Man, were generally condemned by the Primitive Christians.

[*Continued from page* 452.]

1st. THE ancients make the freedom of the will necessary both to Vice and Virtue. *Justin* declares, no actions of men would be praise-worthy, *if they had not the power to turn to either of them. Macarius* saith, that if we were *of a nature bound, we should neither be capable of honour and glory, or of hell and punishment*; *both these being prepared* for *a mutable nature which can flie from evil, and turn to what is good and right.* And this is so agreeable to the light of nature, that *Cyril* of *Alexandria introduced* Porphyry, *placing the freedom of man in this, that he hath the freedom to chuse vice or virtue*;

this being, saith he, *necessary that he may be capable of praise or reprehension, honour or dishonour, rewards or punishments.*

2dly. They add, That by reason of this free-will which God hath given unto man, he hath it in his power to believe, or not, as we have heard from *Irenæus*, and *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, to be, or make himself a vessel of election, or of wrath, saith *Macarius*; and, Ipsi sibi causa est, *He of himself is the cause*, saith *Irenæus*, *why he becomes good corn or chaff, every one rendering himself righteous, or disobedient*, saith *Clemens* of *Alexandria*. St. *Basil* saith, that *every man may, of his own free-will, be either a holy seed, or be the contrary. God*, saith *Pseudo-Justin*, is not the cause that we are good, or wicked, *but our own choice, by which he hath put it into our own power to be good, or bad. Christ*, saith *Chrysostom, spake many things of the kingdom, and of hell, and shewed that we had power to chuse either of them, by punishing sinners, and honouring them that do well: for*, saith he, *we have it in our power to chuse this, or that, to fall into hell or enjoy the kingdom.* Sure then these things must be sufficient to convince us that these Fathers believed nothing of the doctrine of Absolute Election and Reprobation, or of that miserable servitude of the human will, which these men so much insist upon.

3dly. St. *Austin* argues against the doctrine of the *Manichæans* from the reasonableness of the Divine precepts, *it being folly to command him who hath not power to obey*; and in this I have shewed that *Irenæus*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, *Origen*, *Eusebius*, *Epiphanius* and *Theodoret* accord fully with him: to which add that full passage of *Cyril* of *Alexandria*, *If men were good, or evil in their manners, when they could neither think, or do better, or worse, we must abstain from praising the good, or reprehending the wicked; all the admonitions of fathers to their sons will be a vain thing; all the instructions of youth will be superfluous, and a vain trifle: and we must take away all laws; for if every man hath it not in his power, to chuse what way of life he would, but hath an indissoluble and*

inevitable

inevitable tie to this or that, farewel all laws, or whatſoever elſe is profitable. *Macarius* adds, that *a law is given, to him that can turn to both parts*, i. e. obey, or tranſgreſs it; *but no law can lie againſt him who is bound by fate.*

4thly. St. *Auſtin* diſputes againſt the doctrine of the *Manichees* from the equity of the Divine judgment, declaring that if men did not ſin voluntarily they would be judged unjuſtly; for *if God*, ſaith he, *had not given man free-will, there could be no juſtice in puniſhing the offender, nor any reward for well doing, nor any divine precept requiring men to repent of their ſins; for neither the wages of good or evil can be duly given to him who was good or evil, not out of freedom, but neceſſity; nor is any man to be blamed at all who doth not freely do evil.* And in this we have ſeen the agreement of *Origen* and *Euſebius*, and the words now cited from *Tertullian*, *Irenæus*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, and others who are of the ſame judgment. *God hath given to man*, ſaith *Tatian*, *freedom of will, that bad men may be juſtly puniſhed, as being wicked from themſelves; and that good men may be praiſed, who freely do comply with the will of God. God always preſerved the liberty of the will in man*, ſaith *Irenæus*, *that they might juſtly be damned for their diſobedience who did not obey him, and that they who believed and obeyed, might be honoured with incorruptibility.* And *Athenagoras* proves to the Emperors *Antoninus* and *Commodus*, that man is *free of himſelf to chuſe virtue or vice*; for, *neither*, ſaith he, *would you honour the good, or puniſh the wicked, if it were not in their power to chuſe either.*

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLVII.

On 2 COR. i. 12.

[*Concluded from page* 452.]

14. PROCEED we now to consider in the second place, the several *sorts* of Conscience. A good Conscience has been spoken of already. This St. *Paul* expresses various ways. In one place he simply terms it, a *good Conscience toward God:* in another, *a Conscience void of offence towards God and toward man.* But he speaks still more largely in the text: *Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our Conscience, that in simplicity,* with a single eye, *and godly sincerity, we have had our conversation in the world.* Meantime he observes that this was done, *not by fleshly wisdom*: commonly called Prudence; (this never did, nor ever can produce such an effect:) *but by the grace of God,* which alone is sufficient to work this in any child of man.

15. Nearly allied to this, (if it be not the same placed in another view, or a particular branch of it) is a *tender* Conscience. One of a tender Conscience is exact in observing any deviation from the word of God, whether in thought, or word, or work, and immediately feels remorse and self-condemnation for it. And the constant cry of his soul is,

> " O that my tender soul may fly
> The first abhorrèd approach of ill:
> Quick as the apple of an eye
> The slightest touch of sin to feel."

16. But sometimes this excellent quality, *tenderness* of Conscience, is carried to an extreme. We find some who fear where no fear is, who are continually condemning themselves

ſelves without cauſe; imagining ſome things to be ſinful which the Scripture no where condemns; and ſuppoſing other things to be their duty, which the Scripture no where enjoins. This is properly termed, a *ſcrupulous* Conſcience, and is a ſore evil. It is highly expedient to yield to it as little as poſſible; rather it is a matter of earneſt prayer, that you may be delivered from this ſore evil, and may recover a ſound mind: to which nothing would contribute more, than the converſe of a pious and judicious friend.

17. But the extreme which is oppoſite to this, is far more dangerous. A *hardened* Conſcience is a thouſand times more dangerous than a ſcrupulous one: that can violate a plain command of God, without any ſelf-condemnation: either doing what he has expreſsly forbidden, or neglecting what he has expreſsly commanded: and yet without any remorſe: yea perhaps glorying in this very hardneſs of heart! Many inſtances of this deplorable ſtupidity we meet with at this day: and even among people that ſuppoſe themſelves to have no ſmall ſhare of Religion. A perſon is doing ſomething which the Scripture clearly forbids. You aſk, How do you dare to do this? and are anſwered with perfect unconcern, "O my heart does not condemn me." I reply, "So much the worſe. I would to God it did. You would then be in a ſafer ſtate then you are now. It is a dreadful thing, to be condemned by the word of God, and yet not to be condemned by your own heart!" If we can break the leaſt of the known commands of God, without any ſelf-condemnation, it is plain, the god of this world hath hardened our hearts. If we do not ſoon recover from this, we ſhall be *paſt feeling*, and our Conſciences (as St. *Paul* ſpeaks) will be *ſeared as with a hot iron.*

18. I have now only to add a few important Directions. The firſt great point is this: Suppoſe we have a tender Conſcience, how ſhall we preſerve it. I believe there is only one poſſible way of doing this, which is, To obey it. Every act of

of disobedience, tends to blind and deaden it, to put out its eyes, that it may not see the good and the acceptable will of God, and to deaden the heart, that it may not feel self-condemnation, when we act in opposition to it. And, on the contrary, every act of obedience gives to the Conscience a sharper and stronger sight, and a quicker feeling of whatever offends the glorious Majesty of God. Therefore, if you desire to have your Conscience always quick to discern, and faithful to accuse or excuse you; if you would preserve it always sensible and tender, be sure to obey it at all events. Continually listen to its admonitions, and steadily follow them. Whatever it directs you to do according to the word of God, do; however grievous to flesh and blood. Whatever it forbids, if the prohibition be not grounded on the word of God, see you do it not, however pleasing it may be to flesh and blood. The one or the other may frequently be the case. What God forbids may be pleasing to our evil nature. There you are called to deny yourself, or you deny your Master. What he enjoins, may be painful to nature: there take up your cross. So true is our Lord's word, *Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple.*

19. I cannot conclude this Discourse better than with an extract from Dr. *Annesley's* Sermon on Universal Conscientiousness.*

"Be persuaded to practice the following Directions, and your Conscience will continue right.

1. Take heed of every sin: count no sin small: and obey every command with your might. Watch against the first risings of sin, and beware of the borders of sin. Shun the very appearance of evil. Venture not upon temptations or occasions of sin.

2. Consider

* Dr. *Annesley* (my mother's father) was Rector of the Parish of *Cripplegate*.

2. Conſider yourſelf as living under God's eye: live as in the ſenſible preſence of the jealous God. Remember, all things are naked and open before him! You cannot deceive him; for he is infinite wiſdom: you cannot fly from him; for he is every where: you cannot bribe him; for he is righteouſneſs itſelf! Speak as knowing God hears you; walk, as knowing God beſets you on every ſide. The Lord is with you, while you are with him: that is, you ſhall enjoy his favourable preſence, while you live in his awful preſence.

3. Be ſerious and frequent in the examination of your heart and life. There are ſome duties like thoſe parts of the body, the want of which, may be ſupplied by other parts: but the want of theſe nothing can ſupply. Every evening review your carriage through the day: what you have done, or thought, that was unbecoming your character: whether your heart has been inſtant upon Religion, and indifferent to the world? Have a ſpecial care of two portions of your time, namely, morning and evening: the morning to forethink what you have to do, and the evening to examine, Whether you have done what you ought?

4. Let every action have reference to your whole life, and not to a part only. Let all your ſubordinate ends be ſuitable to the great end of your living. *Exerciſe yourſelf unto godlineſs.* Be as diligent in Religion, as thou wouldſt have thy children that go to ſchool be in learning. Let thy whole life be a preparation for heaven, like the preparation of wreſtlers for the combat.

5. Do not venture on ſin, becauſe Chriſt hath purchaſed a pardon: that is a moſt horrible abuſe of Chriſt. For this very reaſon there was no ſacrifice under the law for any wilful ſin; leſt people ſhould think, they knew the price of ſins, as thoſe do who deal in Popiſh Indulgences.

6. Be nothing in your own eyes: for what is it, alas, that we have to be proud of! Our very conception was ſinful,

ſinful, our birth painful, our life toilſome, our death we know not what! But all this is nothing to the ſtate of our ſoul. If we know this, what excuſe have we for Pride?

7. Conſult duty; not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. All ſpeculations that tend not to Holineſs, are among your ſuperfluities: but forebodings of what may befal you in doing your duty, may be reckoned among your ſins: and to venture upon ſin to avoid danger, is to ſink the ſhip for fear of pirates. O how quiet, as well as holy would our lives be, had we learned that ſingle leſſon, To be careful for nothing but to do our duty, and leave all conſequences to God! What madneſs, for ſilly duſt to preſcribe to Infinite Wiſdom? To let go our work and meddle with God's? He hath managed the concerns of the world, and of every individual perſon in it, without giving cauſe of complaint to any, for above theſe five thouſand years. And does he now need *your* counſel? Nay, it is *your* buſineſs to mind your own duty.

8. What advice you would give another, take yourſelf: the worſt of men are apt enough to lay burdens on others, which if they would take on themſelves, they would be rare Chriſtians.

9. Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a bleſſing. Every action of a Chriſtian that is good, is ſanctified by the word and prayer. It becomes not a Chriſtian to do any thing ſo trivial, that he cannot pray over it. And if he would but beſtow a ſerious ejaculation on every occurrent action, ſuch a prayer would cut off all things ſinful, and encourage all things lawful.

10. Think, and ſpeak, and do what you are perſuaded Chriſt himſelf would do in your caſe, were he on earth. It becomes a Chriſtian, rather to be an example, than to follow one. But by imitating Chriſt you become an example to all, who was, and is, and ever will be, our abſolute Pattern. O Chriſtians, how did Chriſt pray, and redeem time for prayer!

prayer? How did Chriſt preach, out of whoſe mouth proceeded no other but gracious words? What time did Chriſt ſpend in impertinent diſcourſe? How did Chriſt go up and down doing good to men, and what was pleaſing to God? Beloved, I commend to you theſe four memorials. 1. Mind Duty: 2. What is the Duty of another in your caſe is your own: 3. Do not meddle with any thing, if you cannot ſay, The bleſſing of the Lord be upon it. 4. Above all, ſooner forget your Chriſtian name, than forget to eye Chriſt! Whatever treatment you meet with from the world, remember him and follow his ſteps: *Who did no ſin, neither was guile found in his mouth! Who when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed himſelf to Him that judgeth righteouſly.*"

Briſtol, April 8, 1788.

An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 461.]

THE ſummer following I fell into a decline, and lingered for ſome months. About the beginning of September, as I laid in my bed one night, all of a ſudden the following thoughts ſtruck me: "My couſin died of this diſorder laſt winter; and it is hardly poſſible that I ſhall live till ſpring. What! and muſt I die ſo ſoon? Then as ſure as I am now alive I ſhall go to hell! Alas! I deſerve nothing leſs! I can expect nothing leſs!" Then waiting for the young man who lay with me to go to ſleep, I aroſe and went to prayer: and beſought the Lord to reſtore me to health; and ſolemnly promiſed, that if he did, I would immediately turn to him, hear his word, and own his people. And (O wonderful

derful goodneſs!) he heard me and gave me *another trial*: for in leſs than a fortnight I was better; and before winter ſet in, was quite recovered.

But alas! I did not keep my promiſe. It is true, I heard the Methodiſts all the winter: but as I recovered, my ſerious impreſſions wore off to ſuch a degree, that when the days lengthened (ſo that we muſt go by day-light to the preaching) I was aſhamed to go! I alſo broke off *all* outward ſin for a time; but when I got quite out of danger, I returned to them again with greater greedineſs than ever: and thus I continued all that year.

Early in the following ſpring, I went to ſee my parents, but all the time I was at home, I behaved very undutiful, in refuſing to be reſtrained from going to cockfightings, &c. When they perſuaded me with great tenderneſs, I had the audacity to tell them (though againſt my conſcience) that they were as bigoted as Papiſts! But I ſeverely ſmarted for this, before I found the Lord.

Some time after I returned to *Brecon*, I was providentially led to hear Mr. *C.* and being cut to the heart, I once more ſought the Lord in earneſt for a ſhort time, and then fell into ſin again.

Towards the latter end of the ſummer, 1767, my ſurviving couſin, Mr. *William Miller*, ſaid to me one Sunday morning, Will you go to hear Mr. *Weſley* who is to preach at eight o'clock? I replied, "I will." Accordingly we went, and waited till Mr. *Weſley* came. When he appeared, the firſt ſight I had of him ſo much affected me, that I could not ſoon forget it. Soon after he ſtood up, and preached from the following words, *The wayfaring man, though a fool, ſhall not err therein.* Under this ſermon I was more inſtructed than under *all* that I had heard before put together. In the evening, he preached on, *He healeth the broken in heart.* Both theſe ſermons were of ſuch ſervice to me, that I never more gave ſuch a looſe to ſin as I had done before:

before: although ſoon after I fell from my former ſtedfaſtneſs, and lived careleſs for near a year.

The means of this fall was as follows. Wanting to ſend a letter to my father; and hearing that there was a young man at the inn who was going to *Pembroke*, I took it to him to ſave the poſtage. And as he had lived ſome time in *London*, and was a ſprightly young man, the enemy ſuggeſted, that I was ſome years younger than he, and at preſent as likely to live. I therefore thought, Why ſhould not I enjoy the pleaſures of life a little longer as well as others? eſpecially as I have no deſire to be wicked? Thus the ſubtil adverſary reaſoned with me, while my fooliſh heart, firſt liſtened, and then yielded to the temptation.—I have often ſince regretted this fall more than all the reſt; becauſe it had, not only all the aggravations of the others, but blaſted the firſt fruits of Mr. *Weſley's* labour, which made ſuch a promiſing appearance on my heart and mind.

In Auguſt 1768, Lady *Huntingdon* opened her School at *Trevecka*. Among the ſcholars there, was a Mr. *Shipman*, (one of thoſe expelled from *Oxford* the year before.) Under the ſecond ſermon he preached in *Brecon*, I was again convinced of my wretched condition, and reſolved once more to turn to God. I was ſo deeply affected, that I thought all in the houſe muſt have felt the ſame impreſſions: and indeed many did. Glory be to God, I have been enabled to hold on my way ever ſince! The Sunday following I heard Mr. *Howel Harris*, when the word ſunk into my heart. I then began to mourn for all my ſins, and to ſeek the pardon of them through the blood of Jeſus. I would alſo gladly have joined the Society; but as no one aſked me, I was afraid to aſk them, becauſe I had no acquaintance with any of them, and becauſe I thought I was not fit to be among them: being much afraid I ſhould fall again and bring a ſcandal upon them. Indeed I was afraid they would not receive me, and ſeemed to dread a refuſal worſe than death.

About a month before Chriſtmas I had a ſtrong deſire to receive the Sacrament; yet I trembled at the thought, leſt I ſhould eat and drink my own damnation!

As I wanted a new Common-Prayer-Book, the Bookſeller perſuaded me to buy one with a Companion to the Altar in it: I took his advice. When I went home I read it, and the Lord ſo bleſſed it to my ſoul, that all my ſcruples were removed. Accordingly I reſolved to go to the Lord's-table on Chriſtmas-day. When the time came, I was overwhelmed with dread, and went trembling to the altar; but when the miniſter gave me the bleſſed elements, God gave me the ſweet drawings of his love. This did not abide long, but while it did, I thought I was in heaven! Surely I have reaſon to love the Church of *England*; and bleſſed be God I have done ſo ever ſince; for I felt then, (as I have done many times ſince) that the Lord can, and doth give his bleſſing, to all who come to his table truſting in Him: though neither Miniſter nor congregation are truly ſpiritual people.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IT is a pity I cannot furniſh you with more memorandums, of a man of ſo much good ſenſe, and unaffected piety, as Mr. *Henry Foſter*, who is now with God. I looked over his papers, but found not what I could wiſh. One reaſon was, he was unable to write long before he died: another, he kept no journal of any conſideration: laſtly, his friends, (however much they eſteemed him) neglected to make thoſe remarks which could have been wiſhed for on an occaſion ſo intereſting.

One

One thing that appears to me to ſet his piety in a very ſtrong point of view, is a ſolemn covenant-dedication of himſelf to God, which he ſubſcribed with his own hand, and is as follows.

" Eternal and unchangeable Jehovah; thou great Creator of heaven and earth; thou adorable Lord of angels and men: I deſire, with the deepeſt humiliation, and ſelf-abaſement, to fall down in thy awful preſence; and earneſtly pray, that thou wouldſt penetrate my heart with a ſuitable ſenſe of thine unutterable and inconceivable glories!

Trembling may juſtly take hold on me, when I, a ſinful worm, preſume to lift my head to thee, and to appear in thy preſence, on ſuch an occaſion! What am I, O Lord God! What is my nature, and deſcent; my character and deſert; that I ſhould ſpeak of being a party in a covenant, where thou, the great King of kings, and Lord of lords, art the other!

I bluſh and am confounded, even to mention it before thee; but, O Lord! as thy majeſty is great, ſo alſo is thy mercy! If thou wilt hold converſe with any of thy creatures, thy excellency muſt ſtoop infinitely low! And I know that in and through Jeſus, the Son of thy love, thou condeſcendeſt to viſit ſinful men, and to allow them to approach unto thee: I know, that the way and method of doing this thou haſt graciouſly condeſcended to lay before us.

To thee, therefore do I now come; and laying myſelf at thy feet, with ſhame and confuſion of face, I ſay, with the humble publican, God be merciful to me a ſinner! I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have been a great tranſgreſſor! that my ſins have reached to the heavens, and that mine iniquities are lifted up to the ſkies! The baſe affections of my corrupt nature, have, in ten thouſand inſtances, wrought in me to bring forth fruit unto death: and if thou ſhouldſt be extreme to mark iniquity, I muſt be ſilent, under a load of guilt, and immediately ſink into deſtruction.

But

But thou haſt graciouſly invited me to return unto thee, though I have been a wandering ſheep, a prodigal ſon, a backſliding child. Therefore, O Lord, I come unto thee! I come convinced, not only of my ſin, but of my folly! I come, from my very heart, aſhamed of myſelf; and with deep humility confeſs, that I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly; and am confounded at the remembrance of theſe things. But be thou merciful to my unrighteouſneſs, O Lord! and remember not againſt me my tranſgreſſions!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of the Death of Mr. SEWARD: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

Rev. Sir,

THE Lord has been pleaſed to take away my dear fellow-labourer, brother *Seward*.

He went to a friend's in the country, and returned the 6th of June, apparently much better than he had been for ſome months. I therefore ſet out to the Circuit on the 7th.

That evening he preached with much ſatisfaction to the people, and was remarkably cheerful after, and went to bed and ſlept four hours. But when he awoke he was very ill, and continued ſo for twenty-four hours, and then breathed out his pious ſoul into the arms of God.

The ſhort time of his illneſs he had no fear of death; but was meekly reſigned to his heavenly Father's will.

Ever ſince I was acquainted with him, I can truly ſay, I have not known a more ſteady, upright young man of his years. May the Lord ſanctify this viſitation to us, and help us to follow his example!

D. J.

Limerick, June 16, 1787.

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of the Death of Miſs GRIFFITHS: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

Rev. Sir,

IT is with heart-felt delight I now ſit down to comply with the requeſt of my dear departed friend; but though I am unequal to the taſk, yet as it was her deſire, I muſt, and will fulfil it.

My friend's eſteem for you, made her anxious that I ſhould let you know how great things the Lord had done for her; eſpecially as I was a witneſs of that bleſſed change.

When I firſt ſaw her, I was quite a ſtranger to her; but from the firſt time I heard of her ſituation, I felt a very ſtrong attachment to her; which ſoon occaſioned a more intimate acquaintance. She alſo expreſſed the ſame affection for me.

When we were together, ſhe frequently lamented the many years ſhe had ſpent in the total neglect of her ſalvation; which now appeared of too great importance to be any longer trifled with. She was ſenſible, that blameleſs as her outward behaviour had been, this alone would not ſtand the teſt of the great day! For one thing was yet needful, and ſhe felt her want of it very deeply.

Turning to me one day, ſhe ſaid, "I believe Mrs. *R.* does not think me ſo ill as I really am. But O! to be ſo near death, and not to be aſſured of my ſalvation, how dreadful is it!" On my turning from her and weeping, ſhe ſaid, "As you are happy yourſelf, what do you weep for? O tell me! and ſhew me the way that I may be happy too! But alas! you never had ſuch a hard heart as I have." I replied, You are greatly deceived in me. I ſhould tremble to ſay my heart is not naturally as hard as yours; but I have reaſon to bleſs God who has changed it in a meaſure: and your

your ſoul is equally precious in his ſight; for he would not that any ſhould periſh.

On the Friday before ſhe died, (apprehending her diſſolution very near) ſhe was in ſuch diſtreſs that my heart bled for her! I do not know that I ever longed more for the ſalvation of my own ſoul, than I did for hers. And dear Mrs. *R.* alſo was a faithful friend to her, and intreated her, with many tears, to cry earneſtly to God for mercy. She alſo intreated her not to reſt with only hoping that God would receive her; but told her plainly, She muſt know it. On this Miſs *G.* ſaid, "I cannot pray! What ſhall I do!" In the midſt of this extreme diſtreſs, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the Lord paſſed by, and proclaimed himſelf, The Lord, the Lord God, gracious and merciful,—forgiving iniquity, tranſgreſſion and ſin. She then cried out, "Jeſus has died for me! I know he loves me! I am happy! very happy! It is more than I can bear." She then praiſed her great Deliverer, and deſired us all to do the ſame.

From this time, death was no more a king of terrors to her; but rather a welcome meſſenger: therefore ſhe longed to be diſſolved, that ſhe might be with Chriſt! For as Jeſus was indeed precious to her believing ſoul, ſhe exulted in him, while her confidence grew ſtronger and ſtronger. "What a comfort is it, ſaid ſhe, that I know, Jeſus is my Redeemer! He has promiſed to ſave me. I know I am a child of God! and have not one doubt remaining!" And as ſhe wiſhed to be with Jeſus, ſhe frequently aſked, if we thought ſhe was near her end? and deſired us to intreat God to give her patience to wait his appointed time. "If it be thy will (ſhe would often ſay) O take me now! but if not, thy will be done!" She frequently exclaimed, "How good the Lord is! How tenderly does he deal with me! O he is a loving Saviour! I wiſh I could praiſe him more!"

For

For ſome time before ſhe died, ſhe was in a great meaſure deprived of her ſenſes: but at intervals her reaſon returned; when ſhe always declared the goodneſs of God to her ſoul.

When ſhe was deſired to take ſome drops, to try if ſhe could have a little ſleep, ſhe was unwilling; ſaying, "If I ſleep I ſhall not give glory to God, in my laſt moments!" Thus having kept her bed for five days, ſhe fell aſleep in Jeſus, and then went into the joy of her Lord!

A. B.

Knowles, April 11, 1777.

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the Propagation of PLANTS.

[*Continued from page* 472.]

THE wiſdom of the Creator appears no where more, than in the manner of the growth of trees. As their roots deſcend deeper than thoſe of other plants, they do not rob them of nouriſhment. And as their ſtems ſhoot up ſo high, they are eaſily preſerved from cattle. Their leaves falling in autumn guard many plants from the rigour of winter: and in the ſummer afford both them and us a defence againſt the heat of the ſun. They likewiſe imbibe the water from the earth, part of which tranſpiring through their leaves, is inſenſibly diſperſed, and helps to moiſten the plants that are round about. Laſtly, the particular ſtructure of trees contributes very much to the propagation of inſects. Multitudes of theſe lay their eggs upon their leaves, where they find both food and ſafety.

Many plants and ſhrubs are armed with thorns, to keep the animals from deſtroying their fruit. At the ſame time theſe cover many other plants under their branches; ſo that while the adjacent grounds are robbed of all plants, ſome may be preſerved to continue the ſpecies.

The Moſſes which adorn the moſt barren places, preſerve the ſmaller plants when they begin to ſhoot from cold and drought. They alſo hinder the fermenting earth from forcing the roots of plants upward in the ſpring, as we ſee happens annually to trunks of trees. Hence few Moſſes grow in ſouthern climates, not being neceſſary there to theſe ends.

Sea-Matweed will bear no ſoil but pure ſand. Sand is often blown by violent winds, ſo as to deluge as it were meadows and fields. But where this grows, it fixes the ſand, and gathers it into hillocks. Thus other lands are formed, the ground increaſed, and the ſea repelled, by this wonderful diſpoſition of nature.

How careful is nature to preſerve that uſeful plant, graſs? The more their leaves are eaten, the more they increaſe. For the author of nature intended, that vegetables which have ſlender ſtalks and erect leaves ſhould be copious and thick ſet, and thus afford food for ſo vaſt a quantity of grazing animals. But what increaſes our wonder is, that although graſs is the principal food of ſuch animals, yet they touch not the flower and ſeed-bearing ſtems, that ſo the ſeeds may ripen and be ſown.

The Caterpillar of the Moth, which feeds upon graſs to the great deſtruction thereof, ſeems to be formed in order to keep a due proportion between this and other plants. For graſs when left to grow freely, increaſes to that degree as to exclude all other plants, which would conſequently be extirpated, unleſs the inſect ſometimes prepared a place for them. And hence it is, that more ſpecies of plants appear, when this Caterpillar has laid waſte the paſture the preceding year, than at any other time.

But all plants, ſooner or later, muſt ſubmit to death. They ſpring up, they grow, they flouriſh, they bear fruit, and having finiſhed their courſe, return to the duſt again. Almoſt all the black mould which covers the earth is owing to dead vegetables. Indeed after the leaves and ſtems are gone, the roots of plants remain: but theſe two at laſt rot and change into mould. And the earth thus prepared, reſtores to plants what it has received from them. For when ſeeds are committed to the earth, they draw and accommodate to their own nature the more ſubtle parts of this mould: ſo that the talleſt tree is in reality nothing but mould wonderfully compounded with air and water. And from theſe plants when they die, juſt the ſame kind of mould is formed as gave them birth. By this means fertility remains continually uninterrupted: whereas the earth could not make good its annual conſumption, were it not conſtantly recruited.

In many caſes, the cruſtaceous Liverworts are the firſt foundation of vegetation. Therefore however deſpiſed, they are of the utmoſt conſequence, in the œconomy of nature. When rocks firſt emerge out of the ſea, they are ſo poliſhed by the force of the waves, that hardly any herb is able to fix its habitation upon them. But the minute cruſtaceous Liverworts ſoon begin to cover theſe dry rocks, though they have no nouriſhment but the little mould and imperceptible particles, which the rain and air bring thither. Theſe Liverworts dying turn into fine earth, in which a larger kind of Liverworts ſtrike their roots. Theſe alſo die and turn to mould: and then the various kinds of Moſſes find nouriſhment. Laſtly, theſe dying yield ſuch plenty of mould, that herbs and ſhrubs eaſily take root and live upon it.

That trees, when dry or cut down, may not remain uſeleſs to the world, and lie melancholy ſpectacles, nature haſtens on their deſtruction, in a ſingular manner. Firſt the Liverworts begin to ſtrike root in them; afterward the moiſture is drawn out of them, whence putrefaction follows. Then the

muſhroom-kind find a fit place to grow on, and corrupt them ſtill more. A particular ſort of beetle next makes himſelf a way between the bark and the wood. Then a ſort of caterpillar and ſeveral other ſorts of beetles, bore numberleſs holes through the trunk. Laſtly, the wood-peckers come, and while they are ſeeking for inſects ſhatter the tree already corrupted, and exceedingly haſten its return to the earth from whence it came. But how ſhall the trunk of a tree, which is emerſed in water, ever return to earth? A particular kind of worm performs this work, as ſea-faring men well know.

But why is ſo inconſiderable a plant as thiſtles, ſo armed and guarded by nature? Becauſe it is one of the moſt uſeful plants that grows. Obſerve a heap of clay, on which for many years no plant has ſprung up: let but the ſeeds of a thiſtle fix there, and other plants will quickly come thither, and ſoon cover the ground. For the thiſtles by their leaves attract moiſture from the air, and by their roots ſend it into the clay, and by that means not only thrive themſelves, but provide a ſhelter for other plants.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 475.]

DIEGO, very early the next morning, told Anſilva, that his father had ſent for him to meet him at La Secco; but that he would not fail to be back in three days: ſo under colour of giving orders about his horſe, he taking leave of her, ſtole to Berinthia's chamber, who knowing that ſhe was not ſafe with her father and ſiſter, at Avero, reſolved to commit her perſon and honour to his protection; ſhe had no ſooner finiſhed her letter, but Diego came ſoftly

ſoftly to her chamber door, to whom ſhe delivered it. Meantime Catalina, whoſe malice finding no reſt, demanded of Anſilva, as ſoon as ſhe came into her chamber, whether ſhe was prepared for the buſineſs ſhe had undertaken? Anſilva anſwered, that in three days time it ſhould certainly be accompliſhed; accordingly ſhe provided herſelf with a ſecond potion.

In the mean time, Diego being arrived at Elvas, delivered Berinthia's letter to his maſter, which Antonio having opened found theſe words:

BERINTHIA *to* ANTONIO.

"MY ſiſter Catalina's malice is ſo extreme to me, for the affection I bear to you, that it makes her degenerate, not only from grace, but nature, and ſeek to bereave me of my life. The bearer, your page, whom I pray you love for my ſake, ſince he, under God, hath preſerved me for yours, will more fully and particularly acquaint you with the foul deſign there is againſt me. So ſince there is no ſafety for me in my father's houſe, into whoſe arms and protection ſhall I throw myſelf but yours, of whoſe ſincere affection I have no doubt? and you, I am well aſſured, will both preſerve my life and honour. It is not out of diſobedience to my father, but out of reſpect to my own life, that I forſake him: but it is both love and fear, which make me impatiently deſire to ſee you, and intreat your aſſiſtance to

BERINTHIA."

Antonio could not but be much ſurprized at the account he received in this letter, and having examined his page, as to the circumſtances of it: love, fear, hope, ſorrow and joy, all act their ſeveral parts, both in his heart, and his countenance: and prizing Berinthia's life and ſafety a thouſand times before his own, he diſpatched Diego the ſame night to

Avero,

Avero, with the following letter, which he commanded him to deliver to Berinthia, with all poſſible ſpeed and ſecrecy.

ANTONIO *to* BERINTHIA.

"As the ſun breaking forth from an obſcure cloud ſhines the clearer, ſo doth your affection to me, through the infernal malice of your ſiſter Catalina, and in ſuch ſort, that I ſcarce know whether I moſt rejoice at the one or deteſt the other. Having therefore firſt thanked God for your happy preſervation, I next commend my page for his fidelity, which ſhall neither be forgotten or unrequited by me. I am ſo impatient of being bleſſed with the ſight of you, and of having the honour of aſſiſting you, that I think the time long while I am writing this ſhort letter. I return it poſt by Diego, and my coachman tells me, he will rather fly than drive, till he has brought me to you. Let the preciſe hour be Monday night, at twelve o'clock, when I will wait your commands at the poſtern of your father's garden. Let the light of a candle in the pavillion be my ſignal, and the report of my piſtol ſhall be yours. I am throwing away my pen, but muſt only tell you, that my ſword ſhall protect your life, and your honour ſhall be protected by my own: and that no minutes ever were more tedious than thoſe that are to paſs, till Berinthia ſhall be in the arms of her

ANTONIO."

[*To be continued.*]

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and a deviation from the great law of juſtice; it perverts the inſtitution of words, and involves a man in difficulties and perplexities. And therefore it is the part of an honeſt and wiſe man to have no wrinkles in his heart; but by plain words to diſcloſe the ſecret receſſes of the ſoul. He ought not to be like *Tiberius*, who uſed phraſes that no one could imagine what he meant: for equivocal ſpeeches, and mental reſervations become none; much leſs great men.

It was ignobly done of *Cleomones*, who having made truce with his enemies for thirty days, to plunder their country in the night: and of *Labeo*, when he had covenanted to yield up half his navy to *Antiochus*, to cut his ſhips in pieces, and render them uſeleſs. And it was a moſt inhumane thing of *Pericles*, after he paſſed his word to the oppoſite army, that he would not meddle with them when they laid aſide their iron, to hew them down, becauſe they had iron buttons upon their coats. It is a huge unworthineſs for rulers to lie, and therefore the *Egyptian* Princes were wont to wear a golden chain beſet with precious ſtones, which they ſtiled Truth; intimating That to be the moſt illuſtrious and royal ornament. Add to all this, what the late ingenious Sir *Henry Wotton* gave for an infallible aphoriſm to an Ambaſſador, viz. Upon all occaſions to ſpeak the truth is the ſureſt ſafeguard, both to your perſon and reputation, and the likelieſt expedient to accompliſh any deſign with ſucceſs; for by this means your truth will ſecure you, if you ſhould ever be called to account: and it will alſo put your adverſaries to a loſs in all their undertakings againſt you.

But notwithſtanding this practice is attended with many grand inconveniences, yet there are ſome ſo deeply in love with it, that they court it purely for its own ſake, viz. becauſe it pleaſes their vain humour. I could heartily wiſh that all ſuch (according to the *Perſian* law) might be wholly excluded from bearing any office, and condemned to perpetual ſilence.

Under

Under this head may be ranked thoſe who lie ſilently without ſaying a word; that is, whoſe converſation and garb is an untruth; who, notwithſtanding their eſtate is not large, nor their family illuſtrious, yet their clothes ſhall be very rich, and themſelves laden with rings, bracelets, and all manner of bravery, that you would take them to be perſons of the higheſt quality in the nation where they live. In ſome States it is forbidden by ſtatute, both that the rich ſhould be extremely gay and coſtly in their apparel, and mightily vaunt it over the inferior ſort; and likewiſe that the poor ſhould affect a habit equally fine with their richer neighbours; for each of theſe is unhandſome and fooliſh, and not to be permitted in a well-governed kingdom.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of the Cauſe of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.

[*Continued from page* 478.]

"SINCE every deliberate choice (ſays Dr. Prieſtley, page 29th) is regulated by motives, we ought as philoſophers, to take it for granted, that every choice is made in the ſame manner, and is ſubject to the ſame rules, and therefore determined by motives, by ſomething that may be called liking, or diſliking, approving or diſapproving, &c. depending upon the previous ſtate of the mind, with reſpect to the object of choice; ſince the mere facility or readineſs with which a choice is made, cannot make it to be a thing different in kind from a choice made with the greateſt deliberation." It is very true, that man has generally a motive, or motives for every deliberate choice; yet, as obſerved before, theſe motive

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do not ſo neceſſarily and certainly influence him to action; but that he has time to deliberate by what motives he will be excited to act, or whether he will not by his own inherent power of ſelf-determination, reſolve not to act at all, according to the motives of liking or diſliking, approving or diſapproving, &c. It is alſo true, that liking or diſliking, approving or diſapproving any object, is not in my power to increaſe or diminiſh ſo long as it appears to me the very ſame in every reſpect: they will be great or ſmall, exactly in proportion to the apparent agreeableneſs, or diſagreeableneſs of the object under conſideration. Notwithſtanding this, I am conſcious to myſelf, and my daily experience teaches me, that I have it in my power to reſtrain that liking or diſliking, that approving or diſapproving, from neceſſitating me to do any one thing good or bad in conſequence. Though I cannot abate or leſſen my deſire for, or averſion to a thing, yet I am not neceſſarily cauſed to purſue that deſire or averſion to all their conſequences, as neceſſarily and certainly as gravity, if not interrupted, cauſes a ſtone to fall. By that power of ſelf-determination which God has given me, I am able to reſtrain myſelf from acting according to my deſires, conſidered as neceſſarily influencing motives. But, ſays Dr. Prieſtley (page 30) "We ſee evidently, not only that men are determined to act by certain motives, but that the vigour of their actions correſponds alſo to what may be called the intenſity of their motives. If a maſter be actuated ſimply by his anger, he will beat his ſervant more violently, and continue the correction longer, in proportion to the degree of his anger, or the apprehended cauſe of his diſpleaſure; and kindneſs operates exactly in the ſame manner, a ſtronger affection prompting to greater, and more kind offices, than a weaker." This exactly coincides with Dr. Prieſtley's former aſſertion, and therefore what is ſaid before, may ſerve for an anſwer alſo here in a great meaſure. For, though it be very true, that the vigour of men's actions generally correſpond to the intenſity of their

motives, yet we find every wife man reftrains fuch actions within the bounds of prudence, notwithftanding his motives may be ever fo intenfe. And though every man's anger and difpleafure increafes in proportion to the apprehended cauſe, yet every one is obliged by the univerſal laws of God and man, to reſtrain that anger and diſpleaſure, and keep them within due bounds, by that active power of mind which he has, and which impowers him to ſubdue his own paſſions; ſo that the vigour or violence of his actions ſhall not equal the intenſity of his anger when very great, conſidered as a motive to ſuch action. If man had not ſuch a power, he could be no more culpable, or liable to puniſhment for the moſt outrageous, cruel, and bloody effects of his anger, than a ſtone (if capable of ſuffering pain) would be culpable and liable to puniſhment if it was actuated by gravity, ſo that it neceſſarily rolled down a mountain and killed a hundred men. And though Dr. Prieſtley ſays (pages 30, 31) "oppoſite motives, as cauſes of love and hatred, are known to balance one another, exactly like weights in oppoſite ſcales. According to all appearance, nothing can act more invariably or mechanically:" yet every man muſt plainly ſee that my hatred of any object whatever, how great ſoever, though I cannot in the leaſt diminiſh it, that conſidered as one of Dr. Prieſtley's motives, it cannot invariably influence me to hoſtile or cruel actions againſt the object; but in ſpite of any influence therefrom, I can, by my own ſelf-determining power, reſolve to uſe the object kindly, gently, and humanely, and can act accordingly: that is, though I cannot diminiſh my hatred in the leaſt ſo long as the object appears in the ſame odious view; yet, by that ſelf-determining power which I am conſcious I enjoy, I am enabled ſo far to reſtrain the natural tendency and operations of my hatred, as to prevent any action whatever being done by me againſt the hated object, notwithſtanding the influence which my hatred, as a motive, may have upon me to the contrary. The ſame may be ſaid of

love,

love, anger, desire, aversion, &c. all these as motives, have an influence upon the mind, and naturally tend to incline the will of man; yet our own consciousness and daily experience convince us, that the self-determining power which we perceive within us, can, and frequently does, so regulate and control the influence of the passions, as wholly to prevent their natural operation. This appears to me a sufficient answer to Dr. Priestley's question, page 32, "Can it be supposed that the will, whatever it be, should be of such a nature as both to be properly influenced or acted upon by motives, and likewise by something that bears no sort of relation to motive, and consequently has a mode of action entirely different from that of motive? This cannot but appear exceedingly improbable, if not impossible." Although the passions do influence, or act upon the mind of man in proportion to their intensity, yet man's will, by a self-determining power in the mind, can over-rule such influence in a great measure, and can, and often does influence man at pleasure, even to a quite contrary mode of action. Suppose a cannon ball, or other heavy body, suspended at an equal distance betwixt the earth and the body of the large planet Jupiter; and that no other body intervened. The earth as a motive of attraction,* would, by the general laws of matter, influence the ball to fall towards it. But Jupiter with a much greater influence, would so overcome the attraction of the earth, as not only wholly to suppress the same, but would even draw the ball with an increasing velocity towards itself, in a line directly contrary to the earth's attraction. Thus then will be a mode of action entirely different from that of the earth's attraction,

* It should be noticed, that I hear speak according to the language of natural philosophers about attraction; but I do not mean that attraction is a real entity causing the effect, but I use it as the word is generally used to express the unknown cause of a known effect.

conſidered as a motive or moving power. Hence we perceive that it is neither impoſſible nor improbable, nor even unuſual in the laws of nature, to find motives or moving powers acting upon bodies in different and diametrically oppoſite lines, whilſt the leſſer is always reſtrained and overcome by the ſuperior force of the greater. Then why cannot the mind of man be actuated or influenced by the paſſions, and in proportion to their intenſity too, and yet ſuch influence be overcome by the will, ſo that a mode of action, quite different from the natural influence of the paſſions, may be produced?

[*To be continued.*]

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 480.]

THE point being thus proved by ſcriptures and examples, we proceed now to reaſons for the confirmation of it.

The firſt reaſon may be taken from the goodneſs of God; which is ſo great, that he will not ſuffer any work of charity, ſhewed to his children to go without a full recompence. Whereupon ſaith *David*, Pſal. lxii. 12, *Unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou rendereſt to every man according to his work.* Though God doth not render a reward to any man *for his work done*, yet doth he render to every man *according to his work.* Yea, God doth always exceed in his remunerations, to give evidence of his bounty. God will not be in any man's debt long, but what he hath diſburſed upon his account, he will ſpeedily return into his boſom.

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The ſecond reaſon may be taken from the faithfulneſs of God; who having promiſed abundantly to recompence our beneficence, his faithfulneſs engageth him to make good what he hath promiſed; ſo that he cannot but be as good as his word. Men may be forward in promiſing, but ſlow in performing: but with God, who is the true and faithful one, *dictum & factum*, ſaying and doing are both alike. *All his promiſes are yea, and amen in Chriſt Jeſus.* The Apoſtle ſays, *God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have ſhewed, in that ye have miniſtred to the ſaints, and do miniſter*, Heb. vi. 10. Here he argueth a certainty of reward to thoſe who miniſter any thing to the ſaints, from the righteouſneſs of God, becauſe he is righteous, and will not fail to do what he hath promiſed. He is not unrighteous to forget, he will righteouſly remember; and God's remembring, ſignifies the ſame with recompencing: as he will remember ſinners by recompencing their evil ways upon their own heads, ſo he will remember his ſaints by returning the good they have done into their own boſoms.

The more to aſſure us of ſuch kind of remembrance from God, the Holy Ghoſt mentioneth certain *books* or *rolls of remembrance written before God*, wherein the merciful deeds of his ſervants are recorded. So that it is no more poſſible that ſuch as are charitably given, and helpful to the poor Miniſters and people of God ſhould loſe their reward, than that God himſelf ſhould ceaſe to be righteous, or forgetful of his word.

The third reaſon may be taken from ſeveral expreſſions uſed in ſcripture, whereby alms-giving is repreſented to us, as ſowing and lending, which imply not only a certain return, but with increaſe.

1. We find it ſet forth in ſcripture by ſowing, 2 Cor. ix. 6, *He who ſoweth ſparingly ſhall reap ſparingly: and he who ſoweth bountifully ſhall reap bountifully.* Huſbandmen, who ſow their corn with a liberal hand, uſually reap a crop anſwerable

able thereunto: in like manner, thoſe Chriſtians who ſow their ſeed of charity with a plentiful hand, ſhall reap a plentiful crop; they ſhall find their ſeed ſown come up with increaſe, yielding thirty, if not ſixty, or a hundred fold here, beſides eternal life. It may be, thou mayeſt not preſently reap the fruit of thy ſeed, and what wonder? Who ſows, and expects to reap the ſame day? The huſbandman waiteth for his harveſt. Wait thou on the Lord, and doubt not but a harveſt will come, that will reward thee both for thy ſowing and thy waiting.

2. The ſecond metaphor whereby alms-giving is ſet forth in ſcripture is lending, and that upon uſe, Prov. xix. 17, *He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.* Thoſe that lend to others receive their own with increaſe: what they lay up lies dead, and poſſibly the thief may break in and ſteal it away; but what they lend on good ſecurity comes in with advantage. How rich do ſome uſurers grow by this trade of lending? And though it be a paradox that giving is a richer trade than lending, even upon uſe: yet it is a certain truth, for this giving is lending: and he that lends to the Lord will find a greater income at the year's end, than he that lends to the beſt of men.

Thus have you the truth of the point confirmed by ſcriptures, examples and reaſons. We come now to the application.

1. Uſe of reproof to all unmerciful men; who notwithſtanding the many charges God hath laid upon us, to be rich in good works, ready to diſtribute, willing to communicate, to draw forth our ſouls to the hungry, to open our bowels to the needy; and the manifold encouragement he hath given us in his word hereto, yet do ſhut up their bowels of compaſſion from them, refuſing to afford them any ſuccour or relief. Such have no love to Chriſt: for who can ſay he loves the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in truth and ſincerity, when he

ſuffers

ſuffers his miniſters and members to want neceſſaries, even food and raiment? Is this thy love to Chriſt, to ſuffer him to ſtarve? It is evident, thou loveſt thy money more than Chriſt, and ſo comeſt under that fearful anathema, 1 Cor. xvi. 22, *If any man love not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, let him be anathema maranatha*: theſe two words, though both denoting a curſe, are of two ſeveral languages. The former word *anathema*, is Greek, and ſignifies *accurſed*, ſo it is uſed Rom. ix. 3. Gal. i. 8. The latter is Syriac, as *Beza* obſerveth in his annotation on 1 Cor. xvi. 22. yet frequently uſed by the *Jews*: it ſignifieth, *Our Lord cometh*. *Maran* is Our Lord, and *atha* cometh; intimating that ſuch as were under this curſe, were to expect no mercy, but to look for the dreadful coming of Chriſt to take vengeance on them. So that as St. *James* ſpeaketh, chap. ii. 13, *He ſhall have judgment without mercy, that ſheweth no mercy*. How do they think to find mercy from Chriſt who never ſhewed mercy to him and his!

I will not condemn all the rich for unmercifulneſs (God forbid I ſhould.) But yet I have cauſe to ſay, that the greateſt part of rich men amongſt us have their hearts hardened, their bowels ſhut up, and their hands withered, like his in the goſpel, that they cannot reach them out to any good uſe.

O that ſuch would conſider, that unmercifulneſs is a greater ſin than they imagine. It was one of *Sodom's* ſins which fetched down fire and brimſtone from heaven upon them and all their children, Ezek. xvi. 49. Uncharitable men are accurſed as in their life, ſo at their death: but moſt curſed will they be at the day of judgment. Being fruitleſs trees they ſhall, with the barren fig-tree, be ſurely cut down, and caſt into unquenchable fire.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jeſus Chriſt.

[*Continued from page* 476.]

HAD God made man only to be adorned with all the bounties of heaven, like a favourite of ſome mighty Prince, and placed him on ſo ſure a ſtand, as that he could not poſſibly fall: had he neceſſarily determined him to his ſervice, as the iron is determined to the load ſtone; he might have been ſaid to have ſquandered, rather than have beſtowed his favours; ſince there could be no true gratitude for what he had received, nor deſert to entitle him to the continuance of his happineſs. Surely there had been little worth, in the honour paid by ſuch a being, who was only a more refined and ſpiritual piece of mechaniſm: this it is that juſtifies the wiſdom of God, (whilſt he gave man power to ſerve him) in leaving him the liberty to offend, rather than be ſerved by him in a way that had no virtue in it. *Therefore he made man in the beginning, and left him in the hands of his council, if he would to keep the commands, and to perform acceptable faithfulneſs*, Eccleſ. xv. 14, 15.

Well then, God has created man after his own image, in righteouſneſs and holineſs, in dominion, in wiſdom, in liberty of mind and freedom of action, in an actual ſtate of happineſs, and a bare poſſibility of loſing it. Hitherto the works of nature are without blemiſh, there appears ſuch harmony and order, ſo much beauty and grandeur, as might well be the ſubject of wonder, and admiration to all the ſons of God.

What

What glorious things might be ſpoken of thee, O thou city of God! before *Adam's* ſin brought on the diſmal cataſtrophe, which laid this beauteous city in ruinous heaps, that overturned the conſtitution of nature, that blaſted the glory of the primitive earth, that corrupted the workmanſhip of heaven, and that laid waſte the whole creation. And yet this was the leaſt part of the mighty ruin: the mere conſequence of that violent concuſſion, which ſhattered the whole frame of the intellectual world. How one ſin was followed with ſuch an univerſal judgment, is the ſubject of the next enquiry.

We have ſeen how much it was for the glory of God, that *Adam's* obedience ſhould be free, and we from thence eaſily infer the great guilt of his tranſgreſſion. The excuſes that may be alledged in mitigation of any offence, are ſuch as theſe; want of light, or want of ſtrength; the ſuddenneſs of ſurprize, or the length and importunity, or violence of temptation: none of which can be pleaded for the firſt man. He had a perfect knowledge of his duty, and ability to perform it: he had ſufficient caution againſt his ſin, and no temptation to it, proportionable to the diſcouragements he had againſt it.

If we reſpect his light, it was clear and ſtrong; obſtructed by no prejudice, clouded with no paſſion, unbroken by any luſt, or appetite: this light of his was the very *grace of the Creator*, vouchſafed him to guide him in his duty, and direct him to his God.

And as his light was bright and vigorous, his ſtrength was proportionably great; as having no ſtruggle betwixt his members and his mind; no concupiſcence to ſubdue: no rebellious appetites to withſtand him in the diſcharge of his obedience: and ſurprized he could not be, when God had pointed out the offence, forewarned him againſt it, and put him upon his guard, by the ſeverity of his threatning.

It only remains to be conſidered, whether the temptation was ſo ſtrong, as to conquer all theſe obſtacles, and draw him in ſpite of his light, and ſtrength, and caution, to the com-

miſſion of a ſin, which the God of truth had aſſured him would be attended with unavoidable deſtruction; but here, if we conſider it, the goodneſs of God appears to advantage, in making the balance ſo unequal, and caſting the ſcale with ſuch a vaſt over-poize to the happy ſide.

The oppoſite terms of his election are, on one hand, an *infinite* and *univerſal*, on the other, a *finite* and *particular* good; the firſt, a good that he fully diſcovered by the clear light of his reaſon, to be his true and laſting happineſs; the latter, a good to which he was led by a confuſed ſenſation, and from which the moſt he could expect was a ſhort-lived pleaſure, which he foreknew would be attended with the diſpleaſure of God, and everlaſting miſery. Such circumſtances muſt aggravate the guilt of his offence, and ſwell a miſdemeanor into high treaſon, and rebellion againſt his Maker. Theſe muſt needs ſet an edge upon Divine juſtice, and ſharpen his vengeance againſt ſo ungrateful an apoſtate and perverſe a rebel: and this leads us to be inquiſitive how juſtice will deal with him, how the honour of the Divine law will be vindicated, and how God will abſolve his holineſs, from the ſtain and pollution of Adam's ſin.

[*To be continued.*]

Lieutenant WALSH's *Account of a remarkable* TRANSACTION.

Earl's-Houſe, near Farcham, Hants, Sept. 4, 1787.

I Was very intimate with Mr. *Brian J'Anſon*, at whoſe houſe I once met (I think in 1758,) with his brother Sir *Thomas J'Anſon*. Sir *Thomas* told me with deep ſolemnity this ſtory: "When the peace of *Utrecht* was advancing, Dr. *Harvey* (celebrated for diſcovering the circulation of the blood) and a friend of his, had a paſs from the Miniſtry, to embark for *France*. Both ſhewed their paſſes at *Dover* Caſtle to the Governor

Governor; who politely approved of the other Gentleman's, but looked with great ſerioufneſs on the Doctor, and ſaid, "Sir, you are my priſoner," &c. I omit the expoſtulation and vexation this occaſioned. But the Governor would give no reaſon for detaining the Doctor, but treated him in the moſt reſpectful manner, at which he wondered. The next morning the Governor ſaid, "You are now free, Sir, to go where you pleaſe; and I will tell you the cauſe of my making you a priſoner. I never ſaw you till yeſterday; but in a dream the night before, I was commanded to ſtop you as I did. The impreſſion was ſo ſtrong that I dared not diſobey it. If I had, you would have been drowned as well as your friend; for the pacquet is caſt away, and every ſoul on board is loſt."

I aſked Sir *Thomas*, if this thing was univerſally credited, or much talked of in thoſe days: he ſaid, "Nothing could be more ſo; no not the braſs cannon from *France* which are now in *Hyde-Park*, nor any other public tranſaction: I could go to no coffee-houſe or tea-table, but that was the topic of converſation."

JOHN WALSH.

An Account of Mr. SILVESTER.

MR. SILVESTER, of *Newington-Butts* told me, that in February 1784, he came home extremely ill, and ſaid to his wife, "I am taken ſo bad that I am not long for this world." She being greatly alarmed, ſent for a Phyſician who lived within three or four doors of them. When he came he examined him, and found it neceſſary to call in another Phyſician: to which Mr. *Silveſter* replied, I deſire no other; for I am in the hands of the Lord, and, under his direction you will do very well. Accordingly the Phyſician preſcribed a draught for him. When it came, he drank it,

and in a few minutes, to all appearance expired. He was then laid out, put into a coffin, and the ground beſpoke for his interment. But he was kept fourteen days in a cold dining-room; for his wife was prepoſſeſſed that he was not dead, which cauſed her to keep him ſo long: notwithſtanding ſhe had frequent viſits from the Doctor, who ſaid, O now you may venture to bury him.

On the 14th day the maid was doing ſomething in the dining-room, and all at once heard her maſter groan! On this ſhe ran down and ſaid to her miſtreſs, My maſter is come to life! on which ſhe ran up with the maid and found him come to himſelf. They then put him into bed, and had proper things adminiſtered to him; and in a few days he went about as uſual.

An acquaintance of mine was aſking him one day how he did? He anſwered, Since that affair, I am well in health, thank God! but my head is ſo, that when I look you in the face I ſee two faces inſtead of one, and ſee two things of every ſort.

P. MABER.

Biſhopſgate-Street, October 23, 1787.

***

judged it to be money. When he got home finding it to be a bag of gold, he carefully put it by; and on examining the paper, found it described, and who it was that had lost it. On this he immediately restored the money, and received the reward: which the honest man declared he would not have taken, but his distress was such, that he accepted of it as a providential relief!

I need not add any encomiums, as the plain tale of Virtue is its highest Panegyric.*

Oxford-Road, Feb. 20, 1788. T. DOBSON.

Thoughts on the Consecration of CHURCHES, *and* BURIAL-GROUNDS.

1. IT has been a custom for some ages, in *Roman Catholic* countries, to have a particular form of Consecration, for all Churches and Chapels: and not for these only, but for every thing pertaining to them; such as Fonts, Chalices, Bells, Sacerdotal Vestments, and Church-Yards in particular. And all these customs universally prevailed in *England*, as long as it was under the Papal power.

2. From the time of our Reformation from Popery, most of these customs fell into disuse. Unconsecrated Bells were rung without scruple, and unconsecrated Vestments worne. But some of them remained still: the Consecration of Churches and Church-Yards in particular; and many scrupled the performing divine service in an *unconsecrated Church*: and could not consent that their bodies should be buried in *unconsecrated Ground*.

3. Accordingly the consecrating of Churches and Church-Yards has been practised in *England* ever since. But it is a thing purely indifferent, being neither forbidden, nor established

* Will a generous public find no way of rewarding such integrity?

bliſhed by law. The caſe is different in *Ireland*. While the Earl of *Strafford* was Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom, a law was made for the *Conſecration*, not only of Churches, but of Church-Yards alſo. And a form of Conſecration for both was inſerted in the Common-Prayer-Book, which is uſed at this day: much reſembling that which Archbiſhop *Laud* uſed, in the Conſecration of St. *Katherine-Creed's* Church in *London*.

4. But ſuch a law has never paſſed in *England*, much leſs inſerted in our Common-Prayer-Book. However, ſuch Conſecration has been generally practiſed, though not authorized by the Legiſlature. "Is it then illegal?" That word is capable of a two-fold meaning. It may mean, either Without any law in its favour, or Againſt law. I do not conceive it to be illegal, in the latter ſenſe. Perhaps it is in the former: I do not know any law that enjoins, or even permits it.

5. And certainly as it is not enjoined by the law of the land, ſo it is not enjoined by the law of God. Where do we find one word in the New Teſtament enjoining any ſuch thing? Neither do I remember any precedent of it in the pureſt ages of the Church. It ſeems to have entered, and gradually ſpread itſelf, with the other innovations and ſuperſtitions of the Church of *Rome*. "Do you think it then a ſuperſtitious practice?" Perhaps it is not, if it be practiſed as a thing indifferent. But if it be done as a *neceſſary* thing, then it is flatly ſuperſtitious.

6. For this reaſon I never wiſhed that any Biſhop ſhould conſecrate any Chapel or Burial-Ground of mine. Indeed I ſhould not dare to ſuffer it: as I am clearly perſuaded, the thing is wrong in itſelf, being not authorized either by any law of God, or by any law of the land. In conſequence of which I conceive, that either the Clerk or the Sexton, may as well conſecrate the Church, or the Church-Yard, as the Biſhop.

7. With regard to the latter, the Church-Yard, I know not who could anſwer that plain queſtion: you ſay, "This is

conſecrated

conſecrated ground, ſo many feet *broad*, and ſo many *long*." But pray, how *deep* is the conſecrated ground?—"Deep! What does that ſignify?" O, a great deal! for if my grave be dug too *deep*, I may happen to get out of the *conſecrated ground!* And who can tell, what unhappy conſequences may follow from this!

8. I take the whole of this practice, to be a mere relic of *Romiſh* Superſtition. And I wonder that any ſenſible Proteſtant ſhould think it right to countenance it: much more that any reaſonable man ſhould plead for the neceſſity of it! Surely it is high time now, that we ſhould be guided, not by cuſtom, but by Scripture and Reaſon.

J. W.

Dumfries, May 14, 1788.

Mr. VAGG's *Plan, for the Improvement and Preſervation of the Culture of* TURNIPS.

FOR affecting this good purpoſe, and attaining this deſirable end, many expedients have been offered, and many compoſitions projected, all having for their object the preparation of the ſeed of Turnips, ſo as to impregnate the young plant ſpringing from the ſeed, with the qualities of the ſeveral ingredients, and by making it offenſive to the taſte or ſmell, preſerve it from the attack of inſects. What reaſon there is, or is not in this, cannot be determined by me, whoſe time has been ſpent moſtly in the fields, and not at all in the ſchools of philoſophy. But without intending the leaſt reflection on, or depreciating the merit of the ſeveral inventors; I ſhall only ſay, I have never found any thing of the kind on which I could place a dependence. The leading ſtep toward the cure of an evil, is a right knowledge of its cauſe, without which, our practice will be built on conjecture, and conſequently be liable to error; and from want of ſuch

ſuch knowledge, as to the failure of Turnips, the proper remedy has lain ſo long undiſcovered. The deſtruction of theſe crops is generally attributed to the Fly. But I have an abſolute certainty grounded on experience, that the fly is not the only, nor indeed the principal occaſion of the miſchief. The Turnip in its infant ſtate, has many enemies; the Fly, the common Earth-worm and the Slug. The fly is of two ſorts: the one of a dark brown colour, inclining to black; the other of a lighter brown, with longitudinal ſtrokes of white on its back and wings. Of both theſe ſorts a conſiderable number may be ſeen on a ſingle ſeed-leaf of a young Turnip-plant, on the upper ſurface of which, they make many ſmall punctures; and though theſe punctures retard the progreſs of it, and are in ſome degree injurious, yet they are not fatal to it; but, enlarging as the plant increaſes in growth, are the occaſion of thoſe holes always to be found in the leaves of the beſt crops of Turnips. It cannot however be denied, that in lands naturally poor and unmanured (in which, by the way, Turnips ought never to be ſown) the puncture of the fly is very prejudicial, as from the languor of vegetation, the plant cannot recover and out-grow the injury, but from its weakneſs droops and dies.

The common Earth-worm by its workings makes the ground light and hollow about the plants, in conſequence of which they are liable to be injured, and are frequently deſtroyed by the ſcorching rays of the ſun. But the greateſt and moſt deſtructive enemy, is a reptile of the ſnail claſs, but without a ſhell, of a whitiſh colour, and of the medium length of one inch, ſome being more, and ſome leſs. What it is called by naturaliſts I am ignorant of; but in Somerſetſhire it is well known by the name of the Slug, and ſingly does more damage to young and tender plants, than all the other ſpecies of inſects. And this I aſſert, not from ſpeculation only or conjecture, but from certain experience and ocular demonſtration. In the year 1777, I ſowed a field of

ten

ten acres of Turnips, and at the firſt appearance of the ſeed-leaf, ſaw in the evening the crop coming regularly over my field; but obſerving it again the next morning, found large patches entirely eaten off, and much ſlime on the vacant places, reſembling the tracks of a ſnail, without being able, on the moſt attentive examination, to diſcover any ſort of inſect except the fly. Reflecting further on this appearance, and conſidering it to be highly improbable, if not almoſt impoſſible, that ſo great havoc ſhould be made by ſo ſmall an inſect, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time; I was led to think, that (whatever might be the operations of the fly by day) the principal damage was done in the night, and that it aroſe, not from the fly, but from ſome other then unknown cauſe. Strongly poſſeſſed with this opinion, about midnight I went into the field with a light, to examine the ground, and viewing it in various parts, ſaw the ſlug in great abundance, in almoſt every part of the field, then feeding on the plants that remained from the ravages of the preceding night. It immediately ſtruck me, that if theſe could be deſtroyed, the remainder of the crop might be ſaved, and with that view, I ſent out my ſervant to make the experiment, with a barley roller and two horſes, with which in the ſame night he went over the whole field; and the next day the number of ſlugs to be ſeen lying dead on the ground, and turned brown by the ſun, was almoſt incredible. From this time the plants were no more moleſted, though the fly was at all times after to be ſeen in the field, but leſs active than before, and by this ſimple operation was part of a crop preſerved, which there is ſtrong reaſon to believe would otherwiſe have totally been deſtroyed in forty-eight hours. Encouraged by this ſucceſs, I privately purſued the ſame method for ſeveral ſucceſſive years; and without the aid of any kind of compoſition, have had regularly good and full crops of Turnips, when there has been a partial and general failure around me.

To aſcertain as well as I could, the comparative damage done by the fly and the ſlug, in June 1787, I ſowed ſome Turnip-ſeed in two earthen pots, kept within doors. In both it came up well, and when it appeared in the ſeed-leaf, I collected a quantity of flies of both ſorts, which I put into one of the pots, and confined them under a glaſs, aired at the top with holes made in paper. Into the other I in like manner put two ſlugs. The conſequence was, that the young plants were entirely eaten off by the ſlugs, cloſe to the earth. In the other pot, the flies were daily on the other plants, and made ſome degree of puncture on the upper ſurface of the leaves, but did not ſo far affect them, but that every plant went on to the rough leaf, when no more attention being paid to them, they died for want of water.

Having premiſed thus much, and faithfully related the facts on which my management is grounded; I propoſe the following cheap, eaſy, and effectual method for raiſing and preſerving a crop of Turnips.——Immediately on ſowing and harrowing in the ſeed, and which ſhould be in dry weather if poſſible, roll the ground as for barley, and as ſoon as the Turnips appear in the ſeed-leaf, go over the field with a barley roller, *in the night*, and at the interval of two or three days at furtheſt, go over it again a ſecond time, in the ſame manner, and at the ſame time, unleſs after the firſt night rolling you obſerve the plants ſtrong and vigorous, and in a ſtate free from danger, which in clean, ſandy or loamy land will often be the caſe. But in rough and ſtony ground the ſecond night's rolling muſt not be omitted.

The roller muſt be eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, that it may have weight ſufficient to anſwer the intended purpoſe.

By this ſimple proceſs, the ſlug is deſtroyed while feeding on the plant, the operations of the earth-worm are impeded, the activity of the fly checked, the power of the ſun abated, and the vigour of the plants increaſed in proportion as the

the earth is broken by the roller, and preſſed cloſer to their roots.

But it may poſſibly be aſked, Why may it not all be performed in the day time? To this the anſwer is eaſy. The ſlug is impatient of the heat of the ſun; retires by day into the earth for ſhelter, and, except in moiſt, cloſe, and cloudy weather, I have at no time been able to ſee any, and then but very few: ſo that rolling in the day cannot be effectual to that purpoſe, though in other reſpects it will be moſt certainly beneficial.

And as doubts may ariſe with many, whether the great weight of the roller, and the horſes feet, may not be injurious to the young plants, I do from my own experience know, the fact is ſo far from being ſo, that the direct reverſe is the truth. I have frequently remarked myſelf, and heard the ſame obſervation made by others, that on headlands which the horſes go over at the end of every furrow, and in tracts where ſheep had been driven to fold, even after the appearing of the ſeed, the Turnips have been generally better than in other parts, and have ſucceeded there when they have failed in other quarters of the field.

But the utility of this practice is not confined to Turnips only.

About nine years ago, being two years after I had experienced the benefit of night-rolling on Turnips, I ſowed a field of Wheat, after a crop of Peas which had been deſtroyed as I ſuppoſe by the ſlug. The Wheat came up thick and ſtrong, but very ſoon after began to look thinner, the blades being much ſtripped and eaten in many places. On a near inſpection, I obſerved a ſlime on the ſtalks, and concluding the ſlug to be the cauſe of the miſchief, I had immediate recourſe to night-rolling, and by once performing it, the enemy was ſubdued, and the crop preſerved. Two years after that, I had another field of wheat attacked in the like manner, when my neighbours told me the grub was got into it, and that I ſhould

certainly loſe my crop. But knowing by experience the grub to take its food under the ſurface of the earth, and ſeeing the blades of my Wheat ſtript, at and above the ſurface, I purſued my method of night-rolling, and by ſo doing, ſecured that crop alſo.

Flax I have never ſown, but have heard it often ſaid to be injured by the fly. I rather ſuſpect the miſchief is done by the ſlug, and would adviſe night-rolling to be tried, which is neither difficult nor expenſive.

Cabbage ſeed, Cauliflower and other garden ſeeds, are very frequently attacked and often deſtroyed both by the fly and ſlug, and the former of theſe ſeeds being now ſown in large quantities for feeding cattle, I recommend night-rolling as the moſt probable means of preſerving them, having ſeveral times practiſed it with the garden roller, and always with the ſame good ſucceſs.

Whilſt I am writing this, I have a Dutch clover-field of eighteen acres, where there is ſcarce a ſtalk from which the leaves are not eaten by the ſlug; millions of them ſheltering themſelves by day at the bottom of the graſs, and making their depredations by night. Two night-rollings I have no doubt would deſtroy them; but for obvious reaſons I at preſent forbear to perform them.

This is what I have to communicate in regard to other ſeeds, and if on further trial, which I ſtrongly recommend, it ſhall be found to anſwer, I ſhall have the pleaſure of contributing to the advancement of agriculture, and the public benefit; but if otherwiſe, and my expectations ſhould prove too ſanguine, I ſhall ſtill enjoy the conſcious ſatisfaction of having diſcharged my duty to the beſt of my abilities, and with the moſt upright intentions.

HENRY VAGG.

Chilcompton, June, 1788.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLXX.

[From Mrs. S. W. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cork, Aug. 29, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

SOME time before I received your last favour, I was delivered from the temptation under which I had laboured for a long time, and now see and adore the design of God in suffering me to be thus afflicted, in order to separate a soul he loved, from the sin he hated.

As I am now at full liberty, I see, that though the work was not always carried on in the same manner, yet it never was wholly at a stop. I find, that when, instead of looking to Jesus, I have parlied with the tempter (and perhaps in a measure given way) though I have contracted darkness and doubt, yet I have always been preserved from falling into sin. But notwithstanding all my trials and temptations, I believe the work of Sanctification is wrought in my soul; yet I see lengths and breadths thereof which I have not yet attained, and feel an earnest hungering and thirsting after it.

Poor Mrs. M. distresses me sore. She continues tried to the uttermost, and sometimes is ready to despair, even of life. However she still holds fast her integrity. And though she is robbed of all the comforts of Religion, her zeal for the good of souls, and her love to the cause of God, are not in the least abated.

The time when this trial came upon her was, when she was in secret prayer, and when her whole soul was on the stretch for greater degrees of holiness. Dear Sir, if you will pray for her, and write to her, you will oblige both her, and your unworthy Servant,

S. W.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXI.

[From Mrs. D. K. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Dublin, Sept. 24, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

THERE is a friend of mine who lives out of town (and at present desires his name to be concealed) who wishes to be fully informed concerning Kingswood-School: as he intends becoming a subscriber towards its support.

At present I have nothing to write but what you know already, unless it be, that the blessings of heaven are still continued to a most unworthy worm! But unworthy as I am, He is still my portion; the spring and end of all my desires. By his assistance I live in constant union with him, and overcome all the temptations of Satan. Yet I am conscious I live far below my privileges, and fear my strength is too much spent for that which does not immediately promote my best interest. Therefore my humility and love are weak, compared to what they might have been, had I been more faithful: and I think the work of God in the souls of those under my care would prosper more, if I was more devoted to him.

I intreat you, Sir, to pray that my heavenly Father may stir me up to greater diligence in redeeming my time, and that I may be more useful in my day and generation.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

D. K.

LETTER CCCCLXXII.

[From Miss E. R. to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Otley, Sept. 25, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

BLESSED be God, my soul rejoices in hope of that day when mortality shall be swallowed up of life: yes, I live in glorious expectation of meeting you, and all my friends,

at

at God's right-hand, and of ſpending a happy eternity with you.

And (O bleſſed hope!) I ſhall ſee Him whoſe viſage was marred more than any man's, in all the glory of his Father!

Of late he has given me very ſelf-abaſing views of myſelf; yet he gives me to feel ſuch a meaſure of his perfect love as caſts out all fear but that which is truly filial. But alas! how little do I know of that love which paſſeth knowledge!

The other morning, juſt as I awoke, theſe words were brought to my mind, "Hitherto have ye aſked nothing; aſk that ye may receive, that your joy may be full." Lord, ſtir me up to be more conſtant and fervent in aſking of thee ſuch things as I want!

A few days ago I was converſing with one of the Lord's highly favoured ones, about the deep things of God. He was ſpeaking of the full aſſurance of hope, and ſaid, The Apoſtle exhorted thoſe who were partakers of faith and love, "To ſhew the ſame diligence in ſeeking the full aſſurance of hope," which he believed was a divine teſtimony that we ſhould never fall. I aſked, Do you think this the priviledge of all who are renewed in love? He anſwered, he did: and ſaid, That all ſuch ought to be as diligent in ſeeking it, as they were in ſeeking purity of heart. On hearing this I could not help thinking, If ſuch a teſtimony is really to be enjoyed, it is no wonder I have it not, as I have never believingly ſought it.

I bleſs God I never feel any remarkable anxiety about what is to come; but rather live the preſent moment, and believe for the next. If I know my heart, all I want is, to be a compleat Bible-Chriſtian; and therefore I truſt you will excuſe my troubling you ſo often.

I have abundant cauſe to bleſs God in regard to my dear father, whoſe health is greatly reſtored. My own health alſo is better than when you were here. I have been three

weeks

weeks in the North, chiefly on the edge of a cold Moor, which has agreed with me very well. O that my added days may be ſpent to the praiſe of my gracious Lord! That every new-covenant bleſſing may attend you, is, Rev. Sir, the ſincere prayer of

Your Friend and Servant,

E. R.

LETTER CCCCLXXIII.

[From Miſs E. M. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Sept. 26, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for the plan you have given me, for a courſe of reading. I would wiſh to uſe with diligence, every inferior means. But I am aware, that in order to perſevere, it is needful that I begin, not upon too large a ſcale; for which reaſon I apprehend I muſt retrench the outlines you have drawn.

And firſt, as I am unable, through weakneſs of ſight, to read at all before breakfaſt, I muſt take the hour after (from nine to ten) for reading the Scripture. And O that this may prove an effectual light to guide me through all the ſubſequent parts of the day, that I may not wander from my primary object!

Allowing then one hour in the morning for exerciſe, I have but two left for ſtudy; and two more in the afternoon will be as much as I ſhall be able to get.

I confeſs, I wiſh ſome practical knowledge of Logic; but I doubt whether I ſhall be able to proceed, when I loſe the benefit of your inſtructions. Natural Philoſophy, as a recreation of the mind, I might purſue occaſionally, and I think your

your Survey of the Wiſdom of God in the Creation, will ſuit me beſt.

The abridgement of Mr. Hutchinſon, I have begun reading a year ago, and much deſire to go through with it. The other books you mention under the ſame head, I ſhall get in their turn.

Hiſtory is a path I love; but as I know I can make no progreſs therein without help, I have not reſolution enough to begin it. What I already know of it, gives me a general idea of thoſe countries moſt commonly ſpoken of, viz. the Grecian and Roman States.

If I thought of buying Rollins's Hiſtory, I ſhould ſcarce know which to chuſe, the original or the tranſlation: indeed the former would be more agreeable to me, though perhaps, I ſhould get more help in reading the latter.

Metaphyſics I ſhould like to gain ſome knowledge of; but I fear it is too abſtruſe a ſtudy for me to enter on with no aſſiſtance but that of books: and therefore, unleſs ſome future period ſhould afford me the privilege of your inſtructions, I deſpair of ſucceeding in any attempt of that kind.

I add no more at preſent, as I hope to ſee you ſoon. In the meantime I ſend you theſe few lines to ſupply (in ſome meaſure) the want of a free converſation. This, I hope Sir, will be a ſufficient excuſe for troubling you at preſent. That God may be your director here, and your great reward for ever, is, Rev. Sir, the ſincere deſire of

Your much obliged, and humble Servant,

E. M.

POETRY.

TIME: *an* ELEGY.

Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

[*Continued from page* 446.]

PART III.

SHALL then theſe eyes no more the ſun behold?
Muſt I too ſleep in Death's all-darkſome ſhade?
"His mortal race is run," the tale be told,
"Low lies his name in yonder duſty bed."

So when the deſtinèd years their courſe have run,
And mortals trod the path they trod before;
My name or birth-place ſhall no more be known,
Eraſèd like figures on the ſandy ſhore.

Yet why complain, "Our ſhort-ſpun lives expire;"
When Nature fades, and ſtars their darkneſs mourn;
Since all alike partake thè eternal fire,
And all alike muſt languiſh in their turn?

The earth hath bloomèd; the clouds dropt fatneſs down;
The ſelf-ſame ſun hath ſhone with annual ray;
And rivers ſeen, eternal as they run,
One generation riſe, and one decay.

Yet all muſt fade, and ſome grow dim with years,
Till brighter ſuns, and purer ether ſhine;
Till, at the laſt loud trump, that morn appears,
When heaven's eternal day, O Man! is thine!

Meanwhile

Meanwhile full ſeventy years are given, to taſte
Life's pleaſing joys, or graver duties bear;
Then ſated, tired,—to take our needful reſt,
And yield to others all terreſtrial care.

Let others build, or plant, or plough the deep,
More wealth atchieve, or better ſtrike the lyre;
Oft like ourſelves at diſappointments weep,
And weary like ourſelves at laſt expire.

—Yet why not mourn awhile our tranſports gone,
And grieve our youthful hearts muſt beat no more;
No more to love an eaſy conqueſt won,
When beauty charmèd, and led each golden hour?

Then call to view the banquet or the ball,
Where ſparkling bowls, and cheerful talk flew round;
Where ſongs of youth our vaniſhèd years recal,
And dance and muſic to the roofs reſound.

Alas, like magic, life's gay ſcenes decoy;
Of banquets rich we dream, and pleaſures fair;
Of gorgeous halls, and airs of heavenly joy;
Then wake to diſappointment and deſpair!

Even while the viſionary glories ſhine,
And Fancy ſmiles to find them in her eye,
Lo Death, the dread magician, gives the ſign,
And all the airy charms for ever fly.

—Muſt I too call the ſcenes no longer mine,
Where warbling fountains play, and rivers roll;
The ſhady woods, the breezy lawns reſign,
And the ſweet rural ſcents that cheer my ſoul?

Muſt I no longer mark at early morn,
The flocks wide bleating o'er the clovéry vale;
Nor hear at even the ſhepherd's drowſy horn,
When ſleep and ſilence huſh both hill and dale?

Muſt I no longer ſeek the noon-tide ſhade,
Where ſilver-footed Naiads pace along;
Or on their banks, 'midſt balmy flowérets laid,
Sleep to the murmurs of their chiming ſong?

Muſt I no more on midnight-ſplendors gaze,
Nor woo fair *Cynthia's* ſweetly-penſive beam;
Muſt, O ye ſtars! your thouſand golden rays,
And heaven's blue concave vaniſh as a dream?

—Hail then, Religion, with thy comforts hail!
Hail holy Faith, that feeds on joys to come,
Whoſe eagle-eyes can pierce thé involving vail
That hides in darkneſs all beyond the tomb!

Come, pleaſures laſting as thé eternal ſoul,
As heaven itſelf ſublime, and ſweet as love!
Come, radiant climes! where ſtreams Elyſian roll,
O melting move my heart, and more than move!

Yes,—in ſome future ſcenes beyond the ſkies,
If pious here, our ſouls ſhall fairer ſhine;
Through all the heights ſublime of Virtue riſe,
And flouriſh ſtill, and drink the life divine.

There Love and Truth ſpeak forth the Sire ſupreme,
Eternal ſource of life, and boundleſs joy!
"Here mortals hang your hopes, adore the name;"—
Go court the bliſs which nothing can deſtroy.

On the Death of the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

[By Miſs A. C. in the Thirteenth year of her Age.]

AH happy man! thy griefs are paſſéd away;
Thy ſtruggling ſoul to heavén has took its flight:
To bliſs eternal wingéd its wondrous way,
And ſafely lodgéd in realms of pure delight.

Summonéd by God to join the heavénly band,
And dwell with Him in everlaſting reſt,
Thou now art happy in Immanuel's land,
Where grief and pain ſhall never more moleſt.

But ah! how many will thy loſs deplore?
Unmindful that 'tis thy eternal gain;
They mourn their Friend ſo quickly gone before,
Forgetting he is gone from toil and pain:

Forgetting he is gone to joys on high,
And join thé angelic hoſts in heavénly lays
Far, far above yon bright etherial ſky
To aid the concert of eternal praiſe.

And now for every pang he felt below,
His ſoul receives a full, and ſure reward;
While heavénly joys in ſtreams of glory flow,
And Jeſus crowns him with divine regard.

Then why ſhould Death appear ſo great a foe?
Why with ſuch terror is the ſubject fraught?
Since he relieves the juſt from every woe,
And brings them bliſs, beyond the reach of thought!

An

An Extract from a Poem on SLAVERY.

[By Miſs Hannah More.]

IF heaven has into being deignèd to call
Thy light, O Liberty! to ſhine on all;
Bright intellectual Sun! why does thy ray
To earth diſtribute only partial day?
While the chill North with thy bright ray is bleſt,
Why ſhould fell darkneſs half the South inveſt?
Was it decreed, fair Freedom! at thy birth,
That thou ſhould'ſt ne'er irradiate *all* the earth?
While Britain baſks in thy full blaze of light,
Why lies ſad Afric quenchèd in total night?
O, plaintive Southerne!* whoſe impaſſionèd ſtrain
So oft has wakèd my languid Muſe in vain!
Now, when congenial themes her cares engage,
She burns to emulate thy glowing page;
Her failing efforts mock her fond deſires,
She ſhares thy feelings; not partakes thy fires.
Strange powèr of ſong! the ſtrain that warms the heart
Seems the ſame inſpiration to impart;
Touchèd by the kindling energy alone,
We think the flame which melts us is our own;
Deceivèd, for genius we miſtake delight,
Charmèd as we read, we fancy we can write.
Though not to me, ſweet bard, thy powèrs belong,
Fair Truth, a hallowèd guide! inſpires my ſong.
Here Art would weave her gayeſt flowèrs in vain,
For Truth the bright invention would diſdain.
For no fictitious ills theſe numbers flow,
But living anguiſh and ſubſtantial woe:
No individual griefs my boſom melt,
For millions feel what Oronoko felt:
Firèd by no ſingle wrongs, the countleſs hoſt
I mourn, by rapine draggèd from Afric's coaſt.

* Author of the Tragedy of Oronoko.

Periſh

Periſh thé illiberal thought which would debaſe
The native genius of the ſable race!
Periſh the proud philoſophy, which ſought
To rob them of the powérs of equal thought!
Does then thé immortal principle within
Change with the caſual colour of a ſkin?
Does matter govern ſpirit! or is mind
Degraded by the form to which 'tis joinéd?
No: they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,
And ſouls to act, with firm, though erring zeal;
For they have keen affections, kind deſires,
Love ſtrong as death, and active patriot fires;
All the rude energy, the fervid flame,
Of high-ſouléd paſſion, and ingenuous ſhame:
Strong, but luxuriant virtues boldly ſhoot
From the wild vigour of a ſavage root.
Whene'er to Afric's ſhores I turn my eyes,
Horrors of deepeſt, deadliéſt guilt ariſe;
I ſee, by more than Fancy's mirror ſhown,
The burning village, and the blazing town;
See the dire victim torn from ſocial life,
The ſhrieking babe, the agonizing wife!
She, wretch forlorn! is draggéd by hoſtile hands;
To diſtant tyrants ſold, in diſtant lands!
Tranſmitted miſéries, and ſucceſſive chains,
The ſole ſad heritage her child obtains!
Evén this laſt wretched boon their foes deny,
To weep together, or together die!
By felon hands, by one relentleſs ſtroke,
See the fond links of feeling Nature broke!
The fibres twiſting round a parent's heart,
Torn from their graſp, and bleeding as they part.
Hold, murdérers, hold! nor aggravate diſtreſs;
Reſpect the paſſions you yourſelves poſſeſs;
Evén you, of ruffian heart, and ruthleſs hand,
Love your own offspring, and your native land.

Ah

Ah! leave them holy Freedom's cheering ſmile,
The heaven-taught fondneſs for the parent ſoil;
Revere affections mingled with our frame,
In every nature, every clime the ſame;
In all, theſe feelings equal ſway maintain;
In all the love of Home and Freedom reign:
And Tempe's vale, and parchèd Angola's ſand,
One equal fondneſs of their ſons command.
Thè unconqueréd Savage laughs at pain and toil,
Baſking in Freedom's beams which gild his native ſoil.

Does thirſt of empire, does deſire of fame,
(For theſe are ſpecious crimes) our rage inflame?
No: ſordid luſt of gold their fate controls,
The baſeſt appetite of baſeſt ſouls;
Gold, better gainèd, by what their ripening ſky,
Their fertile fields, their arts* and mines ſupply.

What wrongs, what injuries does Oppreſſion plead
To ſmooth the horror of thè unnatural deed?
What ſtrange offence, what aggravated ſin?
They ſtand convicted—of a darker ſkin!
Barbarians, hold! thè opprobrious commerce ſpare,
Reſpect *his* ſacred image which they bear:
Though dark and ſavage, ignorant and blind,
They claim the common privilege of kind;
Let Malice ſtrip them of each other plea,
They ſtill are men, and men ſhould ſtill be free.
Inſulted Reaſon loaths thè inverted trade—
Dire change! the agent is the purchaſe made!
Perplexèd, the baffled Muſe involves the tale;
Nature confounded, well may language fail!
The outragèd goddeſs with abhorrent eyes
Sees Man the traffic, Souls the merchandize!

* Beſides many valuable productions of the ſoil, cloths and carpets of exquiſite manufacture are brought from the coaſt of Guinea.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1788.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S DISCOURSES *on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 508.]

CHAP. I.

Concerning the Perſeverance of Saints.

FOR the better ſtating of this queſtion, it will be uſeful to premiſe what is granted on both ſides; for by that it will be eaſy to diſcern,

1. That many of thoſe ſcriptures, which are produced to prove the doctrine of the Saints Perſeverance, do not reach the point; they proving only that all who perſevere are preſerved by Divine aſſiſtance: and not that God hath abſolutely engaged to afford them that aſſiſtance which will unfruſtrably preſerve them.

2dly. That many of the arguments produced to confirm this doctrine, are inconsistent with the foundations on which alone they ground it.

1. 1st. Then we own that they who are preserved to salvation, are so preserved *by the power of God through faith*; and that they who are thus kept are *kept by Christ*, he alone being able *to keep them unblamable*; but then we deny that God hath absolutely promised to keep them by his power from making shipwreck of this faith, or that *the just man who lives by faith*, shall *never draw back to perdition*.

2dly. We own that God hath engaged his faithfulness, that all who do not wickedly depart from him, shall never be forced from him by the power of any adversaries; for *none shall ever be able to pluck them out of his hands*; not death itself; not persecutions, or the most fiery trials. He who requires us to be faithful to the death, being obliged in equity and honour to enable us with Christian patience to bear them; for *he is so faithful that he will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able, but will with the temptation make a way to escape that we may be able to bear it*: so that we may triumphantly cry out, *Who shall separate us from the love of God which is* (shewed to us) *in*, i. e. *through Christ Jesus? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? nay in all these things we* (who continue in his love) *are more than conquerors through* (the assistance vouchsafed by) *him that loved us*. And after such happy experience of the Divine assistance, *I am persuaded*, saith the Apostle, *that neither* (fear of) *death, nor* (hope of) *life, nor* (evil) *angels, nor principalities, nor powers* (persecuting us for Christ's sake,) *nor* (the) *things* (we endure at) *present, nor* (the) *things* (we may suffer for the time) *to come, nor height* (of honour,) *nor depth* (of ignominy,) *nor any other creature* (or thing) *shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is* (vouchsafed to us) *in* (and through) *Christ Jesus our Lord*. But then the same God requires them who were come to *the city*

city of the living God, the heavenly Jeruſalem, and to the general aſſembly, and Church of the firſt-born who are written in heaven, to look diligently, leſt any of them fall from the grace of God, and to hold faſt that grace by which alone they can ſerve God acceptably, and to take heed *leſt there ſhould be in any of them an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God*; and that for this reaſon, that they could be made partakers of the bleſſings of Chriſt, only on this condition, that they *held faſt the beginning of their confidence ſtedfaſt to the end*, Heb. iii. 12, 14. *That they continue rooted and grounded in the faith, and be not removed away from the hope of the goſpel*, Col. i. 23. Seeing he bids them who were already in grace, and had received *like precious faith with them*, to *beware leſt being led away by the error of the wicked, they fall from their own ſtedfaſtneſs*, 2 Peter iii. 17. Hence we conceive we have juſt reaſon to deny that God hath from eternity decreed, or abſolutely promiſed to preſerve them from falling into thoſe ſins which he thus cautions them to avoid.

3dly. We grant that God hath promiſed perſeverance in the ways of righteouſneſs to the end, to thoſe who conſtantly and conſcientiouſly uſe the means by him preſcribed for that end; he will *preſent us holy and unblameable, and unreprovable in his ſight, if we continue in the faith rooted and ſettled, and be not moved away from the hope of the goſpel*, Col. i. 22, 23. He hath aſſured us, *That if we caſt not away our confidence*, but patiently continue *to do the will of God, we ſhall inherit the promiſes*, Heb. x. 35, 36. That *if we give all diligence to add to our faith virtue, knowledge, godlineſs, patience, temperance, brotherly kindneſs and charity, we ſhall never fall*, 2 Peter i. 5. 10. But then we deny that God hath abſolutely promiſed to interpoſe his power unfruſtrably to engage all true believers to uſe theſe means, and judge theſe very texts to be ſo many evidences to the contrary. The aſſertors of this doctrine hold,

2. 1ſt. That the foundation of this perſeverance is the abſolute election of thoſe that perſevere unto ſalvation, and conſequently to the means which ſhall unfruſtrably conclude in their ſalvation. And this ſhews the inconſiſtency of two of their arguments for perſeverance, taken from the prayers of the ſaints that they may perſevere, and from the ſuppoſed interceſſion of Chriſt to the ſame effect; for, as it cannot be proved, that either Chriſt intercedes, or the ſaints pray more for perſeverance to the end, than for their preſervation from thoſe ſins to which experience and ſcripture ſhew they are obnoxious to: ſo is it as abſurd to pray for that which God hath abſolutely decreed from all eternity ſhall come to paſs, as to pray that the world may not be drowned again, or that Chriſt may come to judgment, or be the Judge of quick and dead, or that the bodies of the ſaints may ariſe; it being upon this ſuppoſition, as certain that this abſolute decree concerning their perſeverance ſhall come to paſs, though Chriſt did never intercede, or the ſaints pray, as that the other decrees now mentioned ſhall certainly have their effect without his, or our interceſſion that it may be ſo.

2dly. They alſo grant that it is not from the ſtrength of the new nature in them, or the immutability of the renewed will or affections, that true believers cannot fall away; but purely from the promiſe of God that, though they are obnoxious in themſelves to fall away, he will keep them by his power. And hence it is obvious that all the arguments produced from the nature of true faith, converſion, or the new-birth, are inſufficient to prove this doctrine, becauſe it is granted that it is not from the nature of this faith, or the immutability of this new-birth that they thus perſevere; but from the power of God, by virtue of his promiſe.

3dly. They grant that though true believers cannot fall totally and finally, yet may they fall into drunkenneſs and inceſt as *Noah*, and into murder and adultery as *David*, into groſs idolatry as *Solomon*, into denials of our Lord, with oaths

oaths and imprecations as St. *Peter* did, and into such horrid sins as render them at present unfit to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and that by the guilt of those sins they stand condemned, till they are removed by faith and repentance. And this demonstratively shews the falsehood of their arguments from such texts as these; *He that is born of God sinneth not, neither can sin; he keepeth himself so that the wicked one toucheth him not. The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil.*

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLVIII.

On HEBREWS xi. 6.

Without faith it is impossible to please him.

1. BUT what is *faith?* It is a divine *evidence, and conviction of things not seen*: of things which are not seen now, whether they are visible or invisible in their own nature. Particularly it is a divine evidence and conviction of God and of the things of God. This is the most comprehensive definition of faith that ever was or can be given, as including every species of faith, from the lowest to the highest. And yet I do not remember any eminent writer, that has given a full and clear account of the several sorts of it, among all the verbose and tedious treatises, which have been published upon the subject.

2. Something indeed of a similar kind has been written by that great and good man, Mr. *Fletcher*, in his treatise on the various *Dispensations* of the Grace of God. Herein he observes, that there are four dispensations, that are distinguished from each other, by the degree of light which God vouchsafes

vouchſafes to them that are under each. A ſmall degree of light is given, to thoſe that are under the *Heathen* diſpenſation. Theſe generally believed, *that there was a God, and that he was a rewarder of them that diligently ſeek him.* But a far more conſiderable degree of light was vouchſafed to the *Jewiſh* nation: inaſmuch as to them *were entruſted* the grand means of light, the oracles of God. Hence many of theſe had clear and exalted views of the nature and attributes of God: of their duty to God and man: yea, and of the great promiſe, made to our firſt parents and tranſmitted by them to their poſterity, that *the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head.*

3. But above both the Heathen and Jewiſh diſpenſation, was that of *John* the *Baptiſt.* To him a ſtill clearer light was given: and he was himſelf *a burning and a ſhining light.* To him it was given, to *behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the ſin of the world.* Accordingly our Lord himſelf affirms, that *of all which had been born of women*, there had not till that time ariſen *a greater than John the Baptiſt!* But nevertheleſs he informs us, *He that is leaſt in the kingdom of God*, the Chriſtian diſpenſation, *is greater than he.* By one that is under the Chriſtian diſpenſation, Mr. *Fletcher* means, one that has received the Spirit of adoption, that has the Spirit of God witneſſing *with his ſpirit, that he is a child of God.*

In order to explain this ſtill farther, I will endeavour, by the help of God,

Firſt, To point out the ſeveral ſorts of faith, and ſecondly, To draw ſome practical inferences.

I. In the firſt place, I will endeavour to point out the ſeveral ſorts of faith. It would be eaſy, either to reduce theſe to a ſmaller number, or to divide them into a greater. But it does not appear that this would anſwer any valuable purpoſe.

1. The

1. The loweſt ſort of faith, if it be any faith at all, is that of a *Materialiſt*: a man who (like the late Lord *Kaim*) believes there is nothing but matter in the univerſe. I ſay, if it be any faith at all: for properly ſpeaking, it is not. It is not *an evidence or conviction of God*, for they do not believe there is any: neither is it a conviction of things not ſeen; for they deny the exiſtence of ſuch. Or if, for decency ſake, they allow there is a God, yet they ſuppoſe even Him to be material. For one of their maxims is,

"*Jupiter eſt quodcunq; vides.*"

"Whatever you ſee is God."

Whatever you ſee! A viſible, tangible god! Excellent divinity! Exquiſite nonſenſe!

2. The ſecond ſort of faith, if you allow a Materialiſt to have any, is the faith of a *Deiſt*. I mean, one who believes there is a God, diſtinct from matter; but does not believe the Bible. Of theſe we may obſerve two ſorts: one ſort, are mere beaſts in human ſhape, wholly under the power of the baſeſt paſſions, and having

"A downright appetite to mix with mud."

Other Deiſts are, in moſt reſpects rational creatures, though unhappily prejudiced againſt Chriſtianity. Moſt of theſe believe the being and attributes of God, they believe, that God made and governs the world: and that the ſoul does not die with the body, but will remain for ever in a ſtate of happineſs or miſery.

3. The next ſort of faith is, the faith of *Heathens*, with which I join that of *Mahometans*. I cannot but prefer this before the faith of the Deiſts; becauſe though it embraces nearly the ſame objects, yet they are rather to be pitied than blamed,

blamed, for the narrowneſs of their faith. And their not believing the whole truth, is not owing to want of ſincerity, but merely to want of light. When one aſked *Chicali*, an old Indian Chief, "Why do not you *red* men know as much as us *white* men?" He readily anſwered, "Becauſe you have *the great word*, and we have not?"

4. It cannot be doubted but this plea will avail, for millions of modern *Heathens*. Inaſmuch as to them little is given, of them little will be required. As to the ancient *Heathens*, millions of them likewiſe were ſavages. No more therefore will be expected of them, than the living up to the light they had. But many of them, eſpecially in the civilized nations, we have great reaſon to hope, although they lived among *Heathens*, yet were quite of another ſpirit: being taught of God, by his inward voice, all the eſſentials of true Religion. Yea, and ſo was that *Mahometan*, an *Arabian*, who a century or two ago, wrote the life of *Hai Ebn Yokton*. The ſtory ſeems to be feigned; but it contains all the principles of pure Religion and undefiled.

5. But in general, we may ſurely place the faith of a *Jew*, above that of a *Heathen* or *Mahometan*. By *Jewiſh* faith I mean the faith of thoſe who lived between the giving of the Law and the coming of Chriſt. Theſe, that is, thoſe that were ſerious and ſincere among them, believed all that is written in the Old Teſtament. In particular, they believed, that in the fulneſs of time *the Meſſiah* would appear, to *finiſh the tranſgreſſion, to make an end of ſin, and bring in everlaſting righteouſneſs*.

6. It is not ſo eaſy to paſs any judgment concerning the faith of our modern *Jews*. It is plain, *the veil is ſtill upon their hearts, when Moſes and the Prophets are read*. The god of this world ſtill hardens their hearts, and ſtill blinds their eyes; *leſt at any time the light of the glorious goſpel* ſhould break in upon them. So that we may ſay of this people, as the Holy Ghoſt ſaid to their forefathers, *The heart of this people*

people is waxed grofs, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they clofed; leſt they ſhould ſee with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and underſtand with their hearts, and ſhould be converted, and I ſhould heal them, Acts xxviii. 27. Yet it is not our part to paſs ſentence upon them, but to leave them to their own maſter.

6. I need not dwell upon the faith of *John* the *Baptiſt*, any more than the diſpenſation which he was under: becauſe theſe, as Mr. *Fletcher* well deſcribes them, were peculiar to himſelf. Setting him aſide, the faith of the *Roman Catholics* in general, ſeems to be above that of the ancient *Jews*. If moſt of theſe are volunteers in faith, believing more than God has revealed, it cannot be denied, that they believe all which God has revealed, as neceſſary to ſalvation. In this we rejoice on their behalf: we are glad that none of thoſe new articles, which they added at the Council of *Trent*, to *the faith once delivered to the ſaints*, does ſo materially contradict any of the ancient articles, as to render them of no effect.

7. The faith of the *Proteſtants* in general, embraces only thoſe truths as neceſſary to ſalvation, which are clearly revealed in the Oracles of God. Whatever is plainly declared in the Old and New Teſtament, is the object of their faith. They believe neither more nor leſs, than what is manifeſtly contained in, and proveable by the Holy Scriptures. The word of God is *a lanthern to their feet, and a light in all their paths*. They dare not on any pretence go from it, to the right-hand or the left. The written word is the whole and ſole rule of their faith, as well as practice. They believe whatſoever God has declared, and profeſs to do whatſoever he hath commanded. This is the proper faith of *Proteſtants*: by this they will abide and no other.

8. Hitherto faith has been conſidered chiefly as an evidence and conviction of ſuch or ſuch truths. And this is the ſenſe wherein it is taken at this day in every part of the

Chriſtian world. But in the mean time let it be carefully obſerved (for eternity depends upon it) that neither the faith of a Roman Catholic, nor that of a Proteſtant, if it contains no more than this, no more than the embracing ſuch and ſuch truths, will avail any more before God, than the faith of a *Mahometan* or a *Heathen*, yea of a *Deiſt* or *Materialiſt*. For *can* this *faith ſave him*? Can it ſave any man either from ſin or from hell? No more than it could ſave *Judas Iſcariot*; no more than it could ſave the devil and his angels: all of whom are convinced, that every tittle of Holy Scripture is true.

9. But what is the faith which is properly ſaving? Which brings eternal ſalvation to all thoſe that keep it to the end? It is ſuch a divine conviction of God, and of the things of God, as even in its infant ſtate, enables every one that poſſeſſes it to *fear God and work righteouſneſs*. And whoſoever in every nation believes thus far, the Apoſtle declares is *accepted of him*. He actually is, at that very moment, in a ſtate of acceptance. But he is at preſent only a *ſervant* of God, not properly a *ſon*. Meantime let it be well obſerved, that *the wrath of God* no longer *abideth on him*.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 516.]

THAT evening Mr. *Cheek* preached in the Methodiſt-Meeting, and deſired any who choſe it to ſtay at the meeting of the Society. I gladly accepted of the invitation. In his exhortation, he ſaid, If any deſired to join the Society they

they might ſpeak to ſome one who knew them, and they ſhould be admitted on trial. As I longed to be joined to them, I ſpoke to Mr. *J.* and was that night admitted. I was ſoon known by all the Society; and ſome of them who were Calviniſts, took great pains to confirm me in their opinions; but I never could hold them *altogether*, after I was convinced of ſin, and had taſted in a ſmall degree that the Lord had pity upon *me*: for I concluded that if he was willing to ſave wretched, ſinful *me*, he could find no one more unworthy of his mercy among the whole human race.

One evening as I was alone in a bower in my uncle's garden, the enemy wanted to trouble my mind about thoſe things. On this I fell on my knees and begged of the Lord to teach me what was right on either ſide, if it was *neceſſary* for me to *know them*. Immediately I felt thoſe words impreſſed on my mind, "Be determined to know nothing ſave Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified." I cried out, Lord, that is enough: and reſolved that I would not give way to any ſuch thoughts till I had found the Lord in pardoning love. Upon this I found more earneſtneſs in ſeeking him than ever, and often mourned in bitterneſs of ſpirit, becauſe I did not mourn enough!

One morning while I was hearing the word, I felt power to believe that my ſins were forgiven; but in a moment I was robbed of the bleſſing, by the enemy's ſuggeſting that I had not repented enough. Sometime after I roſe (as uſual) to read and pray; and as I was reading a ſermon upon faith, the Lord again gave me power, not only to believe, but alſo to *hold faſt* my confidence. O what a heaven did then ſpring up in my ſoul! I felt that the kingdom of heaven is righteouſneſs, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt! My heart was filled with joy, and peace, and *grateful love*: I walked all that day in the light of God's countenance. At night that dear ſervant of God, Mr. *Watkins* of *Lan-uſk*, met the Claſs, and

O how did his ſoul rejoice when he heard, that another was born into his Father's kingdom! He conceived a great affection for me that night, which he retained to the day of his death. My life was then truly comfortable. I could bleſs God every hour that ever I was born.

In the latter end of that ſummer, I was appointed Claſs-Leader. I entered upon this office with great reluctance; yea with fear and trembling: however the Lord ſupported me. The Society increaſed that winter, ſo that in the ſpring I was obliged to take charge of another Claſs. Some time after there were prayer-meetings eſtabliſhed, and the Preachers deſired me to take the conducting of them upon me.

After they had been continued ſome time, I found it impreſſed upon my mind to give a few words of exhortation: and we went on happily for ſome time. But in Auguſt 1770, Lady *H.* propoſed to Mr. *B.* that the Chapel in *Brecon* ſhould be reſerved for the uſe of her Scholars, and whomſoever her Ladyſhip ſhould appoint; by which means Mr. *Weſley's* Preachers were to be entirely excluded. But Mr. *B.* refuſed to comply, and ſoon after ſettled the Chapel on the Methodiſts. I then dreaded what ſoon followed, namely a ſeparation of the Society. As I was ſtrongly attached to ſome of the Scholars it was like death to me to be ſeparated from them; but I ſaw the unreaſonableneſs of their proceedings. Lady *H.* had not given a ſhilling towards building the Chapel; but Mr. *Weſley* had ſubſcribed eighty pounds. I conſidered farther that the Society had been raiſed and kept up for near twenty years by means of Mr. *Weſley* and his Preachers. Her Ladyſhip ſaid to ſeveral of us who waited upon her on the occaſion, that ſhe had no objection to Mr. *Weſley*; that ſhe loved and honoured him; that her ſole reaſon for ſeparating was a deſire to ſee what good her Students would do ſeparate from every body elſe. Soon after her Ladyſhip ſent one of the Students to town to preach in another place, at the ſame time our Preacher was in the Chapel. This

diſtreſſed

diſtreſſed me much. I had the cauſe of God much at heart, and I feared ſuch proceedings would injure it greatly; but God over-ruled all for good.

I never till now felt what may be called the fiery darts of the devil. He tempted me ſeveral times in one night to drown myſelf; and I had many other horrid temptations. But God provided me a friend in the time of adverſity. *Robert Phillips* lived in the ſame houſe with me, and was witneſs to all my diſtreſſes. He was an exceeding pious, as well as ſenſible young man. When he ſaw me in deep diſtreſs, and undetermined which ſide to take, he laboured with all his might to compoſe my mind, which he happily accompliſhed, and when that was done, my attachment to Mr. *Weſley*, the juſtice of his cauſe, and my being now almoſt clear in his ſentiments, ſoon determined me to ſtay where God had called me: on this I ſoon got the better of my uneaſineſs, and my former tranquility revived.

I have ſince thought that the Lord permitted me to feel more upon this occaſion than any one elſe, to prepare me for what he intended concerning me.

[*To be continued.*]

Another Account of the Death of JOHN NELSON.

Leeds, July 22, 1774.

LAST Monday, about three o'clock, *John Nelſon* coming in from dining with Mr. *Jowat*, went up into his room, and ſaid to *S. B.* "I do not know that I have been ſo well after dinner this long time." In a little while, being ſeized with a violent purging and vomiting, he was helped to bed. He had not been there long before he became inſenſible, and died about half paſt four o'clock in the afternoon.

On

On Wednesday his remains were carried through the streets of *Leeds*, in his way to *Birstal*, attended by thousands! who were either singing or weeping! It was truly a very solemn season to many, to see *him* carried to his grave who had done and suffered so much in these parts for the honour of God, and the good of men. But as he died in the Lord, he now rests from his labours, and his works follow him.

O how ought we to be all humbled, on seeing the first instruments of the great revival of religion in our day, called away so fast! Lord, in mercy to the rising generation continue a constant succession of holy, and useful men, who shall not count their lives dear unto themselves—when they may be spent for thy dear sake!

Account of the Death of JEREMIAH ROBERTSHAW.

Bradford, February, 1788.

OUR dear brother *Robertshaw* finished his course in the Lord yesterday morning about four o'clock. He was in general disordered in his body: but steady and regular in attending to his work of faith and labour of love, when in the least degree able: nay some times he exceeded the bounds. He was very much troubled with the gravel and stone, and the general consequences which attend such a *violent thorn* in the *flesh*. But in and through all, appeared the Christian and the Man of God, growing brighter in the *fire*.

As there have been many trying scenes amongst us to pass through, he did not go without his part, which I some times have feared hastened his end: but he is now where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest.

An

An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER : *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

[*Continued from page* 518.]

PERMIT me,* O Lord, to bring back unto thee thoſe powers and faculties, which I have ungratefully and ſacrilegiouſly alienated from thy ſervice. And receive, I beſeech thee, thy poor revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy right in him, and deſires nothing in the whole world, ſo much as to be thine. Bleſſed God, it is with the utmoſt ſolemnity that I make this ſurrender of myſelf unto thee.

Hear O heavens, and give ear O earth, I this day take, and avouch Jehovah the Lord, to be my God, and I avouch and declare myſelf to be his covenanted child, and one of his people. Hear O God of heaven, and record it in the book of thy remembrance, that henceforth I am thine, entirely thine. I would not merely conſecrate unto thee ſome of my powers, or poſſeſſions, or give thee a certain proportion of my ſervices, or all I am capable of for a limited time; but I will be thine, and wholly thine for ever. From this day do I ſolemnly renounce all the former lords, who have had dominion over me; every ſin, and every luſt I bid, in thy name, an eternal defiance to, and alſo to all the powers of hell, which have moſt unjuſtly, uſurped the empire over my ſoul, and to all the corruptions they have introduced into the whole frame of my nature. All the faculties of my mind, and all the members of my body, I preſent to thee this day, as a living ſacrifice, holy, and acceptable, which is my reaſonable ſervice.

To thee I conſecrate all my worldly poſſeſſions. In thy ſervice I deſire to ſpend all the remainder of my time upon earth, and beg that thou wouldſt inſtruct me, ſo that whether my

* A continuation of his covenant with God.

my abode here, be long or ſhort, every year and month, every day and hour, may be uſed in ſuch a manner as ſhall moſt effectually promote thine honour, and beſt ſerve the deſigns of thy wiſe and gracious Providence.

And I earneſtly pray, that whatever influence thou giveſt me, with others, in any of the ſuperior relations of life in which I may ſtand, or in conſequence of any peculiar regard which may be paid to me, thou wouldſt give me ſtrength and courage to exert myſelf to the utmoſt of my power, for thy glory; reſolving not only, that I will myſelf do it, but that all others, ſo far as I can rationally, and properly influence them, ſhall ſerve the Lord.

In this courſe, O bleſſed God, would I perſevere ſteadily to the end of my life; earneſtly praying that I may be enabled, not only to hold on in that happy way, but daily to grow more active in it.

Nor do I only conſecrate a part of myſelf to thee, but I moſt humbly reſign, and ſubmit to thine holy will, and ſervice, myſelf and all I can call mine; and leave, O Lord, to thy management and direction all I poſſeſs, and wiſh; and ſet every enjoyment, and every intereſt before thee, to be diſpoſed of by thee as thou pleaſeſt. Continue or remove what thou haſt given me; beſtow or refuſe what I imagine I want, as thou Lord ſhall ſee good.

Uſe me O Lord, I beſeech thee as the inſtrument of thy glory, and honour me ſo far, as either by doing or ſuffering thy will, in what thou ſhalt bring upon me, that there may ſome praiſe redound to thee, and ſome good to the world in which I dwell.

And may it pleaſe thee from this day forward, to number me amongſt thy peculiar people, that I may no more be a ſtranger and a foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the ſaints and of the houſehold of God. Receive, O heavenly Father, thy returning prodigal! Waſh me in the blood of thy dear Son! Sanctify me by thy ſpirit! and clothe me with perfect righteouſneſs!

teouſneſs! Deſtroy, I beſeech thee, the power of ſin in my heart! Transform me into the image of Jeſus, whom henceforward I acknowledge as my Sacrifice, Teacher, Interceſſor, and Lord. Communicate to me I beſeech thee, all the needful influences of thy Spirit, and lift up the light of thy countenance continually upon me!

Diſpoſe of my affairs, O God, in a manner which may be ſubſervient to thy glory, and my own trueſt happineſs; and when I have done and ſuffered thy will on earth, call me from hence at what time, and in what manner thou pleaſeſt; only grant that in my dying moments, and in the near proſpect of eternity, I remember theſe my engagements to thee, and that I may employ my lateſt breath in thy ſervice! And do thou, O Lord, when thou ſeeſt the agonies of deſolving nature upon me, remember this covenant, even though I ſhould then be incapable of recollecting it! Look down, O my heavenly Father, with a pitying eye, upon thy languiſhing and dying child! Place thine everlaſting arm round and underneath me for my ſupport! Put ſtrength and confidence into my departing ſoul, and receive it into the embraces of thy everlaſting love! Welcome it into the abodes of thoſe that ſleep in Jeſus, to wait with them, for that glorious day when the laſt of thy promiſes, to thy covenanted people, ſhall be fulfilled in their triumphant reſurrection, and in that abundant entrance which ſhall be adminiſtered to them, into that everlaſting kingdom, of which thou haſt aſſured them, by thy covenant; and in hope of which I now lay hold on it.

And when I am numbered among the dead, and all the intereſts of mortality are over with me for ever, ſhould this ſolemn engagement fall into the hands of any ſurviving friends, may it be a means of making deep impreſſions on their minds! May they read it, not only as my engagement, but as their own, and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me put their truſt under the ſhadow of his wings, for

time and eternity! And may they alſo learn to adore with me, the grace which inclines our hearts to enter into covenant with God, and which condeſcends to admit us into it, when ſo inclined: aſcribing with me, and with all the nations of the redeemed, to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, that praiſe which is ſo juſtly due, to each Divine Perſon for the part he bears in the ſacred work of our ſalvation. Amen.

HENRY FOSTER.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of the Death of Mr. HENRY TARBOTON.

[Written by Mr. JOHN PAWSON.]

SOON after it pleaſed God to bring *me* to the knowledge of the truth, which was in the year 1758, my brother-in-law, Mr. *Henry Tarboton* (who had been all his life what the world calls a ſober man) was prevailed upon to attend the miniſtry of the Methodiſts. He no ſooner heard the word, but ſaw himſelf a loſt ſinner; and accordingly ſet out in good earneſt to ſeek redemption in the blood of Chriſt. At that time, his foes were thoſe of his own houſehold: my ſiſter and his father (who lived with him) ſtrongly oppoſing him. But ſoon after, my ſiſter was awakened, and ſome years after that, his father alſo.

He never had any deep convictions, or any painful or diſtreſſing views of the diſpleaſure of God. But from the very firſt, he was favoured with remarkable views of the love of God in Chriſt toward returning ſinners, and of his willingneſs to ſave them. Many a time I have ſeen him ſit under the word with tears of love flowing from his cheeks; and ſometimes I have ſeen him ſo overpowered with the love of God, that he was unable either to walk, or to ſtand: yet he could not believe that his ſins were forgiven; I ſuppoſe becauſe he had never had any deep convictions.

In

In the beginning of the year 1760, he, and ſeven others of our family joined the Society: and ſoon after he found a clear manifeſtation of the love of God to his ſoul: and from that time to his death, he was remarkably ſteady and uniform in all his conduct. He was truly ſimple hearted, ſincere and upright: zealous for God and his cauſe, and uncommonly diligent in attending all the means of grace, from the firſt to the laſt. When he was made Leader of a Claſs, he was very uſeful in that, and in aſſiſting at Prayer-meetings; and for many years received the Preachers into his own houſe. He alſo kept up the worſhip of God in his family, and brought up his children in the fear of the Lord, who are all at this day members of our Society.

At one time it pleaſed God to ſend conviction to the heart of a poor carnal workman who was doing a little buſineſs for him. The man happened to be in the houſe while he was aſking a bleſſing at breakfaſt, and this proved a means of ſalvation to his ſoul. He never could forget it, nor do I believe he ever will; for he is now a ſteady Chriſtian. By ſuch little things does the Lord ſometimes work upon the minds of men, even when thoſe which are greater have no effect.

He had for ſome years prayed for, and taken all poſſible pains with his aged father, apparently to no purpoſe at all. But the Lord found out a way to do him good, which man could not have thought of. He was one Lord's-day, in the interval of public worſhip, teaching one of his children the Inſtructions for Children (a little girl of eight or nine years old.) When the child was repeating theſe words, "Take care that you do not draw near to God with your lips, while your heart is far from him. Beware you do not ſay any thing to God which you do not mean. You muſt not tell a lie to God," &c. She was ſo deeply affected, and indeed ſo effectually awakened, that ſhe could not ſtand, but dropped down on the floor, and cried aloud for mercy. His poor

old father ſeeing and hearing this was cut to the heart: ſaw himſelf a loſt and ruined ſinner, and cried out in the bitterneſs of his ſoul for pardoning mercy.

About a month after this, my brother *Marmaduke Pawſon* called to ſee them one morning, and they were juſt going to family-prayer. He very readily joined with them, and was led to pray earneſtly for the old man. The Lord ſent an anſwer of peace, and gave him a clear ſenſe of his pardoning love. He lived happy in the enjoyment of it about a year, and then died in peace. May not this encourage every one to continue praying for, and ſtriving with their relations, notwithſtanding they ſee no immediate fruit? God can find out a way to anſwer their prayers which they little think of.

Laſt ſpring he was taken with a moſt violent rheumatic complaint, which although he uſed every means which was thought neceſſary, it grew worſe and worſe. I ſaw him laſt July, when with the utmoſt difficulty he got up to the preaching-houſe. We prayed for him there, and for ſome time he was a good deal better. But afterwards the diſorder returned with ſtill greater violence.

In November laſt my brother wrote to me concerning him as follows: "What will be the event with reſpect to brother *Tarboton* I cannot tell; but there ſeems to be but little ground to hope that he will recover. Laſt Tueſday night I was ſent for in haſte, and he ſeemed to be in the very agonies of death, which appeared to me the moſt ſevere I ever ſaw. Yet he was perfectly calm, and fully reſigned to the will of God, patiently waiting, and longing for his releaſe. His whole animal frame ſeemed to be in motion, and he was in the moſt violent pain. Yet he triumphed over death, and him that had the power of death. In the intervals of his violent agonies he firſt ordered every thing reſpecting his funeral with the utmoſt compoſure. He then called his wife, and took an affectionate farewel of her. He kiſſed her, bleſſed her, prayed

prayed for her, and greatly encouraged her to truſt in the Lord. Then calling his ſon, he kiſſed and bleſſed him, and ſolemnly charged him to keep cloſe to God, and to train up his children in the fear of the Lord. He then called his two daughters, and took the ſame method with them, and charged them to beware of loving the preſent world; but rather to love and ſerve God; adding, of the world you will have enough, as you will very ſoon be called to leave it. He then called my little *Patty*, and bleſt her and prayed for her, and charged her to be a good girl. When he had done this, his agonies returned. In the next interval he broke out into ſtrong and earneſt prayer. He firſt prayed for the Church of God in general, and then for all the Preachers, that the Lord would pour out his Spirit upon them, and proſper their labours. He then remembered you, and prayed very affectionately that the Lord would bleſs you and yours. He then prayed for, and praiſed God on my account. He thankfully acknowledged the goodneſs of God in raiſing me up, and delivering me from my late dangerous illneſs; and earneſtly prayed that the Lord would ſpare me, and make me a bleſſing to my family and the Church in general. In the next interval of eaſe, he gave out and ſung with a loud voice,

"Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known," &c.

Adding, "Yes, we ſhall ſoon be with him." About four in the morning he began to get a little reſt, and I left him for that time."

Some days after this (my brother ſays) he was led to pray much that the Lord would be pleaſed to direct them to ſomething which, by his bleſſing might be of uſe to him. In a day or two he heard of a medicine which had been of uſe to ſeveral in the ſame condition. This we procured, and it was

was a means under God of removing the violent pain, and of ſettling the ſwelling in his legs and thighs. He then complained of a violent oppreſſion at his ſtomach. My brother applied the brimſtone plaiſter and it took it entirely away, ſo that he got a good deal better. But afterwards the diſorder returned with greater violence than ever, ſo that my brother wrote laſt week concerning him as follows: "My brother *Tarboton* is now no more an inhabitant of this miſerable world. He died in great peace on Monday morning, Feb. 5. Our union continued and increaſed to the laſt. I was led to ſympathize with him in his long and moſt painful affliction, which he bore to the laſt with uncommon patience and reſignation. I often found very great liberty in prayer with him, and was abundantly bleſſed in my own ſoul. When I aroſe from prayer, he would often ſay, "O how ſweet! O how ſweet is prayer to my ſoul." I think that word was remarkably fulfilled in him, Becauſe thou haſt kept the word of my patience, I alſo will keep thee from the hour of temptation. For the devil was never ſuffered to moleſt him from firſt to laſt, neither had he ever any doubt or fear to the laſt moment of his life.

I was with him till near twelve o'clock on Sunday night, when I prayed with him with great enlargement of heart. I then aſked him if we ſhould ſing a hymn? He ſaid, "Yes; you know I always loved ſinging:" and accordingly he joined with us as well as he could. And when we had done, he ſaid, "O how ſweet!" I ſaid, but it will be ſweeter very ſoon. He ſaid, "I believe it will." I then took a moſt affectionate farewel of him, and in about two hours he fell aſleep in the Lord."

He was indeed a moſt tender, affectionate huſband. A bleſſing to his children in every reſpect, having both their temporal and eternal intereſt greatly at heart. A loving and moſt kind brother. A uſeful member of Society; and a pattern

a pattern of Chriſtian ſimplicity, and ſerious godlineſs. Many of our Preachers knew him well, and dearly loved him.

J. PAWSON.

Glaſgow, Feb. 26, 1787.

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

[*Continued from page* 524.]

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

I Shall only add one obſervation more, concerning the difference between Natural and Artificial Things. If we examine the fineſt needle by the microſcope, the point of it appears about a quarter of an inch broad, and its figure neither round, nor flat, but irregular and unequal. And the ſurface, however ſmooth and bright it may ſeem to the naked eye, is then ſeen full of ruggedneſs, holes and ſcratches, like an iron bar from the forge. But examine in the ſame manner the ſting of a bee, and it appears to have in every part a poliſh moſt amazingly beautiful, without the leaſt flaw or inequality, and ends in a point too fine to be diſcerned by any glaſs whatever. And yet this is only the outward ſheath of far more exquiſite inſtruments.

A ſmall piece of the fineſt lawn, from the diſtance and holes between its threads, appears like a lattice or hurdle. And the threads themſelves ſeem coarſer than the yarn wherewith ropes are made for anchors. Fine Bruſſels lace will look as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven hair-line, twiſted or clotted together in a very aukward and unartful manner. But a ſilk-worm's webb on the niceſt examination

appears

appears perfectly smooth and shining, and as much finer than any spinster in the world can make, as the smallest twine is than the thickest cable. A pod of this silk winds into nine hundred and sixty yards. And as it is two threads twisted together all the length, so it really contains one thousand eight hundred and twenty: and yet weighs but two grains and a half. What an exquisite fineness! and yet this is nothing to the silk that issued from the worm's mouth when newly hatched.

The smallest dot which can be made with a pen, appears through a glass, a vast irregular spot, rough, jagged and uneven about all its edges. The finest writing (such as the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny) seems as shapeless and uncouth as if wrote in Runic characters. But the specks of moths, beetles, flies, and other insects, are most accurately circular; and all the lines and marks about them are drawn, to the utmost possibility of exactness.

Our finest miniature paintings appear before a microscope, as mere daubings, plaistered on with a trowel. Our smoothest polishings are shewn to be mere roughness, full of gaps and flaws. Thus do the works of art sink, upon an accurate examination. On the contrary, the nearer we examine the works of nature, even in the least and meanest of her productions, the more we are convinced, nothing is to be found there, but beauty and perfection. View the numberless species of insects, what exactness and symmetry shall we find in all their organs? What a profusion of colouring, azure, green, vermillion; what fringe and embroidery on every part! How high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we every where behold! Yea, view the animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, those breathing atoms so small, they are almost all workmanship: in them too we discover the same multiplicity of parts, diversity of figures, and variety of motions as in the largest animals. How amazingly curious must the internal structure of these creatures be! How minute the

bones

bones, joints, muſcles, and tendons! How exquiſitely delicate the veins, arteries, nerves! What multitudes of veſſels and circulations muſt be contained in this narrow compaſs! And yet all have ſufficient room for their ſeveral offices, without interfering with each other.

The ſame regularity and beauty is found in vegetables. Every ſtalk, bud, flower, and ſeed, diſplays a figure, a proportion, a harmony, beyond the reach of art. There is not a weed whoſe every leaf does not ſhew a multiplicity of pores and veſſels, curiouſly diſpoſed for the conveyance of juices, to ſupport and nouriſh it, and which is not adorned with innumerable graces to embelliſh it.

But ſome may aſk, To what purpoſe has nature beſtowed ſo much expence on ſo inſignificant creatures? I anſwer, this very thing proves they are not ſo inſignificant, as we fondly ſuppoſe. This beauty is given them either for their own ſake, that they themſelves may be delighted with it: or for ours, that we may obſerve in them the amazing power and goodneſs of the Creator. If the former, they are of conſequence in the account of their Maker, and therefore deſerve our regard. If the latter, then it is certainly our duty to take notice of, and admire them.

In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a picture, in which are diſplayed the perfections of the Deity. It ſhews not only his exiſtence, but his unity, his power, his wiſdom, his independence, his goodneſs. His unity appears in the harmony we cannot but ſee in all the parts of nature; in that one ſimple end to which they are directed, and the conformity of all the means thereto. On every ſide we diſcern either ſimple elements, or compound bodies, which have all different actions and offices. What the fire inflames, the water quenches: what one wind freezes, another thaws. But theſe and a thouſand other operations, ſo ſeemingly repugnant to each other, do nevertheleſs all concur in a wonderful manner, to produce one effect. And all are ſo neceſſary to the main

design, that were the agency of any one destroyed, an interruption of the order and harmony of the creation must immediately ensue.

Suppose, for instance, the wind to be taken away, and all Society is in the utmost disorder. Navigation is at a stand, and all our commerce with foreign nations destroyed. On the other hand, the vapours raised from the sea would remain suspended just where they rose. Consequently we should be deprived of that useful covering, the Clouds, which now screen us from the scorching heat: yea, and of the fruitful rains. So our land would be parched up, the fruits of the earth wither, animals die, through hunger and thirst, and all nature languish and droop. All the parts of Nature therefore were constituted for the assistance of each other, and all undeniably prove the unity of their Omniscient Creator.

His Power appears in the whole frame of creation, and his Wisdom in every part of it. His Independence is pointed out in the inexhaustible variety of beasts, birds, fishes and insects: and his Goodness, in taking care of every one of these, *opening his hand, and filling all things living with plenteousness.*

Every thing is calculated by Divine Wisdom, to make us wiser and better. And this is the substance of true philosophy. We cannot know much. In vain does our shallow reason attempt to fathom the mysteries of Nature, and to pry into the secrets of the Almighty. *His ways are past finding out.* The eye of a little worm is a subject capable of exhausting all our boasted speculations. But we may love much. And herein we may be assisted by contemplating the wonders of his Creation. Indeed he seems to have laid the highest claim to this tribute of our love, by the care he has taken to manifest his goodness in the most conspicuous manner, while at the same time he has concealed from us the most curious particulars, with regard to the essences and structure of his works.

works. And to this our ignorance it is owing, that we fancy so many things to be useless in the Creation. But a deep sense of his goodness will satisfy all our doubts, and resolve all our scruples.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge against* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 526.]

WHILST Diego posted away to Avero, his master Antonio prepared to follow him; and the next morning took his coach and six horses, and three resolute gentlemen his friends to assist him.

Diego came to Avero first: at the time appointed the punctual Antonio arrived: and now, all things being in silence, and every body in the house fast asleep, Diego and Berinthia slipping privately through the first court, and from thence to the postern of the garden, where Antonio received her. In the morning Catalina discovering that her sister was escaped, acquainted her father with her sister's flight. When they understood that Diego was gone with her, they were well assured that Antonio had carried her away. Both he and his son consulted what was to be done; and their first resolution was to send a messenger to Elvas, to know whether Berinthia was there with Antonio.

The messenger being returned, assured them that it was so, and that Antonio was retired to a castle of his, without the walls of the city, where he kept the lady with much honour and respect. On this Vilarezo sent Sebastiano to Elvas, accompanied by six resolute gentlemen, to bring away Berinthia. Sebastiano being come to Elvas, repaired to the castle of Antonio, who admitted them all into the first court,

and two into the ſecond, and kindly ſaluted them. Sebaſtiano conjured him, to deliver up his ſiſter. Antonio anſwered, it was by an honourable affection he had undertaken to aſſiſt his ſiſter in her eſcape, and that her malicious ſiſter Catalina was author of what had happened, who, by her woman Anſilva, had twice attempted to poiſon her: therefore, ſince he could not deliver her up with ſafety, he was reſolved to protect her in his own caſtle.

Sebaſtiano deſired that he might ſpeak with his ſiſter, which was granted; then Antonio taking Sebaſtiano by the hand, they all went into the hall, whither Berinthia ſoon came, accompanied by two of Antonio's ſiſters. Sebaſtiano craved the favour of Antonio that he might confer a little privately with his ſiſter: to which Antonio replied, that Berinthia's pleaſure ſhould be his; and ſhe conſenting to it, Sebaſtiano leading her to a window acquainted her how much his father was offended, and therefore intreated her to return.

Berinthia related every particular of the cauſe of her departure: and to prove the truth of what ſhe aſſerted, produced Diego, who proteſted the ſame. Sebaſtiano checked her for what ſhe had ſaid, telling her, that in ſeeking to wrong others, ſhe would in the end but wrong herſelf, and that there was no ſafety for her but in her return.

Berinthia again anſwered him, that there was no ſafety for her at Avero. She begged him to tell her father, that he ought to love Antonio, whoſe caſtle ſhe found a ſanctuary, both for her honour and her life; taking God and his angels to witneſs, that her ſiſter Catalina's crime was true. Sebaſtiano ſeeing Antonio reſolute, and his ſiſter obſtinate, he told her, he ſhould leave her to her own folly.

Sebaſtiano having conſulted his aſſociates, thought he ought to acquaint his father. His couſin Villandras, undertaking the journey, waited upon Vilarezo, and relating to him the particulars, he was greatly perplexed. He examined Catalina,

and

and her maid Anſilva; but they denied all that was laid to their charge. Whereupon he ſent Villandras back with the following letter:

VILAREZO *to* SEBASTIANO.

"I have carefully examined Catalina and her maid, whom I find innocent. I have conſulted nature and honour, and both ſuggeſt to adviſe thee, either by the law of the kingdom, or by that of your ſword, to return my daughter.

VILAREZO."

While Sebaſtiano was conſulting how to ſet his ſiſter at liberty, let us ſpeak a little of Catalina, who contrived to make away with Anſilva, that ſhe might tell no tales; to which end ſhe ſent for one Pedro Sermiata, who, for a reward of one hundred ducats, undertook to diſpatch her, by giving her a poiſon that her miſtreſs prevailed upon her to take, in hopes of curing two or three pimples on her face. Thus did this wretch, by the providence of Almighty God, meet with the death which ſhe had twice attempted to give to the virtuous Berinthia!

Sebaſtiano having received his father's order, by the hands of Villandras, ſent him to know Antonio's and Berinthia's laſt reſolution; who, being admitted into the caſtle, directed his ſpeech to Berinthia, and then to Antonio. Berinthia deſired her couſin Villandras to give her beſt reſpects to her brother, but withal to acquaint him, that her firſt anſwer and reſolution, were and ſhould be her laſt: and Antonio prayed him likewiſe to inform Sebaſtiano, that Berinthia's will was his law; and that he was ready to venture his own life in defence of her's.

Villandras acquainted Sebaſtiano with their laſt reſolves. This occaſioned many conflicts in the breaſt of Sebaſtiano, which made him irreſolute, whether he ſhould undertake to recover

recover his ſiſter by law or arms; the firſt he thought both ſcandalous and cowardly; and by the latter he foreſaw, that he muſt either be killed himſelf, or kill his friend. The firſt would make him the jeſt of Antonio; and not to attempt the ſecond, a ſhame to himſelf and family. Therefore, giving more way to the warm ſentiments of pride, than to the cooler dictates of reaſon, ſent him a challenge. He carried the matter very privately, eſpecially to Berinthia, who little ſuſpected the danger ſhe had brought both her lover and her brother into.

Antonio made choice of Belaſco, to be his ſecond. The morning being come, our combatants leaped from their beds to the field, where, a little before ſix, all parties appeared. At the firſt cloſe, Antonio was wounded in the right arm, and Sebaſtiano in the left ſide; at the ſecond, Sebaſtiano wounded Antonio a little above his right pap, and Antonio ran him clean through the body, making a large and dangerous wound, from whence there iſſued much blood. At the third cloſe, Sebaſtiano ran Antonio through the body on the left ſide, a little below the heart; whereupon he firſt ſtaggered and then fell to the ground. Belaſco, as ſoon as he had covered the body with his cloak, unſheethed his rapier, and bidding Villandras to be on his guard, wounded him ſlightly on the ſhoulder, but was himſelf ran through the body and reins: upon which he fell to the ground. Villandras, throwing away his rapier, ſtooped to aſſiſt him, but in vain, for his ſoul was departed to another world.

This news was ſoon carried to Antonio's caſtle, where his and Belaſco's dead bodies were conveyed to the great grief of all his domeſtics; but all their tears were nothing to thoſe of Antonio's two ſiſters, nor theirs any thing in compariſon of thoſe ſhed by Berinthia.

Then was ſhe delivered into the hands of her brother, who, with the tendereſt advice, and moſt ſweet perſuaſions,

entreated

entreated her to dry her tears; but so deep was her sorrow, that she would admit of no consolation. Indeed she could not look upon her brother with an eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation.

Sebastiano having left the dead bodies of Antonio and Belasco to the care of their friends, and taking coach with his incensed and sorrowful sister, returned to Avero, where his father Vilarezo, and his mother Aliphanta welcomed him home with pleasure and commendation; but met their daughter with frowns and reproaches.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Of FALSEHOOD.

[*Continued from page* 528.]

LET no man insolently brag either of his nobility or his honour, of his wealth or of his wisdom, and at every turn, as many do, rehearse his pedigree and his titles; and entertain his friends with stories of the brave atchievements of his ancestors. For how many worthy actions of gallant persons, with themselves and their monuments too, are buried in utter oblivion? How many families are quite extinct and blotted out of the Herald's books? What is become of the *Achemenides* in *Persia*, and the *Seleucide* of *Syria*; the *Ptolomeys* of *Egypt*, and the *Cæsars* of *Italy*; the *Merovingians* and *Carlovingians* of *France*; and the *Plantagenets* of *England?* And what is nobility (if it be not accompanied with real goodness) but a bubble, and an empty name? It is no credit to be well-born, unless you be well-mannered too; and he that has nothing but his extraction and titles to set him

him forth, is no better than his great-grand-father's tomb. And a plentiful fortune, if not wisely managed, is a great incumbrance and a snare. Money is a perfidious thing, and the parent of absurd actions; for it betrays men into several miscarriages, which otherwise they would not have opportunity to commit. And he that boasts of his own knowledge, does but discover and proclaim his folly; for (if you observe it) he talks loudest that understands least, as the shallow stream makes a greater noise than the deepest river; and he who has laboured industriously many years to inform his mind, will find and confess that motto of a learned man to be most true, The greatest part of what we know, is but the least part of that which we are ignorant of. Besides, he who does these things, upbraids those who cannot derive themselves from so ancient a stock, and want the like endowments to set them off: and I assure you that is no small disobligation.

Nor is it any one's duty to lessen his own merit (though of the two, it is better to take from, than add unto it) and therefore I do not approve of those that undervalue themselves beyond measure, and stoop to sordid condescensions, and refuse those honours and commendations which without all question are their due. This is no virtue, but a vice opposed to humility in the defect, as arrogance is in the excess; and if it be a hypocritical pretence of modesty, and not the issue of a real consciousness of imperfection, it is double pride and ostentation. To weigh down one scale that so the other may ascend; to use diminutive expressions on purpose that we may be admired; to reject a just character and inwardly to applaud ourselves for doing it; to refuse dignities and preferments out of a seeming lowliness of mind, and contempt of the world, and underhand to strive to obtain them, or else to propagate our fame by the renunciation, is a piece of abominable falsehood, not to be endured. To deny the good things that are in us, to make them less, the Moralist tells us is the deepest dissimulation; and he that accuses

accuſes himſelf when he is innocent, becomes guilty by his lying. Jottus, that famous painter and architect of Florence, in the opinion of ſome, was ſcarce worthy of the praiſes heaped upon him, becauſe he forbad men to honour him, ſo much as to ſalute him by the name of maſter. But whether he did well or no, this is certain, that he who undervalues thoſe things which men generally deſire and love, certifies by that action that he deſpiſes others, or at leaſt, that he does not reſpect them as he ought: and not to eſteem glory and honour, which moſt rate at a high price, what is it but to ſlight their judgment who confer it, and to extol yourſelf above all mankind? For no body that is in his right wits, will contemn that which by the common conſent and approbation of the world has worth and value imprinted on it, but thoſe that fondly imagine they have better apprehenſions, or choicer treaſures. The ſafeſt and moſt prudent courſe is to keep in the middle betwixt the two extremes: neither inſolently to vaunt of any thing we are or have; nor yet to ſpeak contemptibly of ourſelves. For by the former we reproach others with their defects, and that is ungenteel; and by the latter we ſeem to vilify their underſtanding, and to jeer at their virtues, and that is unjuſt. Ingenuity and diſcretion enjoin us to be as ſilent of our own actions as we can (and the advantages of a reſtrained tongue in this caſe are not eaſily numbered) and when we are forced to ſpeak let it be truth, and modeſtly expreſſed, without any tincture of pride and ſelf-conceit. And they that endeavour to pleaſe others are to the utmoſt of their power to abſtain from a fault exceeding frequent, that is, when their opinion is aſked concerning any matter that is propounded, they muſt not fumble with their buttons, and ſuffer themſelves to be oppreſſed with an unſeaſonable baſhfulneſs, ſo as to talk fearfully, and to move their body up and down all the while, as if they were in pain, and to look ſneakingly, as though they had lately committed a theft, or ſome other ſhameful crime, and were doing penance for it; and to preface what they have to ſay with tedious and

insignificant apologies, as, Sir, I hope you will please to forgive me if I do not speak pertinently to this business; for I am altogether unskilful in such things: I fear that I shall betray my own folly, and tire your patience too much, yet in obedience to your commands, I shall venture to say what I conceive of the point in hand. Thus they detain the company, and protract the time with empty preambles, and while they are making ridiculous excuses, they might have answered the question, and dispatched the case; but they must go about by many circumlocutions to no purpose, and are longer in stating and bringing it to a head, than others in determining it; and yet deport themselves as if they were in bondage, and a very uneasy posture till they have done; and it cannot choose but be a great trouble to hear and see them so concerned, especially if they be learned and understanding persons. And they also are offensive and hypocritical men, that would fain seem the worst and meanest in all the society where they are; and when by the acknowledgment of every one present they ought to be seated in the chiefest and most honourable place, they will sit lowest, and you cannot without a great deal of importunity and violence prevail upon them to remove higher; when you intreat them, they go back like a fearful horse that has been newly beaten and put all out of order, especially when they come to a door, for they will by no means go before, but make long speeches, and wheel about, and defend themselves with their hands and arms, and make odd faces, and you must quarrel, and almost fight with them before you can get them on; and this interrupts the pleasure of your walk, and sometime hinders important business.

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY's *Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.

[*Continued from page* 532.]

BUT Dr. Priestley says, pages 32, 33, "According to the modern metaphysical hypothesis, the will is of such a nature, as to be influenced sometimes by the passions or motives, and sometimes in a manner, in which neither passions nor motives have any thing to do, and of which it is not pretended that any idea can be given, but by saying that it is self-determined, which, in fact, gives no idea at all, or rather implies an absurdity, viz. that a determination which is an effect, takes place without any cause at all. For, exclusive of every thing that comes under the denomination of motive, there is really nothing left that can produce the determination. Let a man use what words he pleases, he can have no more conception how we can sometimes be determined by motives, and sometimes without any motive, than he can have of a scale being sometimes weighed down by weights, and sometimes by a kind of substance that has no weight at all, which whatever it be in itself, must with respect to the scale, be nothing." To this I answer, that the will is a faculty arising from a power of self-determination in the mind of man, or a self-determining power, which power is the cause of every effect, called choice in the mind of man; so that there is not an effect without a cause, as before observed, (page 21).

And though this power cannot be described but by its properties and effects, no more can memory, judgment, nor the passions. We are conscious of some power working such and such effects in us, but we cannot be so weak as to suppose that

power to be a little being within us, ſeparate and diſtinct from our minds, but a power exiſting in the mind, which is capable of being deſcribed no way but by its properties and effects: and the mind appears to be capable of exerting this power at pleaſure; whereas, Dr. Prieſtley's motives ſeem to be ſomething foreign to the mind, and even motives to it, as neceſſarily and uncontrolably influencing it, in ſpite of its very ſelf.

As to the inſtance of the ſcale weighed down ſometimes by weights, and ſometimes by no weights, here again repeated, I refer the reader for ſatisfaction to pages 16, 17. of this work. "Another argument, (ſays Dr. Prieſtley, page 33.) for the neceſſary determination of the will, may be drawn from the analogy that it bears to the judgment. It is univerſally acknowledged that the judgment is neceſſarily determined by the perceived agreement or diſagreement of ideas. Now, the will is but a kind of judgment, depending upon the perceived preferableneſs of things propoſed to the mind, which apparent preferableneſs reſults as neceſſarily from the perception of the ideas themſelves, as that of their agreement or diſagreement. In fact, all the difference, between judgment and will, is, that, in the former caſe, the determination relates to opinions, and in the latter to actions; and as all the ancients have well obſerved, the faculties of the ſoul are only different modes in which the ſame principle acts; the judgment being the mind judging, and the will being the mind willing; and it would be very extraordinary indeed, if the ſame mind ſhould not be determined in a ſimilar manner in theſe two very ſimilar caſes; and that if there be a ſelf-determining will, there ſhould not be a ſelf-determining judgment alſo. In reality, the latter is not more abſurd and contrary to all appearances than the former." The doctrine concerning judgment here laid down, I grant, viz. that it is neceſſarily determined by the agreement or diſagreement of ideas. I cannot judge or believe differently from what things appear to me. If a thing appears certain, my judgment and belief are neceſſarily the ſame; if a thing appears doubtful, my judgment and belief are likewiſe ſo. My judg-

ment,

ment, opinion, and belief muſt be determined neceſſarily in proportion to the abſolute certainty, doubtfulneſs, or total uncertainty of the caſe, as it appears to me. My judgment is determined, and my belief ſettled that this is paper on which I write; neither can I believe the contrary, ſo long as it appears to me to be ſo. But if afterwards by a train of reaſoning, or by ſome other means I make ſome new diſcovery concerning it; if, for example, I find myſelf deceived, and clearly perceive that it is parchment and not paper: I ſay, if this ſhould happen, then I cannot any longer believe it to be paper. Every man who examines the powers of his own mind, will perceive that his judgment, opinion, and belief are neceſſarily and involuntarily formed and determined by the appearance of things without any poſſibility of judging or believing otherwiſe, ſo long as things appear in the ſame manner. But this is not the caſe, with regard to man's will. I plainly perceive in my mind a ſelf-determining power by which I am enabled to write on this paper, or not to write according to my own pleaſure: though I find my judgment and belief are involuntary acts, ſuch as I cannot ſuſpend or alter, unleſs the appearance of the thing alters. I cannot judge or believe this, upon which I write, to be paper or not to be paper, according to my own pleaſure; neither can I judge or believe, that my judgment and will are equally determined by neceſſity, according to motives or the appearance of things. Becauſe they appear to me to be two faculties or powers of the mind ſo very different in my judgment and opinion; if I may be allowed to call judgment a faculty or power, which appears to me to be rather an involuntary act of the mind, or the neceſſary and involuntary reſult and effect of the mind, judging according to appearance. Hence we may perceive, that ſo far from the mind being determined *in a ſimilar manner, in theſe two very ſimilar caſes*, viz. the judgment or the mind judging, and the will or the mind willing, that the two things are very different, the judgment being the neceſſary and involuntary reſult or product of the mind judging, produced by the mind perceiving

the

the appearance of things, which judgment the mind is under an uncontrolable neceſſity * of making, provided it wills or is willing to attend to ſuch appearance; whereas the will is not neceſſary and involuntary, but a power given by God to man's mind, by which man is enabled in many caſes to act or not act, to attend to the appearance of things or not, entirely at pleaſure. If the mind wills or is willing to attend to ſuch appearance of things, a certain or uncertain judgment neceſſarily follows. If the mind wills not or is not willing to attend in the leaſt to ſuch appearance, no judgment is or can be formed. So that the judgment is ſo far from being a power of ſelf-determination, that it ſeems like all other neceſſary acts of the mind (as conſidered in themſelves without regard to the will) to depend in ſome meaſure upon the will ariſing from the ſelf-determining power of the mind, even for its very exiſtence.

[*To be continued.*]

The ſureſt and ſafeſt WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 535.]

THE miſery of uncharitable perſons appeareth in this, *That the wants and neceſſities of the poor cry aloud to heaven againſt them.* God hath *dealt bountifully with thee, loading thee with his benefits,* as the pſalmiſt ſpeaketh (*Pſal.* lxviii. 19.) and hath given thee not only food and raiment, things needful and neceſſary, but an abundance, and affluency of outward things, even all things richly to enjoy: but how many of Chriſt's Miniſters and Members are in great want, not having wherewithal to ſatisfy their own and children's hunger? Whoſe

* Unleſs controlled by God, or ſome Being ſuperior to itſelf.

miſeries

miſeries, like the blood of *Abel* cry unto God for vengeance againſt thee, ſaying, *Lord, there are not a few who have enough and to ſpare, a liberal portion of this world's goods; with* Dives *they fare ſumptuouſly every day: but what are we thy wanting ſervants the better for them? Who of us are warmed with their fires, or cloathed with their raiment, or ſo much as partake of the crums of their table? We are ready to periſh for want, when they are ſurfeited with their abundance. Is the bleſſing of them that are ready to periſh like to come upon them? Wilt thou not judge them O Lord?* Certainly, theſe bitter and lamentable complaints cry loud in the ears of the Almighty againſt ſuch unchriſtian and inhuman miſers. Beware of the cry of the poor againſt you: if thou wilt not hear their cries unto thee, God will hear their cries againſt thee.

Thy unmercifulneſs to the poor will provoke God to reject thy moſt religious exerciſes, Prov. xxi. 13. *Whoſo ſtoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he alſo ſhall cry himſelf, but ſhall not be heard.* In which words *Solomon* hinteth to us two things:

1. That unmerciful men, ſuch as turn away their ears from the cry of the poor, ſhall fall into ſuch miſeries as will bring them to their knees, and make them cry ſooner or later. Here in this world, worldly men ſometimes make many prayers, and their Religion they hope will make amends for their inhumanity at leaſt. And in the world to come, they ſhall imitate their fellow *Dives* in his infernal devotion.

2. *Though they cry, yet they ſhall not be heard:* whether they cry here upon their death-beds for mercy, or hereafter in hell for eaſe, they ſhall not be heard. A notable inſtance hereof we have in *Dives*, who though he cried not here, yet he cried in hell, ſaying, *Father Abraham have mercy on me, and ſend Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame*, Luke xvi. 24. But was he heard? Was his requeſt granted? It was but a ſmall requeſt, but yet it is denied. Becauſe he denied crums of bread here in this life to the poor, he was denied a drop of water in hell. And

And as thy prayers are rejected by God, so likewise will it be vain for thee to hear the word, or come to the table of the Lord. All thy religion will be in vain, shall I say? nay, it will be an abomination to the Lord, whilst that accursed thing, thy covetous and cruel heart, (which the Lord abhorreth *Psal.* x. 3.) remaineth within thee. Think not that one duty will excuse the neglect of another, that thy praying may serve instead of thine alms. The Lord abhorreth thee and all thy sacrifices, whilst the sacrifice of a compassionate heart is wanting.

O that all uncharitable persons would keep their thoughts in serious meditation on these things: and as they desire to prevent those judgments which accompany all merciless men, they would put in for a share in the mercies of the merciful, and to that end, would put on bowels of pity and compassion towards the wants and miseries of God's distressed ones; and stretch forth a helping hand towards their relief! This leadeth me,

2. *To an use of exhortation, to stir up all such as have given up their names unto Christ, to make conscience as of every duty commanded by him, so of this especially, which he hath so vehemently pressed upon us in his word, and encouraged us unto by many sweet and precious promises.* This work of charity is *wages*, and like *Samson's Lion* it carrieth honey in the belly of it. He who out of a principle of love, in obedience to God's command shall open his heart and hand wide to the poor, shall find God blessing his stock, and prospering all his undertakings. As there is a *secret curse* goes out from God upon the uncharitable man's estate, which blasteth all his undertakings, whereby they prove altogether fruitless: so there is a *secret blessing* goeth out from God upon the charitable man's estate, whereby he prospers in the world, even to his own neighbours admiration.

What now remaineth but that you look about you, where you may lay out your money to the best advantage? Make dilligent enquiry after the poor Ministers and Members of Christ: seek

more

them than they do after you. For moſt certain it is, that you get more by giving unto them, than they do by receiving from you. You are more obliged for their receiving your charity, than they are unto you for giving it. *The merciful man doeth good to his own ſoul*, which is refreſhed with mercy which he ſheweth to others. And whereas they partake of a ſmall quantity of your outward things, you ſhall have the ſame in kind here returned ſeven-fold into your boſoms, and at laſt ſhall be received into the kingdom of heaven, prepared for thoſe who have fed the hungry, cloathed the naked, and performed ſuch like works of charity to the poor members of Chriſt, *Mat.* xxv. 35.

Riches are a mere uncertainty: like unto a flock of birds in a man's field, who cannot ſay they are his, becauſe they ſit there, *for they take unto themſelves wings and fly away*. Now in dealing with things uncertain, it will be your wiſdom,

1. To make them as ſure as you can.

2. To make the beſt uſe of them you can.

1. What greater wiſdom than to make them ſure? And what better way imaginable to make ſure your eſtate, than by putting it into good hands? And what ſafer hands than the hands of the Lord? Put them into the hands of God's poor, and you thereby put them into God's hands.

2. And what better uſe can you make of riches, than by beſtowing a part of them upon the poor and needy! It being the chief end of giving more of this world's goods to ſome than to others, that they who have the greater ſtore ſhould give out thereof to them who are in want. This was typically ſignified by the Iſraelites gathering of manna, which though it were rained down from heaven, yet the Lord will not allow, that they who had gathered more than was needful for themſelves and their houſehold, ſhould hoard up the ſuperfluity. But enjoined them to communicate of their abundance to ſuch as had not enough, that ſo he that had the moſt, ſhould have nothing over; and he that had the leaſt, ſhould have no lack. This

the apoſtle applieth to the giving of alms out of our abundance to thoſe that want, 2 *Cor.* viii. 15.

Surely, rich men have a price in their hands, wherewith to purchaſe to themſelves a good inheritance, had they but hearts to make uſe of it. Though charity pretends not to any merit *ex congruo*, or *condigno*, yet will it be plentifully recompenſed by God both here and hereafter.

The apoſtle, knowing how backward rich men eſpecially were to all works of charity, adviſeth Timothy (1 *Tim.* vi. 17.) not only to commend unto them the duty, but to command it. The expreſſion of the apoſtle is very obſervable, he doth not ſay declare unto them, but charge them that are rich in this world, as they love their lives, and would ſave their ſouls, to be rich in good works. As one gloſſeth upon thoſe words of the apoſtle. "If God ſhould charge the rocks, they would ſend forth water: if the ſtones, they ſhould become bread: If the ravens, they would feed Elijah: if the quails, they would victual the camp: if the clouds, they would rain down food from heaven upon his poor people; will you then be more rocky than rocks? More ſtony than ſtones? More ravenous than ravens? More empty than clouds?"

If you be rich in this world's goods, and be not rich in good works, talk not of your faith; for there can be no true faith without good works: neither tell me of your religion; for there can be no true religion in you, ſo long as you make no conſcience of this duty. *Pure religion*, ſaith the Apoſtle *James, is this, to viſit the fatherleſs and widows in their afflictions*, and you never learned other religion of us.

Saith the wiſe man, *Honour the Lord with thy ſubſtance.* He doth not ſay, *honour thyſelf with thy riches, but honour the Lord with them.* As they come from his grace, ſo they ſhould be uſed to his glory. We uſe our riches to God's glory, when in obedience to his command, we ſupply the want of his children, who will thereby be ſtirred up to praiſe the name of God for his fatherly care over them.

Shall

Shall I yet again tell thee, that thy liberality to the poor cannot bring any loſs to thine eſtate, ſeeing, the more thou giveſt the more thou ſhalt receive? It is fabled of *Midas*, that *whatſoever he touched was turned into gold.* But it is no fable, that the hand of charity can do it, can extract grace out of your goods, righteouſneſs out of riches, and heaven out of earth. The imparting of goods to ſuch good uſes, whilſt it ſeems to *impair*, doth mightily *improve* what you have. The more liberal any man is, the more likely he is to be a rich man: the mercy of God will crown his beneficence with ſuch a bleſſing. It is nothing which the poor receive from him, in compariſon of that bleſſing which he ſhall receive from the Lord. It may be, thou doſt not find thy ſtore preſently increaſed, yet if thou diligently obſerveſt the paſſages of God's providence towards thee, thou wilt ſooner or latter find thyſelf abundantly reimburſed of all thy diſburſements.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jeſus Chriſt.

[*Continued from page* 538.]

IF we conſider the pure and ſpotleſs nature of God, and how eſſentially abominable ſin is to it; we ſhall be tempted to conclude, that he will immediately withdraw his divine influence, and ſuffer the loathſome world to ſink into *nothing* again. For what ſhould move God to uphold by his almighty power, the object of his wrath and diſpleaſure; to which the chaos itſelf compared, would appear a far more beautiful, more amiable, and perfect being?

But beſides, the conſtancy and immutable counſel of God, which withholds him from doing and undoing, (the characters of levity and inconſideration) man furniſhes us with arguments why he ſhould be preſerved in being. He deſerves, you will ſay, to be annihilated, as having forfeited the favour of heaven. True, this puniſhment he deſerves; but does he deſerve no greater? It may be ſaid, he would be no loſer by this method; he would only be reduced to the condition he was in before.

This ſhews, that to ſtrike mankind out of the book of a natural life, and to cut them off from being, is a mercy too great for them to expect, nay a mercy which it is not ſuitable for God to give. For mercy (to conceive things juſtly) is no primary attribute of the divine nature. Mercy, as it ſignifies indulgence to ſinful creatures, preſuppoſes ſin, which from all eternity had no being, and which never was in the intention of God, and we can no ſooner ſuppoſe it introduced into his works, but we behold a monſter, at which heaven and earth ſtand aghaſt, the abhorrence, and averſion, and irreconcilable contradiction to the purity of the divine Majeſty.

The parent of this prodigy being inſtantly expoſed to the ſeverity of the divine juſtice, it being an unmerited grace for the ſinner to be annihilated, ſince the juſtice of God could not be ſatisfied this way; we ſhall be apt to conclude that he muſt be preſerved, to atone for offending againſt Infinite Majeſty, by the infinity, that is, the eternity of his ſufferings; that he ſhall be reſerved an everlaſting monument of God's vengeance againſt ſin.

And we ſhall be confirmed in this thought, not only by the notions we have of the juſtice, and holineſs of God, and his deteſtation of ſin in general; but by his particular proceedings againſt a nobler ſort of creatures, the angels of heaven, who keeping not their firſt eſtate, but diſobeying their Maker, were thrown headlong thence into the bottomleſs regions of deſpair, *and are reſerved in everlaſting chains unto the judgment of the great day*. That this muſt be the wretched fate of loſt man, if

no

no satisfaction can be made to the injured Deity, if no ransom can be paid to offended Justice, seems the plain dictate of our reason.

[*To be continued.*]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held in LONDON, July 29, &c. 1788.

Between the Rev. J. WESLEY, *and Others.*

Question. WHO have *died* this Year?

Answer. *Jeremiah Robertshaw*, who was a good Soldier of Jesus Christ, fairly worn out in his Master's service. He was a pattern of patience for many years (labouring under sharp and almost continual pain) of meekness and gentleness to all men, and of simplicity and godly sincerity.

2. *Joshua Kighley*, who was a young man deeply devoted to God, and greatly beloved by all that knew him. He was

"About the marriage-state to prove,
But Death had swifter wings than Love."

3. *Edward Burbeck*, who from a child was eminent for uprightness, industry, and the fear of God. He was qualified for eminent service in his Lord's vineyard, but was taken just in the dawn of his usefulness.

4. *John Roberts*, who for many years was clearly convinced that God had called him to preach the Gospel. But he delayed from time to time, till at length Conscience prevailed over all other considerations. It was almost too late; for after labouring a few months, he fell into a lingering illness. For some weeks he was in utter darkness: then God scattered the clouds, and gave him to die in peace.

5. Mr.

5. Mr. *Charles Wesley*, who after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham's bosom. He had no disease; but after a gradual decay of some months

"The weary wheels of life stood still at last."

His least praise was, his talent for Poetry: although Dr. *Watts* did not scruple to say, That "that single poem, *Wrestling Jacob*, is worth all the verses which I have ever written."

6. *John Mealy*, worn out in the service of his Master. He suffered much in his last illness, and died triumphant in the Lord.

7. *John Burnet*, a very pious, devoted, useful young man. He continued through a long illness in a very triumphant state of mind, and departed this life in extraordinary triumph.

Q. Are there any Objections to any of our Preachers?

A. They were examined one by one.

Q. Who have desisted from Travelling?

A. John Beaumont, Thomas Smith, Robert Lindsay, James Jordan, Robert Armstrong.

Q. How are the Preachers stationed this Year?

A. As follows:

1	*London*,	John Wesley, Thomas Coke, James Creighton, Peard Dickenson, Henry Moore, Samuel Bradburn: Thomas Rankin, John Atlay, Alexander Suter, Supernumeraries—Joseph Bradford travels with Mr. Wesley.
2	*Sussex*,	T. Crowther, J. Holmes, T. Jones.
3	*Kent*,	J. Pritchard, W. Butterfield, C. Kyte, J. Byron: B. Thomas, Supernumerary.
4	*Colchester*,	J. Harper, T. Broadbent, T. Rogerson.
5	*Norwich*,	J. Poole, R. Reece, T. Kelk.
6	*Yarmouth*,	T. Tattershall, J. Woodrow.
7	*Lynn*,	J. Reynolds, W. Green, J. Cricket.
8	*Bedford*,	R. Empringham, T. Ellis.
9	*Northampton*,	W. Horner, T. Wyment.

10. *Oxfordshire*,

10 *Cornwall*, J. Pescod, C. Bland, A. Moseley: J. Murlin, Supernumerary.
11 *Gloucestershire*, R. Hopkins, M. Marshall.
12 *Worcestershire*, C. Watkins, T. Wood.
13 *Sarum*, W. Thom, W. Holmes, R. Cornish, J. Wynscombe, T. Allen.
14 *Isle of Jersey*, R. Carr Brackenbury, A. Clarke.
15 *Isles of Guernsey and Alderney*, J. Bredin, J. De Quedeville.
16 *Bradford*, J. Easton, J. Algar, W. Hoskins, W. Hunter, jun. J. Furz, Supernumerary.
17 *Bristol*, J. Broadbent, T. Tennant, T. Warrick: J. Valton, Supernumerary.
18 *Taunton*, J. Cussens, W. Heath.
19 *Tiverton*, W. Ashman, J. Muckarsy.
20 *Bideford*, R. Drew, J. Sandoe.
21 *Plymouth*, L. Kane, G. Wadsworth, T. Cooper.
22 *St. Austle*, J. Mason, T. Lessy, W. Fish.
23 *Redruth*, B. Rhodes, S. Bardsley, R. Phillips.
24 *St. Ives*, G. Shadford, J. Gore, J. Sutcliffe, S. Gates.
25 *Pembroke*, W. Palmer, C. Bond, F. Truscot.
26 *Glamorganshire*, W. Stephens, G. Button.
27 *Brecon*, G. Baldwin, W. Church.
28 *Birmingham*, A. Blair, Jer. Brettell, J. Moon.
29 *Wolverhampton*, M. Horne, Supernumerary, J. Leech, J. Brettell.
30 *Burslem*, R. Rodda, T. Shaw, T. Dobson.
31 *Macclesfield*, J. Allen, J. Tregortha, G. Highfield.
32 *Stockport*, T. Rutherford, W. Dufton.
33 *Manchester*, T. Taylor, G. Snowden, J. Hall.
34 *Bolton*, P. Greenwood, C. Hopper.
35 *Chester*, Robert Roberts, G. Lowe, T. Briscoe, Supernumerary.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLXXIV.

[From the Rev. J. C. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Belterbelt, Oct. 26, 1778.

My dear Sir,

I Stand much in need of a judicious friend in many respects. I am quiet alone; there are none of the Methodists near me, nor are there any yet thoroughly awakened within my Cure. The fault, I must own, is mine. I have not been zealous enough: nay, I have been an unfaithful servant; yet this has not proceeded from the fear of man; but I wished not to act precipitately, and to raise the prejudices of the Clergy as little as possible. I meant well; but I see I have acted wrong. Had I been persecuted, I should have been much bolder; but the people are so civil to me, that it has, in a great measure, proved my ruin. It is difficult I see to steer in the middle path.

I have had such a sense of my ignorance and inability, that I have been frequently tempted to think I ought to refrain entirely from preaching. But again I thought I might perhaps be of some use here where the people are exceedingly ignorant. And though they are ready to listen to me, yet they are not willing to hear a Methodist. Could I once open a door here for the Methodist Preachers, I should willingly go to any part of the globe, that God should call me to. I wait to know more of God's will, and unfaithful as I have been, yet it is my sole desire that he may be glorified whatever he is pleased to do with me.

I thought, if I could do any good, poor Ireland wanted it most; and especially the miserable, dark, benighted region where I am at present: therefore I had resolved to continue here

after I ſhould be diſcharged from my Curacy. But I am now inclined to go to England or any where elſe, if God will give me utterance; for at preſent I am utterly unfit to appear before a congregation. Were I near you I ſhould be too happy; but O my weakneſs, my ignorance and inability to fill the place of your aſſiſtant! I believe the country would ſuit my conſtitution much better than the city, as it never was very ſtrong. Though we muſt lament the want of diſcipline in our church, and muſt confeſs that many things of leſſer moment might be altered for the better; and though I admire the œconomy of the Methodiſts, ſo far as I know it; yet I entirely agree with you that they ought not to leave the church. So long as they mingle with the members of it, they may be a means of bringing them in; but if they ſeparate, they will thereby ſtop the ears and eyes of thouſands: theſe have been my ſentiments long before I heard that they were yours. I never was bigotted to opinions, and hope I never ſhall. My anceſtors indeed were Calviniſts, and of Scottiſh extraction; but I was educated, from my childhood, in the principles of our eſtabliſhed church. I remain, dear Sir,

Your very humble Servant, and affectionate Brother,

J. C.

LETTER CCCCLXXV.

[From the Rev. J. A. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Londonderry, Oct. 27, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

FOR ſome time paſt I have earneſtly ſought the face of God, that my dark experiences might be revived, and brightened, by freſh evidences of his love. I alſo, importunately, by faſting and prayer, implored his direction as to my future way of life. In both I hope he has liſtened to the voice of my

humble petition. I am no longer under condemnation. My conſcience (ever of the tender and trembling kind) is calm, ſatisfied, and happy. The uproar of wild paſſions is ſilenced, and evil concupiſcence is daily and hourly dying away. This laſt, for nine years, has been the enemy's ſtrongeſt hold. Death only I thought could deliver me; partly ſuſpecting the power of God, partly ignorant of my privilege, and partly neglecting the faithful, continual uſe of faſting and prayer, under pretence of bodily weakneſs and infirmity. Now I think differently, and all heaven opens in the thought! My evidences of the divine love have been ſo extraordinary that I dare not commit them to paper; but ſhall when I ſee you in Derry conſult you about them, in private. I account myſelf no longer its Chaplain. I have been ill treated by all ranks, from my patron almoſt to the loweſt of the people. Through grace I have ſtifled and overcome every reſentment, returning them all manner of good for their evil. So that my departure from among them is not a paſſionate one, nor is it a chimerical one, as it has much been the ſubject of my thoughts, and prayers for theſe laſt two years: and a variety of occurences ſo clearly pointing it out that ſcarcely the ſhadow of a doubt remains.

I ſhall ever conſider myſelf as a ſon of the church of England; ever hold her intereſts dear to me, and according to my ability promote them to the uttermoſt. But I cannot do this in the way of the world; and therefore however ſtrange my way of ſerving her may appear, with the moſt determined reſolution I chuſe to do it for the future, by acting in concert with your Preachers, if admitted among them. My mother and friends have been informed of this, and the little ſtorm is over. I am every way prepared to leave Derry with you; and I would fain hope the reaſons for my conduct will appear ſo ſatisfactory, when you are fully informed of them, that you need not have a ſcruple about the matter.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate,

J. A.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXVI.

[From Lady ——— to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Edinburgh, Oct. 28, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

ALTHOUGH I have obtained a measure of victory over attachment to persons, places, and things, yet I am not without a desire to see you once more while in the body, if the Lord will. I therefore feel a degree of pain, from your passing to and from Ireland repeatedly, without coming to Edinburgh. May I ask, from whence proceeds this coolness to your Scotch friends? What have they done to forfeit your regard? I confess, appearances are against *me*; but they are only appearances; in heart, I am the same, and surely while I love God, I shall esteem you. You justly say, "Why then do not you write to me sometimes?" I am to blame for my silence; it is one proof amongst others, that I do not fully walk up to my privileges. I hope you will forgive, and forget my seeming neglect herein. Have you no thoughts of coming to Scotland when you are so near as Leeds? If it is the Lord's will, I wish it; if otherwise, I am satisfied, as I am sure his will is best. I wish you and your brethren much of the Divine presence. May he overrule all your determination for his own glory, and the good of his people!

The Society here, has not prospered remarkably for some time past. Their attendance upon the means of grace, depends much upon the Preacher being acceptable, and indeed it is so with the outward hearers also. For this reason ought not some pains be taken to find out those who are most likely to find acceptance with the people? Without meaning to detract from any, you know some are more acceptable to the people than others, perhaps equally, if not much more valuable men. It is now some years since I was delivered from giving way to a desire for one Preacher in preference to another, unless I viewed it closely connected with the prosperity of the work of

God. In this view I will take the liberty to name three; any one or two of whom would be very acceptable, and I hope useful too. Mr. M'N——, Mr. R———d, and Mr. R——s.

That God may direct you in all things, is Rev. Sir, the fervant prayer of your moſt humble ſervant, and affectionate friend in Jeſus, ——. ——.

POETRY.

An Extract from a Poem on SLAVERY.

[By Miſs Hannah More.]

[*Concluded from page* 560.]

PLEAD not, in reaſon's palpable abuſe,
Their ſenſe of feeling callous and obtuſe:
From heads to hearts lies Nature's plain appeal,
Tho' few can reaſon, all mankind can feel.
Tho' poliſhéd manners may freſh wants invent,
And nice diſtinctions nicer ſouls torment;
Tho' theſe on finer ſpirits heavier fall,
Yet natural evils are the ſame to all.
Tho' wounds there are which reaſon's force may heal,
There needs no logic ſure to make us feel.
The nerve, howe'er untutoréd, can ſuſtain
A ſharp, unutterable ſenſe of pain;
As exquiſitely faſhionéd in a ſlave,
As where unequal fate a ſceptre gave.
Senſe is as keen where Congo's ſons preſide,
As where proud Tiber rolls his claſſic tide.
Rhetoric or verſe may point the feeling line,
They do not whet ſenſation, but define.
Did ever ſlave leſs feel the galling chain,
When Zeno provéd there was no ill in pain?

Their

Their miſéries philoſophic quirks deride,
Slaves groan in pangs diſowned by Stoic pride.
When the fierce Sun darts vertical his beams,
And thirſt and hunger mix their wild extremes;
When the ſharp iron wounds his inmoſt ſoul,
And his ſtrained eyes in burning anguiſh roll:
Will the parched negro find, ere he expire,
No pain in hunger, and no heat in fire?
For him, when fate his tortured frame deſtroys,
What hope of preſent fame, or future joys?
For *this*, have heroes ſhortened nature's date;
For *that*, have martyrs gladly met their fate;
But him, forlorn, no hero's pride ſuſtains,
No martyr's bliſsful viſions ſooth his pains;
Sullen, he mingles with his kindred duſt,
For he has learned to dread the Chriſtian's truſt;
To him what mercy can that Power diſplay,
Whoſe ſervants murder, and whoſe ſons betray?
Savage! thy venial error I deplore,
They are *not* Chriſtians who infeſt thy ſhore.
O thou ſad ſpirit, whoſe prepoſterous yoke
The great deliverer Death, at length, has broke!
Releaſed from miſery, and eſcaped from care,
Go meet that mercy man denied thee here.
In thy dark home, ſure refuge of th' oppreſsed,
The wicked vex not, and the weary reſt.
And, if ſome notions, vague and undefined,
Of future terrors have aſſailed thy mind;
If ſuch thy maſters have preſumed to teach,
As terrors only they are prone to preach;
(For ſhou'd they paint eternal Mercy's reign,
Where were the oppreſſor's rod, the captive's chain?)
If, then, thy troubled ſoul has learned to dread
The dark unknown thy trembling footſteps tread;

On

On HIM, who made thee what thou art, depend;
HE, who withholds the means, accepts the end.
Not *thine* the reckoning dire of LIGHT abuſéd,
KNOWLEDGE diſgracéd, and LIBERTY miſuſéd;
On *thee* no awful judge incenſéd ſhall ſit
For parts perverted, and diſhonouréd wit.
Where ignorance will be found the ſureſt plea;
How many learnéd and wiſe ſhall envy *thee*!
And thou WHITE SAVAGE! whether luſt of gold,
Or luſt of conqueſt rule thee uncontroléd!
Hero, or robber!—by whatever name
Thou plead thy impious claim to wealth or fame:
Whether inferior miſchiefs be thy boaſt,
A petty tyrant rifling Gambia's coaſt:
Or bolder carnage track thy crimſon way,
Kings diſpoſeſſéd, and Provinces thy prey;
Panting to tame wide earth's remoteſt bound;
All Cortez murderéd, all Columbus found;
O'er plunderéd realms to reign, deteſted Lord,
Make millions wretched, and thyſelf abhorréd;——
In Reaſon's eye, in Wiſdom's fair account,
Your ſum of glory boaſts a like amount;
The means may differ, but the end's the ſame;
Conqueſt is pillage with a nobler name.
Who makes the ſum of human bleſſings leſs,
Or ſinks the ſtock of genéral happineſs,
No ſolid fame ſhall grace, no true renown
His life ſhall blazon, or his memory crown.
Had thoſe advent'rous ſpirits who explore
Thro' ocean's trackleſs waſtes, the far-fought ſhore;
Whether of wealth inſatiate, or of powér,
Conquérors who waſte, or ruffians who devour:
Had theſe poſſeſſéd, O COOK! thy gentle mind,
Thy love of arts, thy love of humankind;
Had theſe purſuéd thy mild and liberal plan,
DISCOVERERS had not been a curſe to man!

Then,

Then, bleſſéd Philanthropy! thy ſocial hands
Had linkéd diſſeveréd worlds in brothers bands;
Careleſs, if colour, or if clime divide;
Then, lovéd and loving, man hath livéd, and died.

The pureſt wreaths which hang on glory's ſhrine,
For empires founded, peaceful PENN! are thine;
No blood-ſtainéd laurels crownéd thy virtuous toil,
No ſlaughteréd natives drenchéd thy far-earn'd ſoil.
Still thy meek ſpirit in thy flock ſurvives,
Conſiſtent ſtill, *their* doctrines rule their lives;
Thy followers only * have effacéd the ſhame,
Inſcribéd by SLAVERY on the Chriſtian name.

Shall Britain, where the ſoul of Freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others ſhe herſelf diſdains?
Forbid it, Heaven! O let the nations know
The liberty ſhe loves ſhe will beſtow;
Not to herſelf the glorious gift confinéd,
She ſpreads the bleſſing wide as humankind;
And, ſcorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended ſpace.

What page of human annals can record
A deed ſo bright as human rights reſtoréd?
O may that god-like deed, that ſhining page,
Redeem OUR fame, and conſecrate OUR age!

And ſee, the cherub Mercy from above,
Deſcending ſoftly, quits the ſphere of love!
On feeling hearts ſhe ſheds celeſtial dew,
And breathes her ſpirit o'er thé enlightenéd few;
From ſoul to ſoul the ſpreading influénce ſteals,
Till every breaſt the ſoft contagion feels.
She bears, exulting to the burning ſhore
The loveliéſt office Angel ever bore:
To vindicate the powér in Heavén adoréd,
To ſtill the clank of chains, and ſheathe the ſword;

* Not ſo. Vaſt multitudes in Great Britain and Ireland are, at preſent, as great enemies to Slavery as ever the Quakers were.

To

To cheer the mourner, and with ſoothing hands
From burſting hearts unbind the Oppreſſor's bands;
To raiſe the luſtre of the Chriſtian name,
And clear the fouleſt blot that dims its fame.
As the mild Spirit hovers o'er the coaſt,
A freſher hue the witherèd landſcapes boaſt;
Her healing ſmiles the ruinèd ſcenes repair,
And blaſted Nature wears a joyous air.
She ſpreads her bleſt commiſſion from above,
Stampèd with the ſacred characters of love;
She tears the banner ſtainèd with blood and tears,
And, LIBERTY! thy ſhining ſtandard rears!
As the bright enſign's glory ſhe diſplays,
See pale OPPRESSION faints beneath the blaze!
The giant dies! no more his frown appals,
The chain untouchèd, drops off; the fetter falls.
Aſtoniſhèd echo tells the vocal ſhore,
Oppreſſion's fallèn, and Slavèry is no more!
The duſky myriads crowd the ſultry plain,
And hail that mercy long invokèd in vain.
Victorious Powèr! ſhe burſt their two-fold bands,
And FAITH and FREEDOM ſpring from Mercy's hands.

An EPITAPH *on* Mr. ELIJAH FENTON.

THIS modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, "Here lies an honeſt man;"
A poet, bleſt beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heavèn kept ſacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace.
Calmly he lookèd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's tempèrate feaſt roſe ſatisfièd,
Thankèd heavèn that he had livèd, and that he dièd.

THE Arminian Magazine, For DECEMBER 1788.

An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S DISCOURSES on the FIVE POINTS.

[Continued from page 565.]

CHAP. II.

Concerning the Perſeverance of Saints.

THE *ſcriptures* which expreſly aſſert the poſſibility that true believers, men truly juſt and righteous may fall away from their righteouſneſs, and die in their iniquity, are among many others theſe following.

1. *When the righteous turneth away from his righteouſneſs and committeth iniquity, and doth according to all the abominations which the wicked man doth, ſhall he live? All his righteouſneſs that he hath done ſhall not be mentioned; in the treſpaſs that he hath treſpaſſed, and in the ſin that he hath ſinned, in them ſhall he die. When a righteous man turneth away from his righteouſneſs, and committeth iniquity and dieth in them, for his iniquity that he hath done ſhall he die. When I ſhall ſay to the righteous*

he ſhall ſurely live, if he truſt to his righteouſneſs, and commit iniquity, all his righteouſneſs ſhall not be remembered; but for his iniquity that he hath committed he ſhall die. When the righteous turneth away from his righteouſneſs, and committeth iniquity he ſhall die thereby. Where

Obſerve 1ſt. That God is here aſſerting the righteouſneſs of his ways againſt the murmurings of the Jews, that they died for their father's ſins; for that this was the import of their proverb, *The fathers have eaten ſour grapes, and the children's teeth are ſet on edge*, is evident from God's anſwer to this proverb, *That every one ſhould die for his own iniquity*, Jer. xxxi. 29. and to theſe murmurers, that *the ſoul that ſinneth it ſhall die*, Ezek. xviii. 3.

2dly. Obſerve that the righteous man here ſpoken of is one truly righteous; for he is one who *ſinneth not, committeth not iniquity, and turneth not away from his righteouſneſs*; one who walketh in God's ſtatutes and keepeth his judgments; yea *who walketh in the ſtatutes of life without committing iniquity*; and therefore aſſuredly is one who is truly and inwardly righteous, and not in outward profeſſion only. "To affirm, ſaith Mr. *Thorndyke*, that the prophet of God, ſpeaking in God's name, and of the eſteem and reward which God hath for the righteous and unrighteous, ſpeaks only of that which ſeemeth righteouſneſs and unrighteouſneſs to the world, or which a hypocrite himſelf thinks ſuch, is ſuch an open ſcorn to God's word, as cannot be maintained but by taking righteouſneſs to ſignify unrighteouſneſs, and turning for not turning; but continuing in the wickedneſs which was at the heart when he profeſſed otherwiſe."

3dly. The man who is here ſaid to die, is ſaid to die not only for, but *in his iniquity*, and to be *taken away in his iniquity*, and ſo muſt die not only temporally but eternally. The way which God directs him to, that he may eſcape this death is *to repent and turn himſelf from all his iniquity, and make him a new heart, and a new ſpirit*, and then the promiſe is, that *all his tranſgreſſions*

tranſgreſſions ſhall not be mentioned, that is, imputed to him; and therefore the life promiſed to him that doth ſo, muſt be life eternal; and conſequently the death following on the neglect to do ſo, muſt be death eternal. And laſtly, the righteous man who turneth away from his righteouſneſs is one who *committeth iniquity, and doth according to all the abominations which the wicked man doth*; and therefore muſt be one to whom belongs the portion of the wicked, which is death eternal; that therefore muſt be the puniſhment here threatened to him for *turning away from his righteouſneſs*.

And 4thly. Whereas ſome take refuge in the ſuppoſed conditional propoſal of the words, 1ſt. They fly for refuge, to a mere miſtake, the words in the original being not *if*, but *in the day that he turns away from his righteouſneſs*. And again, when *I ſay to the righteous he ſhall live, and he truſt in his righteouſneſs*. 2dly. The ſame form of words is uſed concerning the wicked turning away from his wickedneſs; and yet none doubts but the prophet then ſpeaks what is very poſſible. Nor can it reaſonably be ſuppoſed that an all-wiſe God ſhould go about to juſtify the equity of his ways, only by ſuppoſing things impoſſible by virtue of his own decree.

Arg. 2. 2dly. This doctrine of the poſſibility of the final departure of true believers from the faith, is as fully contained in theſe words, Heb. vi. 4, 5, 6. *It is impoſſible for them who were once enlightened*, N. B. *and have taſted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghoſt, and have taſted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come*, καὶ παραπεσόντας, *and yet fall away, to renew them again to repentance*, &c. For,

1ſt. That this is ſpoken of them who were once true Believers, is evident, 1ſt. from the word *enlightened*; for the ſame *Apoſtle*, in the ſame *Epiſtle*, and in a place of the ſame import, ſpeaking to the ſame perſons, ſaith, that *after they were enlightened they endured a great fight of afflictions, and took joyfully the ſpoiling of their goods; knowing they had in heaven a better*

and a more enduring ſubſtance. They therefore who were ſo enlightened as to know they had an inheritance in heaven, and that *they ſhould inherit the promiſes*, if they did not caſt away their confidence, were doubtleſs true believers. 2dly. From the words following, *It is impoſſible to renew them to repentance* from dead works, v. 1. they therefore had once truly repented; for I ſuppoſe the Apoſtle did not ſpeak of *laying again the foundation* of a hypocritical repentance, nor did he judge it a thing impoſſible to produce that in them; the phraſe, *It is impoſſible to renew them again to repentance*, ſeems plainly to imply that they were once truly in that ſtate to which they were to be renewed, and alſo their loſs of it.

2dly. That the perſons here mentioned muſt fall totally and finally, is alſo evident, becauſe the Apoſtle doth pronounce it a thing *impoſſible to renew them to repentance.* And 2dly, he declares their repentance impoſſible on this account, that they *crucified to themſelves afreſh the Son of God, and put him to an open ſhame*, and ſo to them there *remained no more ſacrifice for ſin*, but *a fearful looking for of judgment*, chap. x. 26, 27.

This ſeemeth evident from the place parallel to this, *If we ſin wilfully* (by falling off from *chriſtianity*) *after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains* (to us) *no more ſacrifice for ſin; but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. He that deſpiſed Moſes's law died without mercy*, &c. *Of how much ſorer puniſhment ſuppoſe ye then ſhall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath accounted the blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was ſanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done deſpight to the ſpirit of grace?* For,

1ſt. That the *Apoſtle* ſpeaks of them who had received the remiſſion of their paſt ſins by faith in the blood of the New Teſtament, and ſo of them who had true juſtifying faith, is evident from theſe words, that they were *ſanctified by his blood*; for to be ſanctified, throughout this whole *Epiſtle*, and more aſſuredly to be *ſanctified with the blood of Chriſt*, hath ſtill relation to our juſtification, procured by the blood of Chriſt, and not to the inward ſanctification of our nature by the Spirit of Chriſt.

2dly, That

2dly. That they who ſo ſinned that there remained *no more ſacrifice for their ſin*, but *only a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation*, and ſo as to do deſpight to the Spirit of Grace, by rejecting him as a lying ſpirit, and his gifts and miracles as illuſions, and ſo were guilty of the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, fell totally and finally, is ſo evident, that I know none who ever ventured to deny it.

4. Arg. 4. This is ſtill farther evident from the following words of the ſame chapter, ver. 38, *Now the juſt ſhall live by faith, but if he draw back my ſoul ſhall have no pleaſure in him*; where obſerve,

1ſt. That the word ſignifies to draw back, refuſe, and fly from a thing; and ſo the object of it being here faith, muſt ſignify the drawing back of the perſon ſpoken of from the faith, and ſo, as it here follows, muſt be his *drawing back unto perdition*, uſually out of fear of perſecutions; and God here ſolemnly declares his *ſoul ſhall have no pleaſure in him*, and then he muſt lie under his ſad diſpleaſure. Note,

2dly. That ἐὰν ὑποστείληται, *if he draws back*, refers plainly to the *juſt man who lives by his faith*; the words therefore plainly ſuppoſe, that the *juſt man who liveth by that faith*, in which if he perſiſted he would ſave his ſoul, may *draw back unto perdition*; and this is alſo evident from the enſuing words, *my ſoul ſhall have no pleaſure in him*; for they do plainly intimate that God took pleaſure in him before his drawing back, for otherwiſe this threat would ſignify nothing, the Lord taking pleaſure only in juſt men, and ſuch as live by faith.

3dly. That καὶ ἐὰν, may be rendered not hypothetically, *and if*, but, and *when the juſt man draweth back*; for that this is a very common ſenſe of the particle, ἐὰν, ſee note on Heb. iii. 15. But if we read the words hypothetically, the ſuppoſition cannot be of a thing impoſſible; for then God muſt be ſuppoſed to ſpeak thus: if the juſt man do that which I know it is impoſſible for him to do, and which I am obliged by promiſe to preſerve him from doing, my ſoul ſhall have no pleaſure in him. Which is to make God ſeriouſly to threaten men for ſuch a ſin

of

of which they are not capable, and of which they are obliged to believe they are not capable, if they be obliged to believe the doctrine of Perseverance, and so to make his threatnings of none effect.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XLVIII.

On HEBREWS xi. 6.

[*Concluded from page 570.*]

10. INDEED nearly fifty years ago, when the Preachers commonly called Methodists, began to preach that grand scriptural doctrine, Salvation by Faith, they were not sufficiently apprised of the difference between a servant and a child of God They did not clearly understand, that even one *who feared God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.* In consequence of this, they were apt to make sad the hearts of those whom God had not made sad. For they frequently asked those who feared God, "Do you know, that your sins are forgiven?" And upon their answering, "No," immediately replied, "Then you are a child of the devil." No; that does not follow. It might have been said, (and it is all that can be said with propriety) "Hitherto you are only a *servant:* you are not a *child* of God. You have already great reason to praise God that he has called you to his honourable service. Fear not. Continue crying unto him: *and you shall see greater things than these.*"

11. And indeed, unless the servants of God halt by the way, they will receive the adoption of sons. They will receive the *faith* of the children of God by his *revealing* his only begotten Son in their hearts. Thus, the faith of a child is properly and directly, a divine conviction, whereby every child of God is enabled to testify, *The life that I now live, I live by faith in*

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the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. And whosoever hath this, *the Spirit of God witnesseth with his spirit, that he is a child of God.* So the Apostle writes to the *Galatians, Ye are the sons of God by faith. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father*: that is, giving you a childlike confidence in him, together with a kind affection toward him. This then it is, that (if St. *Paul* was taught of God, and wrote as he was moved by the Holy Ghost,) properly constitutes the difference between a servant of God and a child of God. *He that believeth* as a child of God, *hath the witness in himself.* This the servant hath not. Yet let no man discourage him: rather lovingly exhort him to expect it every moment!

12. It is easy to observe, that all the sorts of faith which we can conceive, are reducible to one or other of the preceding. But let us covet the best gifts, and follow the most excellent way. There is no reason why you should be satisfied with the faith of a Materialist, a Heathen, or a Deist: nor indeed, with that of a Servant: I do not know that God requires it at your hands: indeed if you have received this, you ought not to cast it away. You ought not in any wise to undervalue it, but to be truly thankful for it. Yet in the meantime, beware how you rest here: press on till you receive the Spirit of Adoption. Rest not, till that spirit clearly witnesses with your spirit, that you are a child of God.

II. I proceed in the second place, to draw a few Inferences from the preceding Observations.

1. And I would first infer, in how dreadful a state, if there be a God, is a Materialist! One who denies not only the *Lord that bought him*, but also the Lord that made him! *Without faith it is impossible to please God*: but it is impossible he should have any faith at all; any conviction of any invisible world; for he believes there is no such thing: any conviction of the being of a God: for a *material* God is no god at all. For you cannot possibly suppose the Sun or Skies to be God,

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any more than you can ſuppoſe a god of wood or ſtone. And farther, whoſoever believes, all things to be mere matter, muſt of courſe believe, that all things are governed by dire neceſſity? Neceſſity, that is as inexorable as the winds, as ruthleſs as the rocks, as mercileſs as the waves that daſh upon them, or the poor ſhipwrecked mariners! Who then ſhall help thee, thou poor deſolate wretch, when thou art moſt in need of help? Winds, and ſeas, and rocks, and ſtorms! Such are the beſt helpers, which the Materialiſts can hope for!

2. Almoſt equally deſperate is the caſe of the poor *Deiſt*, how learned, yea how moral ſo ever he be. For you likewiſe, though you may not advert to it, are really *without God in the world*. See your religion, "the religion of nature delineated" by the ingenious Mr. *Wollaſton*: (whom I remember to have ſeen when I was at ſchool, attending the public ſervice at the *Charterhouſe* Chapel.) Does he found his religion upon God? Nothing leſs. He founds it on Truth. Abſtract Truth. But does he not by that expreſſion mean God? No; he ſets him out of the queſtion; and builds a beautiful caſtle in the air, without being beholden either to him or his word. See your ſmooth-tongued Orator of *Glaſgow*, one of the moſt pleaſing Writers of the age. Has he any more to do with God on his ſyſtem than Mr. *Wollaſton*? Does he deduce his "Idea of Virtue," from him? As the Father of Lights, the Source of all Good? Juſt the contrary. He not only plans his whole Theory without taking the leaſt notice of God, but toward the cloſe of it propoſes that queſtion, "Does the having an eye to God in an action, inhance the virtue of it? He anſwers, No: it is ſo far from this, that if in doing a virtuous, that is a benevolent action, a man mingles a deſire to pleaſe God, the more there is of this deſire, the leſs virtue there is in that action. Never before did I meet with either Jew, Turk, or Heathen who ſo flatly renounced God as this Chriſtian Profeſſor!

3. But with Heathens, Mahometans and Jews, we have at preſent nothing to do: only we may wiſh that their lives did

not

not ſhame many of us that are called Chriſtians. We have not much more to do, with the members of the Church of *Rome*. But we cannot doubt that many of them, like the excellent Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, ſtill retain (notwithſtanding many miſtakes,) that faith that worketh by love. And how many of the Proteſtants enjoy this, whether members of the Church, or of other Congregations? We have reaſon to believe a conſiderable number, both of one and the other: (and bleſſed be God an increaſing number) in every part of the land.

4. Once more. I exhort you that fear God and work righteouſneſs, you that are ſervants of God, firſt, flee from all ſin, as from the face of a ſerpent, being

> "Quick as the apple of an eye,
> The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel:"

and to work righteouſneſs, to the utmoſt of the power you now have: to abound in works both of piety and mercy: and, ſecondly, continually to cry to God, that he would reveal his Son in your hearts, to the intent you may be no more ſervants, but ſons: having his love ſhed abroad in your hearts, and walking in *the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

5. I exhort you, Laſtly, who already feel the Spirit of God witneſſing with your ſpirit, that you are the children of God, follow the advice of the Apoſtle, *Walk in all the* good works *whereunto ye are created in Chriſt Jeſus.* And then *leaving the principles of the doctrine of Chriſt, and not laying again the foundation, of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God*, go on to perfection. Yea, and when ye have attained a meaſure of perfect love, when God has *circumciſed you hearts*, and enabled you to love him with all your heart and with all your ſoul; think not of reſting there. That is impoſſible. You cannot ſtand ſtill; you muſt either riſe or fall; riſe higher or fall lower. Therefore the voice of God to the *children of Iſrael*, to the children of God is, "Go forward." *Forgetting the things*

that are behind, and reaching forward unto thoſe that are before, preſs on to the mark, for the prize of your high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus!

Stockport, April 9, 1788.

An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page 573.*]

A Few months after, *Robert Phillips* urged me very fervently to begin to preach. I was much affected while he ſpoke to me on that head. But when he aſked me if I ever felt any inclination or diſpoſition of mind towards it, I could not ſay but I had; yet I could not ſay aſſuredly that it was from God: therefore I always ſuppreſſed the thoughts. Soon after, one of the Preachers was taken ill, and I went to *Lan-uſk* to deſire Mr. *Watkins* to go and preach for him at *Langene*. But as Mr. *W.* was ill alſo, he deſired me to go. But I told him I durſt not, till I was ſure I was called of God.

The next week Brother *Phillip* collected together ſome of the moſt ſenſible and pious of *our* Society, and one *Watkin Watkins*, (a gracious young man) of Lady Huntington's Society. We continued in prayer till near midnight; and before we parted, all preſent, with one conſent declared, they believed God had called me to preach the Goſpel, and urged me at laſt to make a trial. I was ſtill very timerous, and muſt own I had a diſlike to being a Methodiſt Preacher, knowing that he has a larger portion of reproach than others. Yet this was not the principal reaſon of my reluctance; but the very great importance of the work. But as I durſt not be inattentive to the perſuaſion of my friends, and to what I felt in my own heart, when moſt happy, I conſented to make a trial, and accordingly went to *Langene*. And though I was not ſo happy as uſual in my own mind, (being much

much agitated, yet the power of the Lord was preſent. He gave me utterance and many were comforted greatly. But this did not ſatisfy me. For as there were none awakened, nor juſtified that I knew of, I reſolved as I went home that I would go no more. Indeed I was *very* glad that the trial was over, and that I had now, as I thought, *full proof* that I was *not called*, and that I ſhould no more be troubled with ſuch thoughts. But God forgave me this raſh reſolution, and my reluctance to take up the croſs. When I went home all my friends were ſtill of the ſame opinion, that I ſhould go on. Mr. *Watkins* went to the ſame place the following Sunday, and gave out that I ſhould be there on that day week. I went with great reluctance, but juſt before the time of preaching, I poured out my ſoul before the Lord in prayer, intreating him to give me a token of his will in bleſſing my endeavours if he approved of my proceedings. I prayed in faith, and the Lord heard me. My own ſoul was overwhelmed with divine love, and many were filled with the preſence of the Lord, and ſome with godly ſorrow. From that time I have been kept from having many doubts reſpecting my call to preach the Goſpel.

The following ſpring and ſummer I exerciſed my ſmall talents, principally in the neighbourhood where I began. And at the end of the year both Mr. *Dempſter* and Mr. *Rhoda* adviſed me to give myſelf up entirely to the work at the enſuing Conference; but as I much doubted my abilities for a Travelling Preacher, and thought I ſhould be uſeful in that neighbourhood, as a Local Preacher, I declined it. After Conference I had work enough; for there was one Preacher leſs than the year before appointed for the Circuit; and I was called to ſupply the vacant Sundays at *Brecon* and the *Hay*.

Mr. *Fletcher's* Firſt Check came out about this time. I read it with attention and prayer, and all that followed as they came out: and I bleſs God I ever ſaw them; for I have had no doubt of the truth ever ſince.

Several of the Preachers every year adviſed me to travel; but as I was uſeful where I was, I could not think of leaving that town till God had raiſed one up to ſupply my place, as a Local Preacher; eſpecially as I knew the Circuit was not able to ſupport another Travelling Preacher.

The ſummer following I loſt a good friend, Mr. *Howel Harris*. He had often given me good advice. I went to ſee him about nine days before he died. I ſhall never forget his parting words to me and another young Preacher: "My dear young men, ſaid he, wherever you are, take care to maintain that the only reaſon why *all* are not ſaved is, that which the Saviour hath given, they will not come unto me that they may have life." The next winter I loſt another great friend; the deareſt to me of any man living, Mr. *Watkins* of *Lan-uſk*. He had been a zealous Preacher for twenty years, and enjoyed the love of God uninterruptedly for four and twenty years. He had taken great pains with me from our firſt acquaintance. When I took my laſt farewel of him he ſaid, "O my dear John, (the tears flowing from his eyes) the Enemy ſtrives to have my life; but it is hid with Chriſt in God." He died ſoon after in full triumph of faith. I may ſafely ſay that he did not leave his fellow behind him, in all that country, for deep piety, chriſtian experience, zeal for God and true benevolence. He feared not the face of *any man*, if he met him in defence of the cauſe of God; but I have ſeen him ſubmit like a lamb when his own reputation has been ſhamefully traduced, though I knew he was as innocent as a new born child of the things laid to his charge. Thus lived, and thus died my dear friend; and as ſuch I mourned for him. O that I may be found at his feet in the day of the Lord!

[*To be continued.*]

An

An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER : *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

[*Concluded from page* 578.]

TO this covenant* he often recured in his laſt illneſs, and would frequently ſay, "I am not my own: I am the Lord's and he is mine by covenant-agreement." For when he entered into this covenant and ſubſcribed it, it appears he was ſo bleſſed, and comforted, that he always believed, God not only approved of it, but actually took him into a nearer union with him, than he otherwiſe would have been.

He often talked of eternity in tranſports of joy, and ſeemed to have a pleaſure in it that was much better underſtood, from his expreſſive looks, than from his words.

I remember once, when I had been preaching about the near connection there is between us, and the inviſible world, he came into the houſe, in an extaſy unutterable, and ſaid, "I fear my deſire to depart is too great." Once at a Love-feaſt in *Malton*, he was ſo filled with God that he cried out, "Lord, ſtay thy hand, or the veſſel will burſt!" That he was delivered from the fear of death, and could look upon the approach of eternity with delight, appeared from the whole of his converſation, and alſo from a letter he wrote to a friend, which I here ſubjoin.

May 28, 1785.

"Dear Brother,

My life is far ſpent, and I am drawing near to the confines of eternity! but my life is hid with Chriſt in God. When I loſe all, I ſhall gain all.

If I had any choice in ſuch things, I ſhould chooſe to be buried at *Leſſingham*, but the will of the bleſſed Lord be done; for

* See the two preceding Numbers of this Work.

for these bodies of ours, wherever laid, will soon be called from their native dust. Then shall we meet in the air, to be for ever with the Lord.

O my full heart! I have much to say, but nature fails! I am not able to write; but if God should appoint (meaning after death) my freed spirit, to do you any kind office, O how swiftly would I fly on the wings of love!"

As he drew near his end, he was so weak, that his friends were forced to be very careful in laying the bed clothes on him, least the wind of them, should take away his breath. Yet a night or two before he died, he awoke and looked up to the tester of the bed, and with a loud voice, and a look full of heaven, and of God, said, "The curtain is fallen!—I see Jesus!—I see his hands and feet, and the prints of his nails!—I see the Prophets, and Apostles, and the mother of Jesus!"—But our friends were so fluttered, and at the same time, delighted with his words, and heavenly appearance, that they could not remember a word more, though he spoke for above half an hour. After this he sunk down into a calm, and an almost insensible state; hardly noticing any thing more, till his spirit returned to God, which was on April 12th, 1787.

P. M.

Scarborough, May 5, 1787.

An Account of the Death of RICHARD RUSSEL, *who departed this Life June* 13, 1787, *in the* 80*th year of his Age.*

RICHARD RUSSEL was a Shipwright in his Majesty's yard at *Deptford*. He was many years a member of the Methodist Society there, and was truly an ornament to religion. The sweetness of his manner in reproving sin, in high and low was such, that none could be offended at him. He overcame all his enemies with love; and towards his

his latter end, was beloved and revered by all in the Yard, both officers and men.

When orders came to work on the Lord's-day, he could not be prevailed on to comply, though it was expected he would be diſmiſſed on that account; eſpecially as he was old and infirm. On theſe occaſions he uſed to ſay, "As the King of kings has forbid it, I cannot do it:" and therefore it was overlooked in him.

About a quarter paſt nine, on the evening on which he died, he was ſtanding at his door, ſpeaking to two men about their ſouls, and adviſing them to look unto Jeſus. When they were gone, he came in, and aſked for his ſupper; but ſoon after finding himſelf ſtruck with death, he ſaid, "I am going to glory! I am going to my Father's houſe! Now I am going home indeed!" And began ſinging, "Hallelujah! Praiſe the Lord!"

As he ſat in his chair, he fell forward, and would have fallen to the ground, had not his daughter caught him and prevented it. When he came to himſelf he deſired to go into the yard, when his ſon, with another man, helped him. As he was going, he ſung hallelujah ſo loud that the neighbours heard him. When they got him back into the room, they undreſſed him, and about half paſt ten o'clock, got him to bed: while he, all the time, continued praiſing God, and exhorting his ſon to follow him, as he had followed Chriſt.

When he was put into bed, he fell into a ſweet ſleep for about half an hour, and then awoke praiſing God. Soon after he fell into a doze again, and in about an hour ſlept in Jeſus! The laſt word they could hear him ſpeak, were, "My Jeſus! My Jeſus!"

For many years he had been ſteady and uniform in his chriſtian converſation, and though a poor man, he was a credit to religion. He had, through grace, ſuch a command over his paſſions, that I knew not one who ever ſaw him out of temper. I verily believe, his continually ſpeaking to all who

who came in his way was the means of his bringing many to God; especially one whom I knew, that is now an excellent Preacher of the Gospel. J. D.

☞ Reader, Go thou and do likewise!

A short Account of the Death of Miss ANN RITSON, *who died* March 23, 1788.

ANN RITSON was serious from her childhood; having early experienced the divine drawings; which were a means of preserving her from outward evil. Indeed her whole conduct was remarkable, for a person of her years, in her dutifulness to her parents, and not following the vain customs of the world. In her dress, she always desired a plain neatness, though at that time a stranger to a real work of grace. About the latter end of November she fell into a consumption, which was the means of bringing her to her end.

In the beginning of this illness, when a friend was conversing with her about dying, she said, "You may believe me, I have no desire of getting better." About that time, being with her father and mother, she sung the 276th hymn, throughout;

> "Come, Saviour, Jesus from above;
> Assist me with thy heavenly grace!
> Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
> And for thyself prepare the place:"

she sung it with such earnestness, that her father and mother were greatly affected.

In the beginning of her illness she seemed to express a desire of getting better, which her parents observing, they spoke to the Preachers to call and see her, which they accordingly did. They

They had not converſed with her long before ſhe was convinced, that her ſtrict outward morality was not ſufficient to recommend her to the divine favour. By thoſe means ſhe was made ſenſible of her ſtate by nature, and of the neceſſity of being born again.

About which time, labouring under great pains, and weakneſs of body, ſhe cried out, "O mother, I am heavily afflicted, and not ready to die! What muſt I do!" Her mother anſwered, Believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved. As her pains encreaſed, ſo alſo did her good deſires. On the 12th of February the Lord was pleaſed to ſet her ſoul at liberty. On this ſhe broke out into an extaſy of joy ſaying, "I am happy! O praiſe the Lord with me! I am happy! I am happy in the love of God!"

On the morning following, ſhe deſired her father to read the 103d Pſalm, and ſaid, "Bleſs the Lord O my ſoul, and all that is within me bleſs his holy name!" From this time ſhe was very comfortable, and frequently expreſſed her ſtrong confidence in God.

Beſides labouring under heavy afflictions of body, ſhe was at times exerciſed with ſore temptations: but the Lord always came to her help.

One night after prayer, ſhe cried out, "O pray for me; the enemy tells me that I am not ready." But upon their reſtling with God in prayer, ſhe was delivered: after which time, the enemy was not permitted to make many attempts upon her.

On Monday the 10th inſtant when under a degree of heavineſs, ſhe cried out, "If it be thy bleſſed will take thy exile home!" In about ten minutes after, turning herſelf in bed, and clapping her hands, ſhe cried, "Praiſe God for me! Now I am upon the wing, juſt upon the wing for heaven!" When her mother ſaid, O thy weak body! ſhe anſwered, "My affliction is nothing! My pain is gone! My ſoul is happy in God!

Why! O why are thy chariot wheels ſo long in coming! Come ſweet Jeſus come quickly!" She then ſaid, in the words of the Hymn,

"Pain my old companion pain,
Seldom parted from my ſide,
Welcome to thy ſeat again;
Here, if God permits, abide."

Adding,

Come and let us ſweetly join,
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine."

She was all that week happy in the love of God. And though labouring under great pains, ſhe deſired that none might ſit up with her in the night, ſaying, "I have ſweet company! My Jeſus will let me have a good night:" and in the morning, ſhe would ſay, "O what a good night I have had! I have had my Saviour with me."

On the Wedneſday morning ſhe was again in an extaſy of joy, and cried out,

"To wait for thy coming is ſweet,
To weep for thy longer delay;
But thou whom we haſten to meet,
Shalt chaſe all our ſorrows away."

In the afternoon ſhe cried out, "I am full of the love of God! I can hold no more! Pray that God may enlarge my veſſel." Then burſting into tears, ſhe ſaid, "Surely I do not offend God in this! I would wait his time: I have not a pain too much."

A friend aſking her if ſhe could part with her father and mother, ſhe ſaid, "Yes, willingly to go to him I love better. I ſhould be glad if I could take one of them in either hand." On Sunday the 16th, a few friends being with her at prayer, ſhe

was

was exceedingly happy. One when departing ſaid, Farewel *Nancy*, the Lord bleſs you! to whom ſhe cheerfully replied, "Farewel! the Lord does bleſs me; and he will bleſs me!"

One of her couſins calling to ſee her as ſhe was going to preaching, ſhe ſaid, "Hear as if it was your laſt time! Hear for eternity!" And when one of her uncles called to ſee her, the day following, ſhe deſired him to make ready, to meet her in heaven, ſaying, "I ſhall ſoon be there! and it will be an awful thing if at laſt ſome of the ſame family be found in heaven and ſome in hell!"

On the Friday following, being Good-Friday, a friend offering her her medicine, ſhe ſaid, "No need of phyſic now! I ſhall ſoon be with Jeſus in glory!" At night as her father and mother were ſitting up with her, ſhe ſaid, "I ſhould be glad if it was Sunday, that I might riſe with Chriſt." When ſhe was in great pain, ſhe ſaid, "They are not like the drops of blood, which my Saviour ſhed for me in the garden!" adding, "For me a loſt ſinner." On the Saturday night ſhe cried, "Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly!" On the Sunday morning, ſhe ſaid to her father and mother, who were weeping by her, "Do not weep! Do not do ſo!" and ſoon after, without a ſigh or a groan, fell aſleep in Jeſus.

N. B. The writer of this account has not favoured us with her age; but all the circumſtances thereof ſhew, ſhe was very young: conſiderably ſhort of twenty. Bleſſed, and for ever bleſſed are they, who *thus* remember their Creator in the days of their youth! Who employ the morning of life, the vigour of youth, and the prime of their ſtrength, in ſeeking happineſs in God. Such may be deſpiſed on earth; but they are the delight of God, the joy of angels, and the wonder of all heaven! You who are now in the prime of life, ſee that you labour to be of the number!

An Extract from a SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

[*Continued from page* 587.]

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

I Cannot conclude this part better, than with an eſſay on the Production, Nouriſhment, and Operation of Plants and Animals.

SECT. I.

Creatures produce their own kind.

WHEN I ſurvey the works of Nature with an attentive eye, I am ſurprized to find with what marvellous exactneſs every Creature draws its own likeneſs, though in different manners of operation. The fox produces a living fox; the gooſe drops her egg, and hatches the young gooſe; and the tulip lets fall its ſeed into the earth, which ferments and ſwells, and labours long in the ground, till at laſt it brings forth a tulip.

Is it the natural ſagacity of foxes that enables them to form their own image ſo accurately? By no means; for the gooſe and the flower do the like: the ſprightly and the ſtupid, the ſenſible and the ſenſeleſs, work this wonder with equal regularity and perfection; and the Plant performs it as well as the Animal.

It is not poſſible that any of them ſhould effect this by any peculiar rules of art and contrivance: for neither the one nor the other are at all acquainted with the compoſition or progreſs of their work. The bird is entirely ignorant of the wondrous vital ferment of her own egg, either in the formation of it, or the incubation: and the mother-plant knows as much of the parts of the young plant, as the mother-animal knows of the inward ſprings and movements of the young little animal. There could be no contrivance here: for not any of them had

any

any thought or design of the final production: they were all moved, both the beast, bird and flower, by the material and mechanical springs of their own nature to continue their own species, but without any such intent or purpose.

Give souls to all the animal race, and make those souls as intelligent as you can; attribute to them what good sense you please in other affairs of their puny life; allow the brutes to be as rational and as cunning as you could wish or fancy, and to perform a thousand tricks by their own sagacity; yet in this matter, those intellectual powers must all stand by as useless: the senseless vegetable has as much skill here as the animal; the goose is as wise as the fox or the greyhound; they draw their own portraits with as exquisite art and accuracy, and leave as perfect images behind them to perpetuate their kind. Amazing proof and inconteſtable argument of some Superior Wisdom; Some transcendent contriving mind. Some Divine Artificer that made all these wondrous machines, and set them at work! The animal and the vegetable in these productions are but mere instruments under his Supreme Ruling power; like artless pencils in a painter's hand, to form the images that his thought had before designed: and it is that God alone, who before all worlds contrived these models of every species in his own original idea, that appoints what under-agents he will employ to copy them.

In the week of the Creation, he bad the *earth* teem with beasts and plants: and the *earth* like a common mother brought forth the lion, the fox, and the dog, as well as the cedar and the tulip, Gen. i. 11. 24. He commanded the *water* to produce the first fish and foul; behold the *waters* grow pregnant; the trout and the dolphin break forth into life: the goose and the sparrow arise and shake their wings, Gen. i. 20, 21. But two common parents, *earth* and *water* to the whole aminal and vegetable world! A God needs no more. And though he was pleased to made use of the water and the earth in these first productions,

productions, yet the power and the ſkill were juſt the ſame as if he had made them immediately with his own hands.

Ever ſince that week of Creative Wonders, God has ordered all theſe creatures to fill the world with inhabitants of their own kind; and they have obeyed in a long ſucceſſion of almoſt ſix thouſand years. He has granted (ſhall I ſay) a Divine Patent to each creature for the ſole production of its own likeneſs, with an utter prohibition to all the reſt; but ſtill under the everlaſting influence of his own Supreme Agency, upon the moving atoms that form theſe plants or animals. God himſelf is the Creator ſtill.

And it is evident that he has kept a reſerve of ſovereignty to himſelf, and has diſplayed the enſigns of it in ſome important hours. Egypt was once a glorious and tremendous ſcene of this ſovereignty: it was there that he ordered the rod of Moſes, a dry and lifeleſs vegetable, to raiſe a ſwarm of living animals, to call up a brood of lice in millions without a parent, and to animate the duſt of the ground into a noiſom army.

It was there he bade Moſes wave the ſame rod over the ſtreams and the ponds, and the ſilent rod under divine influence would bring forth croaking legions out of the waters without number.

But theſe are his works of miracle and aſtoniſhment, when he has a mind to ſhew himſelf the Sovereign and the Controller of nature: without his immediate commiſſion not one creature can invade the province of another, nor perform any thing of this work but within its own peculiar tribe. Even Man, the glory of this lower creation, and the wiſeſt being on earth, would in vain attempt to make one of theſe common vegetables, or theſe curious animated moving machines. Not all the united powers of human nature, nor a council of the niceſt artificers with all their enginry and ſkill, can form the leaſt part of theſe works, can compoſe a fox's tail, a gooſe-quill, or a tulip-leaf. Nature is the art of God, and it muſt for ever be unrivalled by the ſons of men.

Yet man can produce a man. Admirable effect, but artleſs cauſe!

cauſe! A poor, limited, inferior agent! The plant and the brute in this matter are his rivals, and his equals too. The human parent and the parent bird form their own images with equal ſkill, and are confined each to its own work. So the iron ſeal transfers its own figure to the clay with as much exactneſs and curioſity as the golden one: both can transfer only their own figure.

This appears to me a glorious inſtance wherein the wiſdom and power of God maintain their own ſupremacy, and triumph over all the boaſted reaſon and intellectual ſkill of men; that the wiſeſt ſon of Adam in this nobleſt work of nature, can do no more than a flower or a fly; and if he would go out of his own ſpecies, and the appointed order of things, he is not able to make a fly, or a flower; no, not a worm, nor a ſimple bulruſh. In thoſe productions wherein mankind are merely the inſtruments of the God of Nature, their work is vital and divine; but if they would ſet up for prime artificers, they can do nothing; a dead ſtatue, a painted ſhadow on a canvaſs, or perhaps a little brazen clock-work is the ſupreme pride of their art, their higheſt excellence and perfection.

Let the atheiſt then exert his utmoſt ſtretch of underſtanding: let him try the force of all his mechanical powers, to compoſe the wing of a butterfly, or the meaneſt feather of a ſparrow: let him labour, and ſweat and faint, and acknowledge his own weakneſs: then let him turn his eye, and look at thoſe wondrous compoſures, his ſon, or his little daughter, and when their infant tongues ſhall enquire of him, and ſay, *Father who made us?* let him not dare aſſume the honour of that work to himſelf, but teach the young creature that *there is a God*, and fall down on his face, and repent and worſhip.

It was God who ſaid at firſt, *Let the earth bring forth graſs, and the herb yielding ſeed—after his kind—and the living creature after his kind*; and when this was done, then with a creating voice he bade thoſe living creatures *be fruitful and multiply* to all future generations. *Great things doth he which we cannot comprehend.*

comprehend.——*But he ſealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his* divine *work*, Gen. i. 11. 25. Job xxxvii. 5. 7.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge againſt* MURDER *and* ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page* 591.]

CATALINA, ſeeing the object of her affection dead, ſoon made peace with her ſiſter. But ſhe had concluded none with God, for the murder of Anſilva; which earth might have forgot, but heaven never could.

A ſiſter of Anſilva's named Iſabella, being to be married in Avero, invited Catilina and Berintha to her wedding; but Berintha was too ſorrowful to attend an entertainment of that kind: ſo Catilina, without her, took coach, to accompany the bride to the church, but ſhe had not gone far before the whole face of the heavens darkened, and a moſt terrible clap of thunder ſtruck her with ſuch violence, that it laid her almoſt dead at the bottom of the coach, whilſt neither her maid, in the coach with her, nor the coachman or footmen without, received any manner of hurt; ſo they returned home, and the young lady being put to bed, her body all above the waiſt was found as black as a coal.

The beſt phyſicians being immediately ſent for, and finding all their ſkill of no ſervice; the phyſician of the ſoul, a worthy divine, was deſired to attend her: and the lady herſelf, ſeeing it to no purpoſe to diſſemble any longer, confeſſed her having procured her woman, Anſilva, to undertake to poiſon her ſiſter, and that ſhe had afterwards given Sermiata a hundred ducats to poiſon Anſilva, for which heinous crimes ſhe heartily aſked pardon of God.

Vilarezo

Vilarezo and Alphanta, grieved at her death, but much more at the manner of it, and eſpecially at the knowledge of her horrid crimes, which they were aſhamed to publiſh; yet were forced to it, that Sermiata, that agent of hell, might be brought to juſtice. They applied therefore to the criminal judges, who ordered him to be apprehended. He was at this time revelling and feaſting at the wedding of Iſabella, when news was brought of the ſudden death of Catalina, which aſtoniſhed every one, but eſpecially Sermiata, whoſe conſcience flying in his face, he thought it adviſeable to fly, but was prevented by the officers, who, at that inſtant ruſhing into the houſe, made him their priſoner.

In the afternoon, the judges examined him upon the poiſoning Anſilva, and concerning the hundred ducats he had received from Catalina, but he denied both, with many dreadful imprecations; however theſe availed not, for the judges ordered the torture to be given him, upon which he confeſſed his guilt, and was condemned to be hanged, which was done accordingly the next morning, before Vilarezo's houſe, on a gibbet, purpoſely erected. He died deſperately without repentance, or aſking pardon either of God or man.

Catalina's death was not capable to deface Berinthia's malice towards her brother; for about ten days after the death of Catalina, ſhe provided herſelf with a long ſharp knife, and hiding it in the ſleeve of her gown, entered very early one morning into her brother's chamber, with her lute in her hand, reſolving, if he had been awake, to tell him ſhe came to bid him good-morrow with a leſſon on her lute; but finding him faſt aſleep, ſhe ſoftly laid her muſical inſtrument down, and drawing forth that of her revenge, ſhe was not contented to cut his throat from ear to ear, but afterwards ſtabbed him in ſeveral parts of the body.

She then went ſoftly out of the room, yet not ſo ſoftly but that Philippo, Sebaſtiano's page, who laid in a chamber near

him, hearing a noiſe, leaped out of bed, and ran juſt time enough to ſee Berinthia re-enter her own chamber; then running to his maſter's bed-ſide, he beheld the butchered body, which made him cry out in ſuch a manner as alarmed the whole houſe. Berinthia immediately pulled off her outward gown all ſprinkled with blood, and wrapping up her bloody knife in it, privately conveyed them both into the cloſe-ſtool, and ſo waited the coming up of her father and mother, who were not long before the ſorrowful news of their ſon's murder had brought them into his chamber, whither likewiſe Berinthia came all drowned in tears. Every one was amazed at the ſight; and the ſervants flew from place to place to hunt the murderer out, till Philippo the page cried out, he was afraid it was Berinthia, for he ſaw her flying to her chamber, as he came thither. Berinthia no way daunted, affirmed that ſhe likewiſe heard ſome noiſe in her brother's chamber, which made her riſe and come to the door; but ſeeing Philippo, ſhe being in her night attire, thought it but modeſty to go back into her chamber.——For the preſent they all believed her words, but could not proclaim her innocence till they had ſearched her chamber, and every cheſt and trunk therein, where, finding no knife, or other offenſive weapon, her father and mother were ready to acquit her; but the criminal judges being more acquainted with the buſineſs, and coming to viſit the dead body, when they had heard what Philippo had to ſay, and conſidered her love for Antonio, they had ſo ſtrong a ſuſpicion of Berinthia, that they committed her to cloſe priſon, and gave her till the next day to conſider of the anſwer ſhe was to make them.

The next morning the judges being met, ſent for Berinthia, who came accompanied by her parents and kinsfolks, to be examined, and was confronted by Philippo; ſhe was firm in her denial, and her judges finding ſome circumſtances, but no poſitive evidence againſt her, ordered that her chamber

ſhould

ſhould be more ſtrictly ſearched. A judge and two of her friends repaired to Vilarezo's houſe, and to Berinthia's chamber, where, having ſearched moſt carefully all other places, they came at length to the cloſe-ſtool, which they broke open, and found her bloody gown, in which was wrapped the knife.

No ſooner were theſe evidences produced againſt her, but ſhe owned her crime, and ſo ſentence was paſſed upon her, viz. "That the next morning ſhe ſhould be hanged in the public Market-place."

Lo! theſe were the bitter fruits of revenge and murder which the perpetrators, by the juſt judgment of God, were enforced to taſte, and which, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they little thought on.

An extract from a treatiſe called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Of FALSEHOOD.

[*Continued from page* 594.]

BUT one of the moſt pernicious abuſes of the tongue remains ſtill to be treated of, to wit, flattery, the entertaining of a man with a panegyric on himſelf, and talking in filthy or glozing language either to foment his luſt, and kindle a ſpark into a flame, or elſe to tickle his ambition, or to ſerve ſome other vile end. And this is the deſtruction of all the noble deſigns of friendſhip and converſation; it is the treachery of love, and a deadly peſtilence, a tickling of a man into a ſwoon, and a hugging of him to death; a ſmiling in his face and cutting his throat. *Calumny* compared to this is balm and antidote; for he who ſlanders me gives me warning

to ſtand upon my guard, and to furniſh myſelf with all the weapons and artifices of defence; and ſingular benefits may be reaped from obloquies and contumelious uſages, if we ſtudy to improve them to the richeſt advantage; roſes grow upon thoſe thorns, and the venom of a viperous tongue may be converted into Treacle. Reproachful language ſerves, like the kind ſword of *Jaſon's* enemy, to cure an impoſtume, and to let death out of our bowels. But flattery fills us with wind and corruption till we burſt, and a ſtrong guſt of undeſerved applauſe quite overturns and ruins us, if we are not well ballaſted. He that reviles me, it may be, calls me fool, but he that flatters me, if I take not heed, will make me ſo; and it is like that kind of lightening which melts the ſword without finding the ſcabbard. This ſubtil poiſon ſteals inſenſibly into the very bones, and drinks up the marrow, and yet never breaks the ſkin, but pleaſes it with a ſoft and gentle touch. And this is the unhappy lot of great perſonages, a diſeaſe that reigns in the Courts of Kings; poor men live out of the reach of its infection; it viſits not the humble cottage; for who ever yet thought it worth his pains to ſtoop ſo low as to flatter a beggar? The ſervants of *Dionyſius*, the *Sicilian* tyrant, counterfeited themſelves half blind, and run one againſt another, and overturned the meat as it was ſerved to his table, becauſe he was ſhort-ſighted; and in *Alexander's* houſe a wry-neck was made a mode of gallantry. Great men rarely ſee their faces in a true glaſs: what they ſpeak ſhall be ſure to be commended, and every thing they do will be extolled; and their infirmities are magnified, as the Egyptians adored the very pudenda of their Prieſts. It was notably ſaid of *Carneades*, that Princes are ſeldom dealt truly with, but when they are taught to ride the great horſe, becauſe the proud beaſt is not capable to learn the art of diſſembling; nor does he know how to diſtinguiſh betwixt men, but will as ſoon throw an Emperor as a Groom. I ſuppoſe, I need propound no other argument to diſſuade you from practiſing ſuch baſeneſs, but

only

only this, that it is a low-ſpirited vile thing: a paraſite is the verieſt ſlave alive; it is more eligible to tug at an oar, or to dig in the mines, or to hew in the quarries, than to cringe and fawne and tempt to miſchief for a little money; to be a perfect votary to the humour, and a pander to the luſt of any, and ſo to ſell at once integrity and freedom, and that at a cheap rate too, for a purſe of gold, or a ſmall penſion; nay, ſometimes only for a morſel of bread. He who does ſo, has nothing that he can properly call his own, all his faculties and paſſions, appetites and deſires, geſtures and behaviour, words and actions, thoughts and looks, being entirely dedicated to the ſervice, and too often to the ruin of another. And he is well enough deſcribed by the poet, to be a beaſt that is all belly, caſting his eye round about, watchful, ugly and deceitful, and creeping by the aſſiſtance of teeth which feed him, and kill them that reach him bread. Be as complaiſant as may conſiſt with innocence and diſcretion; but to run into vice and pain to avoid the opinion of an uncivil man, is the part of a fool and a coward, and of one that does not underſtand what belongs to civil ſociety. And this conſideration leads me to diſcourſe concerning complimenting, to which (becauſe it is a ſubject that affords various matter) I ſhall allow a diſtinct apartment."

[*To be continued.*]

An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S *Doctrine of Philoſophical Neceſſity.*

Of the Cauſe of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.

[*Continued from page* 598.]

"BUT, ſays Dr. Prieſtley, (page 35) what is deſire beſides a wiſh to obtain ſome apprehended good? And is not every wiſh a volition? Now is it poſſible that an apprehended

hended good ſhould not be the object of deſire, whether controlled by ſome other deſire, &c. or not? For the ſame reaſon, that a preſent good gives a preſent pleaſure, an abſent good exites deſire, which like any other of the paſſions, is univerſally allowed to be a perfectly mechanical thing. Since, therefore, deſire neceſſarily implies volition, we have a clear caſe of the will being neceſſarily determined by the circumſtances which the mind is in; and if in one caſe, why not in all others? Eſpecially as in fact, every volition is nothing more than a deſire, viz. a deſire to accompliſh ſome end; which end may be conſidered as the object of the paſſion or affection?" The doctrine of deſire being a wiſh, and every wiſh a violation, I can by no means admit, if by volition be meant the will or immediate act of the ſelf-determining power of man's mind, by which it is enabled to act or not to act, to indulge the wiſh and deſire, or not to indulge it at pleaſure. Every thing which I apprehend to be good and deſirable, I am under a neceſſity of deſiring or wiſhing for, ſo long as it appears deſirable; but the ſelf-determining power of my mind can; and frequently does (as every man, I dare ſay, has experienced) will to control that deſire and wiſh; ſo that a man is not compelled or neceſſitated to do one action, nor to take one ſtep towards obtaining what he deſires, though within his reach, in the caſe before-mentioned of an hungry man with good victuals before him. In ſuch a caſe his deſire and wiſh muſt neceſſarily be vehement and eager to eat and ſatisfy himſelf, neither can he avoid ſuch deſire ſo long as the meat is before him and he ſees it; yet it cannot be denied but that he can refrain from eating for a ſmall time, by the power of ſelf-determination which he has, and which enables him to reſtrain his deſires from acting: or in other words, he wills not to eat, notwithſtanding ſuch vehement deſire. Any man by ſuppoſing himſelf in ſuch a ſituation, may find that he cannot hinder his deſire, though he can hinder his indulging that deſire. Hence, we plainly perceive the difference between what is generally termed

termed desire, or a wish to obtain an apprehended good, and the self-determining power, which can and frequently does will to refuse that apprehended good which we desire or wish for, or towards which we are necessarily inclined. If we had not such a self-determining power to control and restrain our natural wishes and desires in our present state, where our "hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," this world would be a continued scene of wickedness and confusion. But the case is, our desires and aversions arise, and are excited necessarily, by something apparently agreeable or disagreeable to us. Both our own consciousness and experience plainly inform us that we have such a self-determining power, which is superior to all the passions and affections of the mind, and which frequently wills to restrain us, and does actually restrain us from carrying our desires into execution, by which we are enabled out of two things not equally agreeable, to choose and take either, even that which is the more disagreeable one of the two. I hope, what I have said above will prove a sufficient answer to Dr. Priestley's fourth section.

[*To be continued.*]

The surest and safest WAY *of* THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 603.]

AND if you would be real gainers by whatever you thus lay out, observe the following Directions.

I. *Give yourselves to the Lord, and with yourselves all that you have, to be so laid out, whether upon yourselves or others, as he doth appoint and requires.*

He that will not give *himself* to the Lord, is like to give but little else. And if he should give all that he had, and only with-

with-hold himself, God will not accept, nor reward it. God will have nothing of thee, if he may not have thy heart.

Give yourselves for servants to the Lord, to serve him with your spirits first, and then with all that you have. Make over yourselves to God in Christ to be his *covenant servants*, and then *I am not mine own, but must henceforth glorify God with my body and my spirit*; *yea, and with all that I have, which are his.*

He that will serve the Lord with his spirit, will as readily serve him with all that he hath. God that hath given us his *Son*, how *will he not with him freely give us all things?* Rom. viii. 32. And that man that hath given God his soul, will keep back nothing from him.

But some will say, *Must I give all I have to the poor, and so leave myself and my family to be beggars? Or, what is your meaning, when you say, I must give all to the Lord?*

My meaning is, *that you so give all to the Lord, as to resolve to dispose of your whole estate to such purposes, as God orders and appoints you.* The Lord would have you live and maintain yourself, and provide for your family soberly. But still you must allow no more to yourself, nor any less to those in need, than is according to the will of the Lord.

But some will say, *I am free and bountiful, and give great alms*; *I cast my bread upon the waters*; *I give a portion to six, and also to seven*: *I devise liberal things*; *I delight to shew mercy.*

Dost thou so? It is well thou dost; God's blessing on thine heart for it: it is great pity that any liberal man should lose his reward; and that thou mayest not lose thine, take this counsel of a friend. See that thou hast sincerely given up thyself to God, and art a devout disciple of Jesus Christ, and that these thy works of mercy are in pursuance of thy covenant, as a part of that service which thou hast vowed to thy Lord, whose thou art, and whose talents thou reckonest all thou hast. And look to this the rather, because it is possible men of great good works

works may be of little faith which is that grace which entitles God to us, and all we do, and obtains our acceptance with him. First, by faith give thyself to him, and then by charity serve him with what thou haſt, and then doubt not of a plenitiful return.

II. *Offer up your gift upon the altar.* Give yourſelves, and with yourſelves, all that you have, *through Chriſt*, unto God. Let him be *your altar that ſanctifies your gift:* it is through him alone you will be accepted, Eph. i. 6. *He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.* Let your *ſouls be ſprinkled with his blood*, and thereby waſhed from your ſins, from your natural and contracted guilt and pollution, and then they will be a gift acceptable to the Lord. Thou art in thyſelf a guilty and defiled ſoul, and God will have none of thee in this caſe: go to Chriſt firſt, and get him to cleanſe thee from thy filthineſs; put thy wretched ſoul into his hands, and let him preſent it unto the Father.

And whatever thou giveſt with thyſelf, *thine alms*, *thy bread*, or *thy fleſh*, or *thy money*, that thou haſt for his poor; put it alſo into the ſame hand, and let him preſent this alſo to the Father for the uſe of his ſervants.

Chriſtians, I would have you gainers, not loſers. I would not have you loſers, either by *ſaving*, or by *unprofitable living*.

1. *Be not loſers by ſaving.* That is the way to *loſe all*, by thinking to *ſave, and keep all to yourſelves. He that will ſave his life*, (by not laying it down when God calls for it) *ſhall loſe it.* And ſo *he that will ſave his eſtate, (by refuſing to lay it out where* God would have him) *is in great danger to loſe all that he hath.*

2. *Loſe not by unprofitable beſtowing.* All is beſtowed unprofitably, as to thee, to whomſoever thou giveſt it, which is not given firſt through Chriſt unto God, and to his ſervants for the Lord's ſake. It may be profit to them who receive it, but no profit to thee who giveſt. It is only what is given to God, and to men for God's ſake, for which he becomes debtor.

III. *Fetch all your alms out of your hearts.* Give what thou giveſt, 1. *Out of a willing heart.* 2. *Out of a compaſſionate heart.* 3. *Out of a thankful heart.*

1. *Out of a willing heart; every man as he purpoſeth in his heart ſo let him give, not grudgingly, or of neceſſity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.* An alms without a will, is a ſacrifice without a heart, and will be rejected of God.

2. *Out of a compaſſionate heart.* It is *the hard hearts of men* that ſhut up their *purſes*: thou ſayeſt thou wanteſt it thyſelf, or thoſe about thee may want it; *no, thou wanteſt a heart*, and that is the reaſon that thoſe who are in diſtreſs muſt want *thine alms.* A compaſſionate heart would find ſomething or other for thoſe that are in want.

Wilt thou prove thyſelf to be *no child of God?* Wouldeſt thou prove that the *faith* thou haſt is *vain*, thy *religion vain* and that thou haſt not the love of God within thee? This unmercifulneſs of thine will put it out of queſtion. If thou haſt no bowels of compaſſion, the love of God is not in thee. Put thyſelf into thy poor brother's caſe, think how hard it is with him, think of *his hunger* and *nakedneſs*, let thy ſoul go into his houſe and ſee *his naked walls, his cold chimney, his empty cupboards, his ſtarving children*, and then think again, O how if it were thus with me! How are they *pinched* and *ſtraitned* whilſt I have enough and abound? O mine *heart*, how canſt thou but bleed over ſuch diſtreſſed ones? Haſt thou nothing to help them? There is enough in my houſe, there is enough in my purſe to yield them relief, but is there no alms for them in my heart? Can I have the heart to ſee them pine and periſh and do nothing to help them? Where are ye, O my bowels? where are my compaſſions? O my ſoul help, and ſend portions to them for whom nothing is provided.

3. *Out of a thankful heart.* Remember what God hath done for thee: haſt thou any ſenſe of his love to thee, in Chriſt? What ſhould that produce? The ſenſe of divine goodneſs in a way of *common providence* calls for all due acknowledgmen

from

from us: but a *taste* of his *paternal love in pardoning our sins, and exalting us in eternal life upon the account of his Son's dying for us*; this is, as the strongest *motive* to, so the most *commanding reason* of our beneficence to our fellow-creatures, who stand in need of it.

[*To be continued.*]

The TWO COVENANTS *of* GOD *with* MANKIND: *or the* DIVINE JUSTICE *and* MERCY *Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

CHAP. I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.

[*Continued from page 605.*]

LET us consider then, where such a satisfaction is to be found, as can pacify the wrath of an angry God; where such a ransom is to be met with as shall be a sufficient price for the sin of man. Shall we suppose that Adam having experienced the vanity of his choice, shall now think of returning with firmer resolves to obey his Maker, that the shame and guilt of sin shall wound his conscience with a deep remorse, and put him upon an unfeigned repentance, and that this shall restore him to the favour of God, and blot out the remembrance of his transgressions? Alas he is not capable of repentance, and if he were, I cannot see how it should be sufficient to his pardon. For repentance is the gift of God, against whom he is in actual rebellion; repentance, that is a saving one, would be the greatest of mercies whereas this attribute as yet, lies hid and undisplayed in the infinite goodness of God, and cannot exert itself, till Almighty justice be satisfied, and rendred placable. And consequently the history of Adam's transgression makes no mention of any overture on God's part, or any sort of advance on man's, towards a recovery this way. Adam

indeed is aſhamed; but it is of his nakedneſs, he is afraid of God, but it is with a ſlaviſh fear of puniſhment: but he diſcovers no marks of a true repentance, no deprecating of puniſhment, no promiſe of amendment, no ſorrow for what is paſt, nor any other tokens of a man poſſeſſed with the heinouſneſs of his guilt, and importunate for pardon. Nay, on the contrary, he makes excuſes for the ſin, and ſo does the woman too. And, in effect, they both agree to throw the blame of their miſconduct upon God; the woman in that he had made the Serpent too wiſe; *the Serpent beguiled me*, ſays ſhe: and the man that he had given him a temptation, as on purpoſe to overthrow him: a temptation for the companion of his life, whoſe charms and engagements there was no withſtanding. *The woman that thou gaveſt to be with me, ſhe gave me and I did eat.*

Thus repentance, is entirely cut off, and there is all the reaſon why it ſhould be ſo, becauſe man diſabled himſelf by his fall, and muſt be obliged to God for the mercy of his recovery, (if that be poſſible,) which at preſent he had no reaſon to beſtow: and hence we ſee that if repentance had been poſſible, it had been ineffectual: becauſe repentance being only reformation, could be no more acceptable, however perfect it was, than a perfect righteouſneſs, which God required before the fall! And conſequently the ſin would ſtill be unatoned for: *It would have coſt more to have redeemed a ſoul, and that muſt have been let alone for ever.*

Hitherto no hopes appear for the recovery of fallen man, nor can he any more depend upon the aſſiſtance of any other creature, who ſhall pay his ranſom down, and ſet the captive free. Which of all the heavenly powers will be willing, or able to bear the vengeance of an almighty God? What creature would be able to undergo ſo vaſt a burden, as the propitiating, by his ſufferings, for ſo many millions of offenders as lie dormant in the loins of a ſinful progenitor? Where is there that one creature, or what is his name who ſhall obtain a general

neral indemnity cancel our obligations to punishment, restore the honour of the divine laws, and merit a *free gift of God upon all men unto justification of life*, in the same latitude as by the offence of one, *the sentence of eternal death was passed and judgment came upon all men unto condemnation?* We may safely pronounce, there is no creature sufficient to be *this day's man betwixt God and us, that may lay his hand equally on us both. For God is not a man*, as we are, *that we should answer him* by ourselves or any created substitute, *and come together in judgment.*

Reason could never have found out a Mediator, and sinners could never have expected a propitiation, had not God himself made the overture of his mercy, (even before he pronounced the sentence of his justice in the gracious promise of a Redeemer, *the seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head*: and even this had been too weak a glimpse of divine light, to have conducted reason, impaired by the fall, to a clear understanding of the blessed promise, had not God vouchsafed to illustrate it by holy men ever since the world began; and at last declared in the fulness of time this seed of the woman, this Son of man (who was of the seed of David according to the flesh,) to be the Son of God with power.

This is the great mystery of godliness which St. *Peter* assures us is a subject *worthy the contemplation of angels*; and St. *Paul, that in it are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.* If we were capable of a full, and adequate comprehension of this mysterious problem, it would lead us into all the deep counsels of God, and unfold the most abstruse theories of divine wisdom, in the designs of creation and government of the world; and particularly in permitting man, created in righteousness, to be involved in sin, and his posterity yet unborn to be tainted with the original corruption. But though we have not minds equal to so glorious a subject, yet if we be modest in our researches, and take the light of scripture for our guide, we may discover enough, though not to satisfy our desires, to raise our wonder, and to make us cry out

with

with the Apoſtle on this occaſion. *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out!*

We have already ſeen the miſery of our nature in Adam's ſin, let us now behold its happineſs in Chriſt and ſee how well he is qualified for this mighty work of reconciling the world to God.

But before I enter upon this ſublime ſubject let me a little prepare my way, by removing thoſe miſtaken grounds of prejudice the world has been apt to entertain againſt theſe myſterious truths; the chief of which is, *the unaccountable condeſcenſion of God, in making his only Son a ſacrifice to reſcue from miſery a perverſe and ſinful generation.*

[*To be continued.*]

[The ingenious and pious author of the *Aramanth*, a Collection of Religious Poems, printed in the year 1767, gives the following Account of THOMAS A KEMPIS.]

"ALL that I have been able to learn in Germany, upon good authority, concerning THOMAS A KEMPIS, is as follows:—He was born at Kempis or Kempen, a ſmall walled town in the duchy of Cleves, and Dioceſe of Cologn. His family-name was Hamerlin, which ſignifies in the German language, a little hammer. We find alſo that his parents were named John and Gertrude Hamerlin. He lived chiefly in the Monaſtery of Mount St. Agnes: where his Effigy, together with a proſpect of the Monaſtery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The ſaid Monaſtery is now called Bergh-Clooſter, or, as we might ſay in Engliſh, Hill Cloyſter: many ſtrangers in their travels viſit it.

"Kempis was certainly one of the beſt and greateſt men ſince the primitive ages. His book *Of The Imitation of Chriſt* has ſeen near forty editions in the original Latin, and above ſixty

fixty tranſlations have been made from it into modern languages. Our author died Auguſt 8, 1471, aged ninety-two years. He had no manifeſt infirmities of old-age, and retained his eyeſight perfect to the laſt.

In the engraving on copper above mentioned, is repreſented a perſon reſpectfully preſenting to him a label, on which is written a verſe to this effect:

"O! Where is peace? For thou its paths haſt trod."

To which Kempis returns another lable, inſcribed as follows:

"In Poverty, Retirement, and with God."

He was a Canon regular of Auguſtin's, and Sub-Prior of Mount St. Agnes's Monaſtery. He compoſed his treatiſe *Of The Imitation of Chriſt*, in the ſixty-firſt year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the Library of his convent."

A CAUTION *againſt* INDECENT BEHAVIOUR.

To the EDITOR *of the* ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG other uſeful things inſerted in your entertaining Magazine, I am glad to find you do not overlook decency and decorum. Certainly ſlovenlineſs is far from being any ornament to religion; ſo far from it that it generally diſguſts, and is anxious of rendering religion itſelf contemptible.

As the poor have the goſpel preached to them, ſo they are the perſons, in general, who receive the goſpel, and conſequently have had but little help from education. Now as love (or the perſons indeed which love) doth not behave unſeemly, it is preſumed that ſuch are of a teachable ſpirit, and will attend to every hint which is given by way of Caution.

I am glad therefore to ſee thoſe extracts from *The Refined Courtier*, and ſincerely wiſh that thoſe indecencies mentioned therein

therein may be well attended to, and ſhunned among the Methodiſts; as their conduct is generally more narrowly watched than that of others.

I would beg leave to remark a few other indelicate things which *The Refined Courtier* does not take notice of; nor indeed ſhould I, if I had not ſeen them frequently done. Such is that very offenſive cuſtom of ſome men ſtopping their hands into their b———s, which muſt be intolerable in company; eſpecially when women are preſent: ſuch is that of men performing a certain office, not far from the entrance of a place of worſhip, while numbers have been paſſing by them: ſuch is that of men who take tobacco, ſpitting either in a dwelling houſe or the houſe of God, which is enough to ſicken one at the ſight.—Another moſt odious practice which I have been an eye-witneſs of, even while perſons have ſat at meat, is that of blowing their noſe in their fingers, and throwing the contents on the ground, which is moſt abominable filthineſs. Nor is that a decent thing to take up a bottle to fill a glaſs of liquor, and put their noſe to the bottle to ſmell, or to put the bottle to their mouth to taſte what the liquor is, which they might eaſily know another way. This I have ſeen done very often, and have been much diſguſted at it.

Now human pride is ſuch that there is no ſpeaking to an offending individual without giving offence; but I hope, Sir, that by reading the Magazine they will find it out themſelves, and correct the evils, without being offended.

I fear there is a fault in parents, eſpecially among the poor, in uſing a variety of imprudent, indecent freedoms before their children, by which they learn very improper things, without thinking of their impropriety. Therefore all heads of families ſhould avoid every indecent practice at home, partly for the ſake of thoſe who are under their care, and partly that they may acquire habits which will be offenſive abroad.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

Mr.

Mr. INCREASE MATHER'S *Account of the wonderful Deliverance of Mr.* EPHRAIM HOW, *of New-Haven, in New-England.*

ON the 25th of Auguſt 1676, Mr. *Ephraim How*, with his two eldeſt ſons, ſet ſail from *New-Haven* for *Boſton*, in a mall veſſel, of ſeventeen ton burden. After the diſpatch of heir buſineſs at *Boſton*, they ſet ſail for *New-Haven*, on the oth of September following; but contrary winds forced hem back to *Boſton*, where Mr. *How* was taken ill of a violent lux, which continued near a month. The merciful provience of God having ſpared his life, and reſtored him to ome degree of health, he again ſet ſail for *Boſton*, October the oth. The wind continued fair until they made *Cape Cod*: ut ſuddenly the weather became ſo tempeſtuous, that they ould not make the *Cape*; but were forced off to the ſea, where they were in great danger in ſo ſmall a veſſel.

About this time Mr. *How's* two ſons fell ſick and died, when the danger became greater, as they were the greateſt elps their father had in working the veſſel. Not long after, nother of the company, viz. *Caleb Jones* fell ſick and died, eaving the world with great joy. Thus the one half of their ompany was taken away; none remaining but Mr. *How*, ne *Augur*, and a boy.

How, though ſtill in a very weak condition, was obliged to tand at the helm thirty-ſix hours, while the ſea frequently broke ver the veſſel in ſuch a manner that if he had not been laſht aſt he muſt have been waſhed over-board. In this extremity e was at a loſs to know whether he ſhould perſiſt in ſtriving or the *New-England* ſhore, or bear a way for the Southern ſlands, and propoſed the queſtion to Mr. *Augur*. On this hey reſolved to ſeek God by prayer, and then put the caſe

to an iſſue by caſting a lot. On doing this, the lot fell upon *New-England*. By that time a month was expired. And as they had loſt the rudder, all human help failed. In this deplorable ſtate (though *How* was very infirm) yet for ſix weeks together, he was ſcarce ever dry; nor had they the benefit of warm food more than thrice, in all that time.

At the end of ſix weeks, one morning, the veſſel was driven on a ledge of rocks, where the ſea broke violently. Mr. *How*, looking out he eſpied a diſmal rocky Iſland to the Leeward; of which, if the providence of God had not given them timely warning by the breakers, they had been daſhed in pieces. They now immediately let go an anchor; and got out the boat. But the boat proved leaky, and they being in fears and amazement, took but little out of the veſſel.

After they came aſhore they found themſelves in a rocky, deſolate Iſland (near *Cape Sables*) where was neither man nor beaſt; ſo that now they were in danger of being ſtarved to death. But a ſtorm aroſe which beat violently upon the veſſel at anchor, and ſtaved her in pieces; when a caſk of powder was brought to ſhore, alſo a barrel of wine, and half a barrel of moloſſes, together with many things uſeful for a tent to preſerve them from the cold. Notwithſtanding this, new and great diſtreſſes attended them. For though they had powder and ſhot, there were ſeldom any fowls to be ſeen, except a few crows, ravens and gulls, which they ſometimes ſhot: and many times the half of one of theſe, with the broth, made a meal for three. Once they lived five days without any ſuſtenance, at which time they did not feel themſelves pinched with hunger as at other times: the Lord then in mercy taking away their appetites.

After they had been about twelve weeks in this miſerable Iſland, Mr. *How's* dear friend, Mr. *Augur*, died: ſo that he had no living creature, but the lad to converſe with: and on April the 2d, 1676, the lad died alſo. The maſter being left alone

alone continued ſo above a quarter of a year. In this time he ſaw ſeveral fiſhing veſſels ſailing by, and ſome came near the iſland; but though he uſed what means he could that they might be acquainted with his diſtreſs, none came to him, fearing he was one of thoſe Indians who were then at war with the Engliſh.

The good man whilſt he was in this deſolate ſtate, kept many days of faſting and prayer; confeſſing and bewailing his ſins, and begging of God that he would find out a way for his deliverance. At laſt it came into his mind, that he ought very ſolemnly to praiſe God for the great mercies he had thus far experienced. Accordingly ſetting apart a day for that purpoſe, he ſpent the time in giving thanks to God for all the mercies of his life, ſo far as he could call them to mind; and eſpecially for the mercies which had been mingled with his preſent afflictions; earneſtly bleſſing God for his wonderful goodneſs in preſerving him alive ſo long! Preſently after this, a veſſel belonging to *Salem* in New-England, providentially paſſed by, and ſent their boat on ſhore, and took him in and brought him to *Salem*, on July 18, 1677, from whence he went to *New-Haven*, and was received by his family, as one raiſed from the dead, after an abſence of twelve months.—Lord, how great are the ſufferings which we are liable to in this world! and how great are thy mercies towards thoſe who calls upon thee!

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AN EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held in LONDON, July 29, &c. 1788.

[*Concluded from page* 607.]

36 WORRELL, J. Hickling.
37 *Liverpool*, D. Jackſon, H. Taylor.
38 *Blackborne*, G. Story, W. Bramwell.

39 *Colne*,

39	*Colne*,	C. Atmore, J. Ridale.
40	*Leiceſter*,	J. Watſon, S. Day, R. Seed: J. Watſon, Supernumerary.
41	*Nottingham*,	J. Taylor, T. Hanby, J. Jerom.
42	*Derby*,	G. Gibbon, T. Corbet, R. Coſterdine.
43	*Sheffield*,	E Jackſon, A. Inglis, J. Beanland.
44	*Grimſby*,	T. Longley, G. Phillips.
45	*Horncaſtle*,	T. Carlill, R. Scot, B. Leggatt.
46	*Gainſborough*,	L. Harriſon, G. Mowat, J Evans.
47	*Epworth*,	R. Swan, J. Chriſtie, J. Atkins.
48	*Leeds*,	J. Pawſon, J. Peacock, W. Collins.
49	*Wakefield*,	A. Mather, J. Parkin.
50	*Huddersfield*,	F. Wrigley, W. Boothby.
51	*Birſtal*,	W. Thompſon, J. Entwiſtle, W. Thoreſby.
52	*Bradforth*,	J. Booth, S. Hodgſon: T. Johnſon, Super.
53	*Hallifax*,	J. Goodwin, J. Shaw.
54	*Kighley*,	J. Wood, T. Bartholomew, W. Blagborne: R. Howard, Supernumerary.
55	*Whitehaven*,	T. Wride, J. Wiltſhaw.
56	*Iſle of Man*,	G. Holder, J. Smith, J. Wittam.
57	*York*,	J. Hern, J. Gualtier, R. Birdſall.
58	*Pocklington*,	J. Robinſon, W. Percival, T. Dunn.
59	*Hull*,	J. Benſon, J. Edmondſon.
60	*Scarborough*,	T. Dixon, I. Brown, A. Kilham.
61	*Whitby*,	J. Thom, J. Townſhend.
62	*Thirſk*,	J. King, D. Kay, J. Croſby.
63	*Yarm*,	W. Simpſon, C. Tunycliffe.
64	*The Dales*,	W. Saunders, T. Gill, M. Willis.
65	*Sunderland*,	W. Hunter, D. Wright, J. Oglevie.
66	*Newcaſtle*,	P. Mill, J. Thompſon, J. Stamp.
67	*Berwick*,	J. Bogie, Z. Yewdall, J. Furnace.
68	*Dalkeith*,	J. Crowther.
69	*Edinburgh*,	J. Cownley, J. Barber.
70	*Ayr and Dumfries*,	J. Cole, R. Dall.

71 *Dundee*

71 *Dundee*, R. Watkinſon, S. Botts: J. Saunderſon, Supernumerary.
72 *Aberdeen*, R. Johnſon, J. Croſs.
73 *Inverneſs*, D. M'Allum, J. Barret, R. Harriſon.
74 *Dublin*, C. Boon, W. Myles.
75 *Wexford*, H. Moore, T. Verner.
76 *Waterford*, R. Condy, F. Frazier.
77 *Cork*, J. Rogers, T. Roberts.
78 *Bandon*, J. Kerr, R. Bridge.
79 *Limerick*, J. Brown, A. Jefferys.
80 *Birr*, T. Davies, G. Armſtrong.
81 *Caſtlebar*, J. M'Donald, T. Kerr.
82 *Athlone*, J. Dinnen, W. Wilſon.
83 *Longford*, T. Barber, J. Melcomſon.
84 *Sligo*, D. Gordon, T. Hewett.
85 *Ballyconnell*, G. Brown, J. Miller, F. Armſtrong: J. Price, Supernumerary.
86 *Clones*, J. Armſtrong, S. Moorehead, A. Moore.
87 *Brookborough*, W. M'Cornock, jun. W. Hamilton.
88 *Inniſkillen*, J. Black, D. Graham.
89 *Ballyſhannon*, J. Rennick, A. Hamilton.
90 *Killybeggs*, J. Stephenſon, T. Elliott.
91 *Liſleen*, M. Stewart, N. Lee.
92 *Omagh*, S. Bates, J. M'Mullin.
93 *Charlemount*, J. Crook, D. Barrowclough.
94 *Londonderry*, W. Weſt, J. Weſt.
95 *Coleraine*, M. Joyce, W. Johnſon, J. Stephens: J. Howe, Supernumerary.
96 *Belfaſt*, S. Mitchell, J. Darragh.
97 *Liſburn*, T. Hetherington, J. Gillis, F. Hamilton: H. Pue, Supernumerary.
98 *Newry*, W. Griffith, J. Grace.
99 *Tandaragee*, N. Price, J. Lyons, R. Smith.

AMERICA.

A M E R I C A.

The Britiſh Dominions in America.

		ELDERS
100 *Newfoundland,*	J. M'eary.	
101 *Nova Scotia,*	W. Jeſſop, W. Black, J. Man, Js. Man.	*J. Wray.*
102 *Antigua,*		*W. Warrener. J. Harper.*
103 *St. Vincents,*		*J. Baxter. J. Clarke.*
104 *St. Chriſtophers.*		
Under the Government of Holland.		*W. Hammet.*
105 *St. Euſtatius.*		

The United States of America.

N. B. The laſt Conference in *America* for the preſent year, has not yet been held, ſo that we are not able to inſert the exact ſtations of the Preachers in the United States.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCCLXXVII.

[From Lady ——— to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Edinburgh, Oct. 29, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

MAY the Lord more than ever proſper your attempts for the advancement of his kingdom in the world, and in all things lead you into his will! O what a pure happineſs reſults from this! Unmixed with creature enjoyment, independant of them, the ſoul thus favoured lives upon God; has no wiſh but his will, no deſires but his glory. I long to prove the utmoſt degree of this that humanity can admit of.

I have much cauſe to praiſe God for his goodneſs to me; but ſtill I am far ſhort of what I expect to be. I have not that full witneſs of ſanctification; yet I dare not give it up. My

fellowſhip

fellowſhip is with the Father and the Son. I daily and hourly taſte ſalvation in the name of Jeſus. He is indeed my Support, my Reſt, my True and Living Way. Where ever I walk, or move, I meet him as the object of my love, and prove him a friend that ſticketh cloſer than a brother.

At times he gives me ſuch ſweet foretaſtes, and animating views of future glory, as I cannot eaſily expreſs. He keeps me hungring and thirſting after every bleſſing he has purchaſed for me; with a continual deſire to embrace every opportunity of doing good, and an encreaſing power to ſurmount difficulties.

I could ſay much more, but have ſaid enough to make you believe, I am very happy; yet I muſt not conceal, that at times, through the ſtrong power of temptation of various kinds, I feel keen diſtreſs, the bittereſt ingredient of which, is, a fear I have grieved the Spirit of God. On theſe very trying occaſions I experience an alteration of enjoyment; but upon cloſe examination, I find it extremely difficult to be faithful. Does not this diſtreſs proceed from weakneſs of faith? May I not expect that degree of grace that will, if not altogether, yet in a good meaſure free me from it?

My ſoul pants for the ſtrong, abiding witneſs of the Spirit, together with the entire fruit thereof, that by theſe two it may be fully manifeſted what God has done for my ſoul. Is not this his will concerning me? But I muſt not incroach farther upon your time. I will only add my beſt wiſhes for your ſpiritual proſperity, and am, Reverend Sir, your affectionate friend, ——.

LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

[From Miſs A. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Rev. Sir, Witney, Oct. 30, 1778.

AFTER a long delay, I once more take up my pen to acquaint you with the Lord's gracious dealings with me. It is now near eight years ſince my ſoul experienced that depth

[illegible] and afterward that joy and confidence [illegible]. I hold God, have observed I have been enabled in all circumstances to walk [illegible] with greater firmness, and cause to turn with more steadfastness than ever before.

The last year of the year my confidence abounded. I had two several visits and as the usual practice I was enabled to immediately to look to Jesus. But I was [illegible] over-whelmed by them. The greatest trial I met with, in that part of my life, was the dreadful pain in my head and face. This put all my graces to the trial for weeks together; but great was the Lord's mercy and kindness to me day by day.

For the last two or three years past it has been [illegible] not only to myself, but to [illegible] affection. A variety of concurring circumstances have produced me very unkind [illegible] towards me at times my spirit has been [illegible] and afflicted. But how unreasonable is the Lord's goodness to [illegible] me and even restoring my peace. For although we [illegible] and [illegible] how we were, I do not [illegible] the former [illegible] state of mind, yet I am [illegible] of my love to [illegible] of late; but I am [illegible] persuaded my confidence in God is greater than it was. Enough was I to hasten to Seven and compare my self [illegible] with what it has been lately, with a restless [illegible] I should be alarmed and discouraged. But looked to God, in who relied to manifest his tender care, and guards me by his watchful eye.

When I take a review of the trials and conflicts I have [illegible] and what wonderful deliverances the Lord hath wrought for us, I am encouraged to persevere through all future difficulties. But I feel great need of continual [illegible] of dependence on him.

Your [illegible] expectations will be attended as [illegible] by Rev. Sir, your obliged Servant.

A. B.

LETTER.

LETTER CCCCLXXIX.

[From Mrs. D. D. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Leeds, Nov, 1. 1778.

Rev. Sir,

IT muſt be matter of praiſe to every well-wiſher of Zion that he has given you that wiſh of your heart, a chapel built in e metropolis for the pure worſhip of God. May the prayers at were offered up at the opening thereof be anſwered! May e Lord vouchſafe his continual preſence there! May he yet ng continue you to go in and out before his people! May e as a people be more wholly devoted to him! And may I, nd every individual, be wholly poſſeſſed of the moſt ardent eſires to glorify him!

Through the tender mercy of my Saviour I remember conuually that I am not my own; and from a conſideration of e great price I am bought with, I thankfully offer up all I ave and am to him

He ſaves me in a manner I ſhould have thought impoſſible, d I not feel it. But I want to be as active as fire in his rvice. I would have my mind inceſſantly, with much tivity, tend toward God. I would have every power and culty of my nature, ardently burn with love to him. O for at pure flame which glowed in the Martyr's breaſt! But this rruptible body preſſes down the ſoul; for often when my art ſeems all on fire for God, I have not power to offer up a gle petition, with readineſs of mind, through the very reed ſtate of my nerves! O how good, how kind is Jeſus, to n his all prevailing interceſſion to ſuch imperfect prayers d praiſes!

Sometimes I meet with things that are very humbling; but e Lord makes me feel that it is all love to my ſoul, and that is quite right he ſhould do what he will with his own.

When I view afflictions and croſſes in this light, I can with eat fervency praiſe him for them all.

Dear Sir, if you will favour me with the continuance of your advice and prayer, you will greatly oblige your obedient Servant, D. D.

POETRY.

TIME: *an* ELEGY.

Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

[*Concluded from page* 556.]

PART IV.

HOW frail our bliſs on life's uncertain coaſt!
How vain our truſt in all beneath the pole!
From care to care with fruitleſs anguiſh toſt,
Till to the eternal boundleſs ſea we roll.

What more than madneſs thus to ſport with fate,
To hang our fortunes o'er the rocky ſteep,
When the leaſt breath of air may end their date,
And whelm for ever in the roaring deep!

But hark! What ſound invades my ſtartled ear,
Slow—pealing from yon turret's ſtately height!
—Again it tolls! reſounds death's caverns drear,
And diſtant echoes fill the ſilent night.

Methinks to reaſon's ſober ear it calls,
"Be wiſe, and ſnatch the ſwift departing hour!"
It bids gay Florio quit the midnight-balls,
And court fair wiſdom in her ſacred bower.

It bids Avarus quit his earthly ſchemes,
His houſes, lands, and all his world of gain:
"Awake, ambition, from thy golden dreams,
"Nor treaſure to thyſelf a world of pain."

It warns us now; ere long ſhall warn no more,
Till the laſt knell proclaim our endleſs doom:
Then every trial, every hope is o'er
We take our long, long manſion in the tomb.

Methinks I hear the awful, ſilent dead
Echo aſſent through all their murmuring cells;
Them darkneſs covers with eternal ſhade,
While ſmiling hope in mortal manſions dwells.

—See the ſun labour in his courſe for man,
The air breath balm, the earth her bounty pour!
Year wait on year, to ſee him change his plan,
But finds him idling on a barren ſhore.

Vain man! already half thy years are paſt:
Life's little morning gone, the noon comes on;
It comes; the evening haſtens on us faſt,
But oh how little of thy work is done!

—Say, why did heaven ſuch active powers beſtow,
Progreſſive ſtill, and boundleſs in their aim?
Was it to graſp the paltry things below,
And waſte in vain their never-dying flame?

Was it to barter peace for golden ore;
To toil; and count the rich the only great?
Or ſtill more wretched, ſigh for pomp and power,
And all the weary pageantry of ſtate?

Was it to paſs in thoughtleſs joy the morn,
To dreſs, to bow, to ſpeak and ſmile with art?
Then flaunt abroad, through whirling pleaſures borne,
Nor ſteal one ſecret hour to mend the heart?

Go, then, let all thy leaſe of life expire
In earth-born cares, and life's great end, forget;
Diſclaim the ſkies; renounce thy heavenly fire;
Leave nought undone to aggravate thy fate.

To live to heaven, thy eager will confinèd,
(Virtue's high praiſe,) let ne'er thy ſoul annoy;
But never hope the double tranſport thine,
Of preſent bliſs, or heavèn's eternal joy.

How ſweet the joys that to the good belong!
(While vice to miſéry leads, remorſe, and pain;)
Collected, cool—far from the giddy throng,
Thoſe walk with virtue, and enſure their gain.

The god-like bliſs in making others bleſt
They boaſt to feel, and with the wretched weep:
Each day ſome deed of pity moves their breaſt,
As ſighing zephyrs ſtir the yielding deep.

Hail to the tears, than Hybla-drops more ſweet,
Than gold more precious to the heart of woe!
Hail to the joys, that wiſdom may repeat,
And virtue find ſtill ſweeter as they flow!

Oft too at riſing morn, or ſetting day,
They woo from heavèn's devotion's holy fire:
Around them angels wait in bright array,
Smooth all their ſteps, and all their thoughts inſpire.

Let fortune rage, yet mid the ſtorm, ſerene
They ſmile, their ſtedfaſt anchor fixéd on high;
They ſee thé Eternal rule life's troublous ſcene,
And truſt their ſafety to a Father's eye.

Let death approach, ſtill leaning on their God,
I ſee them firm, that laſt ſad combat brave;
See death, their friend, to life direct the road,
And dipt in balm his ſhafts, but wound—to ſave.

But ſee nights dreary ſhadows deeper fall;
Black, and more black, each object frowns around;
The wanning moon has ſunk beneath the ball,
And hovéring darkneſs broods o'er all the ground.

Lo Philomel hath ceaſéd her midnight-ſong,
A tender tale like mine, a tale of woes;
Like mine renewéd her ſtrain, and warbléd long;
—Now ſleep hath huſhéd the mourner to repoſe.

Sleep on, ſweet bird! I go to court the ſame:
How ſweet the hour to meditation givén!
Now ſleep's ſoft dews weigh down my weary frame;
Then peace, my woes! and leave the reſt to heavén.

A NIGHT-PIECE on a Sick Bed.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

HOW ſlowly on the minutes roll!
When pains oppreſs the drooping ſoul,
Incloſéd in ſable night;

When

the ſtormy ſea,
breath?
thundring cannons play,
from death?
In vain——for death, a ſubtle foe,
Purſues where'er he flies;
And, where he leaſt expects the blow,
Evén there the daſtard dies.
Then muſt we leave thoſe ſocial joys,
Which formèd our bliſs before;
Our tender wife, our prattling boys,
Muſt greet us then no more.
Naked we left our parent's womb,
And naked muſt return;
Cyprus alone ſhall grace our tomb,
And deck its owner's urn.
While ſome new Lord, with wanton mirth,
Shall reap thoſe joys we leave;
And, as we moulder into earth,
Shall riot o'er our grave.

An EPITAPH

On Mr. GAY, *in* WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, and affections mild;
In wit, a man; ſimplicity, a child:
With native humour, tempéring virtuous rage,
Formèd to delight, at once and laſh the age:
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great!
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblamèd through life, lamented in thy end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mixèd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms——Here lies GAY!

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